

S

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND★

February

NOW

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HOLLYWOOD WOMEN ARE SEXLESS! By CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

**THE KENTUCKY OF
GREAT TRADITION HAS
INSPIRED A GREAT
PICTURE . . .**

***IN ALL THE SPLENDOR
OF TECHNICOLOR!***

Proud romance . . . beautiful women
. . . chivalrous men . . . magnificent
thoroughbreds! The sport of kings
climaxing when the silks flash by at
Churchill Downs in the famed Ken-
tucky Derby! All against the warm
beauty of the Blue Grass country!



Kentucky

with

LORETTA YOUNG • RICHARD GREENE

and **WALTER BRENNAN • DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE**

KAREN MORLEY • MORONI OLSEN

Photographed in TECHNICOLOR

Directed by David Butler • Associate Producer Gene
Markey • Screen Play by Lamar Trotti and John Taintor Foote
From the story "The Look of Eagles" by John Taintor Foote

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production



Ask your theatre manager for KENTUCKY

"'Pink Tooth Brush'—

So that's why my smile has grown so dull!"

Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firmer
and your teeth sparkling with

IPANA AND MASSAGE

*That dull, dingy, dreary smile
—it can't be yours! Why,
yours was the smile that had
such magic—yours were the
brightest of bright, sparkling
teeth! What happened—
who's at fault?*

*You, dear lady! You saw that warning tinge
of "pink" on your tooth brush—knew it meant
trouble. You knew the step you ought to take
—the step that, as an intelligent and sensible
person, you're going to take right now!*

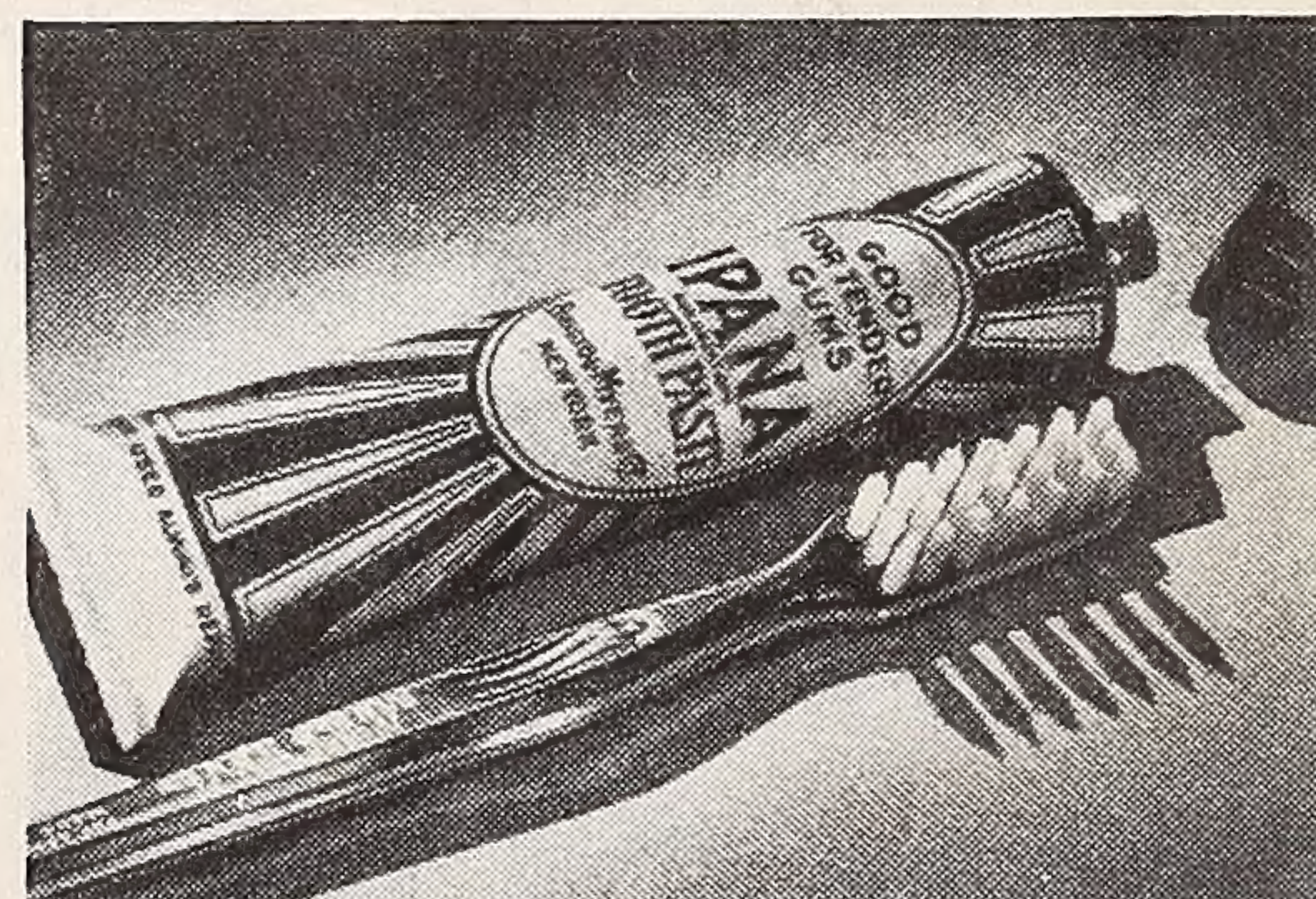
*You're too wise and too lovely to go on tak-
ing chances with the beauty of your smile. So
see your dentist—and see him today. And
when he tells you how to help guard against
"pink tooth brush"—and if he suggests the
healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage
—follow his advice!*

Protect Your Smile Against "Pink Tooth Brush"

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" is only a warning
—but when you see it—see your dentist.
You may not be in for serious trouble, but
find out the truth. Usually, however, it sim-
ply means gums robbed of work by our
modern soft and creamy foods. His advice
will probably be, "more work for lazy gums"
and very often, "the healthful stimulation
of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana with massage is especially de-
signed to help the health of your gums as
well as to clean your teeth. Each time you
clean your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana
into your gums. As circulation is increased
within the gum walls, gums tend to become
firmer, healthier—more resistant to trouble.

*Don't gamble with your smile! Get an eco-
nomical tube of Ipana at your druggist's to-
day. Make Ipana and massage your daily,
common-sense dental health routine. Help
keep your smile as attractive as it should be!*



TRY THE NEW D.D. TOOTH BRUSH

For more effective gum massage and for
more thorough cleansing, ask your drug-
gist for the new D.D. Tooth Brush.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE



**They Built a New America with
Glory and Guns... They Were
MEN That Women Could Love!**

**The grandest adventure-romance
since "Cimarron" stormed the screen...
crowded with stars, action and thrills!**



**WALLACE
BEERY
ROBERT
TAYLOR**

**STAND UP
AND FIGHT**

**FLORENCE RICE · HELEN BRODERICK
CHARLES BICKFORD**

Screen Play by James M. Cain, Jane Murfin and
Harvey Ferguson · A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II · Produced by MERVYN LEROY

The LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star on the
screen!

We decided that what this country needed was a column. Henceforth, fellow readers, you may whet your screen appetites on some little tid-bits direct from the studios of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

★ ★ ★ ★

CLASS OF '39—attention! What is M-G-M? *Answer:* The leading motion picture company.

Question: What are some of the forthcoming productions of M-G-M?

Answer:

"IDIOT'S DELIGHT" (from the famous play). Starring Norma Shearer and Clark Gable.

"HONOLULU" (wicky-wacky-wonderful). Starring Eleanor Powell with Robert Young and Burns and Allen.

"I TAKE THIS WOMAN." Starring Spencer Tracy and presenting the new glamour girl, Hedy Lamarr.

"ICE FOLLIES OF 1939" (a new idea in musical drama). Starring Joan Crawford and James Stewart.

★ ★ ★ ★

Question? What is the outstanding current production of M-G-M?

Answer: "SWEETHEARTS."

★ ★ ★ ★

Thank you, class! Now there will be a short recess to allow all of you to attend your nearest theatre showing this M-G-M attraction.

★ ★ ★ ★

GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

All those who address Leo, M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal., will receive a beautiful photograph of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, the sweethearts of "Sweethearts."



"Sweethearts" is dedicated to all the lovers in all the world. This is a new idea. Pictures have been dedicated to mothers, to doctors, to families, to boys, to sailors, but never to lovers. Are you a lover? Well, this is National Lover Month. You are initiated when you see "Sweethearts," that glamorous and exciting Victor Herbert musical thrill:

★ ★ ★ ★

It was directed by Sweetheart Van Dyke, produced by Sweetheart Stromberg and written by Sweethearts Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell.

★ ★ ★ ★

In addition to Sweethearts MacDonald and Eddy, the cast includes Sweetheart Frank Morgan, Sweetheart Ray Bolger, Sweetheart Florence Rice, and that trio of sensational Sweethearts—Herman Bing, Mischa Auer, Reginald Gardiner.

★ ★ ★ ★

This truly big picture has been filmed entirely in technicolor.

★ ★ ★ ★

Love is sweeping the country.

—Leo

SCREENLAND

The Smart Screen Magazine

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

"Thanks for Everything"

That happens to be the title of a current 20th Century-Fox picture, but it also tells a lot that I want you to know!

Your generous response to the new and better SCREENLAND at the new low price of 10 cents, expressed in your enthusiastic letters, is indeed appreciated. It's your way of telling us you like us. Now we are responding to your enthusiasm by striving, in every new issue, to give you just exactly what you want most and like best in screen magazine entertainment. It is our purpose not only to amuse you but to hold your interest, to offer you such beauty pictorially, and such stimulation editorially, as will induce you to come back asking for more!

Several features we are planning will particularly interest you, such as:

HOLLYWOOD WIVES VS. GLAMOR GIRLS. A wholly frank discussion of a vital problem usually ducked by writers because in cinema town they sometimes prefer to dodge the issue. We don't!

HOW HEDY LAMARR FIGHTS FOR A PRIVATE LIFE. The sensation of "Algiers," now co-starring with Spencer Tracy in "I Take This Woman," denies herself to interviewers these days, but she reveals to her friend Elizabeth Wilson and to no one else her secret struggle for a life of her own in hectic Hollywood. Can she live down her "Ecstasy" past and plan her future for herself?

CHARLIE MCCARTHY'S SECRETARY TELLS ALL! Here's a story not only as amusing as you'd expect since it's about the famous dummy and his Svengali, Edgar Bergen, but also of interest to every girl who is a private secretary or hopes to be. It's a great job, admits the Bergen-McCarthy right-hand girl, but it's strenuous—and she tells why.

And now I've told you why you'll want to get the next, the March issue of SCREENLAND, on sale February 3rd.

PAUL C. HUNTER,
PUBLISHER.

February, 1939

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Cover Portrait of Shirley Temple

V. G. Heimbucher, President

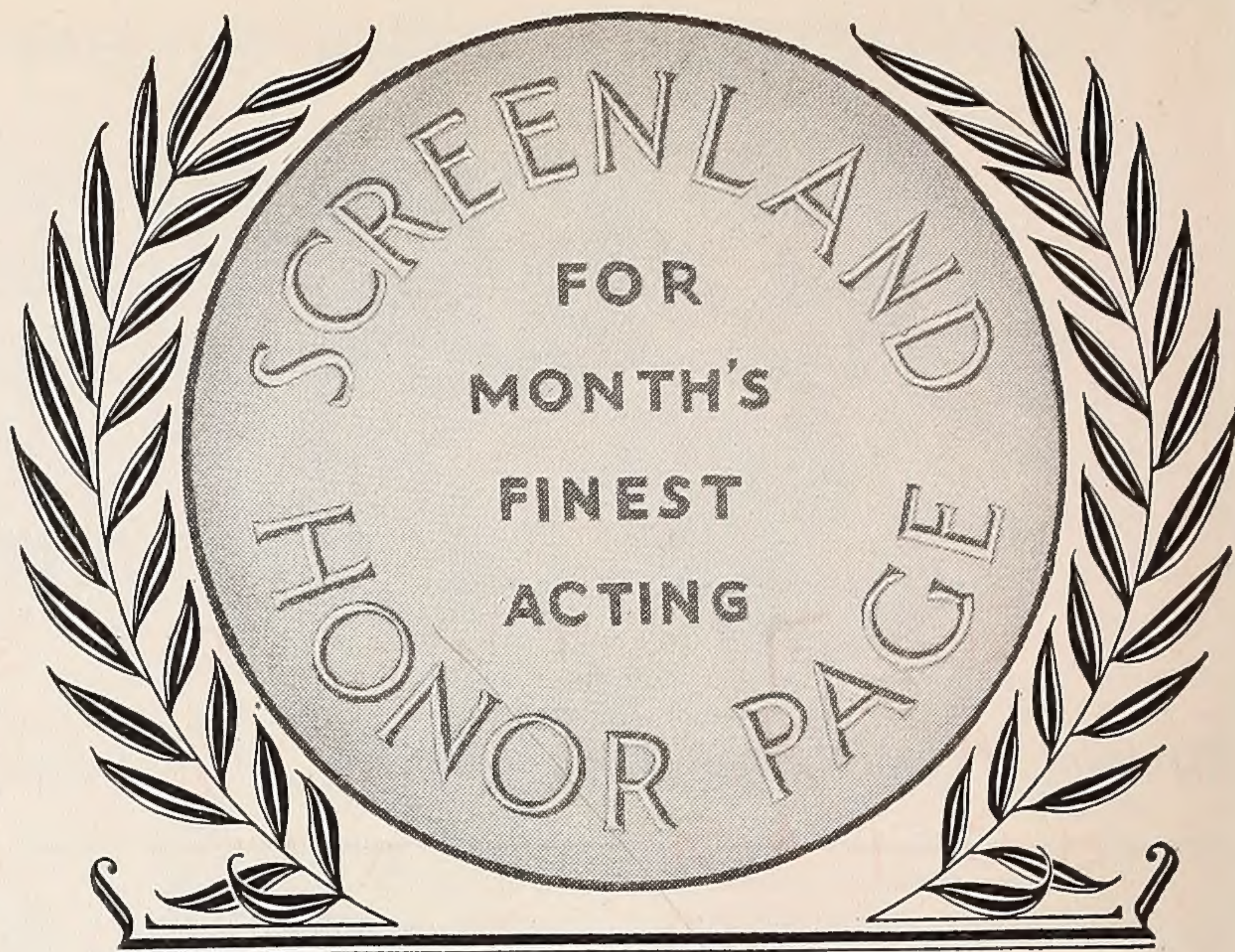
Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher

D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Executive and Editorial offices, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. Advertising Offices: 45 West 45th St., New York; 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 530 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention but SCREENLAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscription \$1.00 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; \$1.60 in Canada; foreign \$2.00. Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered as second-class matter November 30, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois.

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Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.
Printed in the U. S. A.

To David Niven, hitherto merely a clever comedian, who comes into his own with a fine and dramatic portrayal in "Dawn Patrol" with Errol Flynn



OF COURSE you know Niven—gay, debonair, ingratiating young Englishman whose suave comedy has enlivened many a picture. But we venture to say you have never taken him very seriously as an actor of parts. Now, you'll change your mind—for in "Dawn Patrol," in support of the dashing Errol Flynn, and as only one member of a magnificent cast including Rathbone and Donald Crisp, he stands out for charm, sympathy, and a truly dramatic characterization. "Dawn Patrol," stirring story of the doomed heroes who flew to glory in the great war, is a picture long to remember, with not the least of its merits the poignant, poetically humorous, completely winning characterization of David Niven, whom from now on we will watch for important acting.



Scenes from "Dawn Patrol," Warner Bros. film starring Errol Flynn, with David Niven in support.

HELL-BENT FOR GLORY! . . . AND HEAVEN HELP THEM ALL!



They roared into each blood-red dawn on fighting wings of glory! Gay, reckless, gallant, they fought, these eagles, for women they had never seen, and for the love they might never know!



WARNER BROS. present

ERROL FLYNN

as the adventurous leader of

"The DAWN PATROL"

with a dashing squadron of famous players including

BASIL RATHBONE

DAVID NIVEN

DONALD CRISP

Melville Cooper · Barry Fitzgerald · Carl Esmond
Directed by EDMUND GOULDING

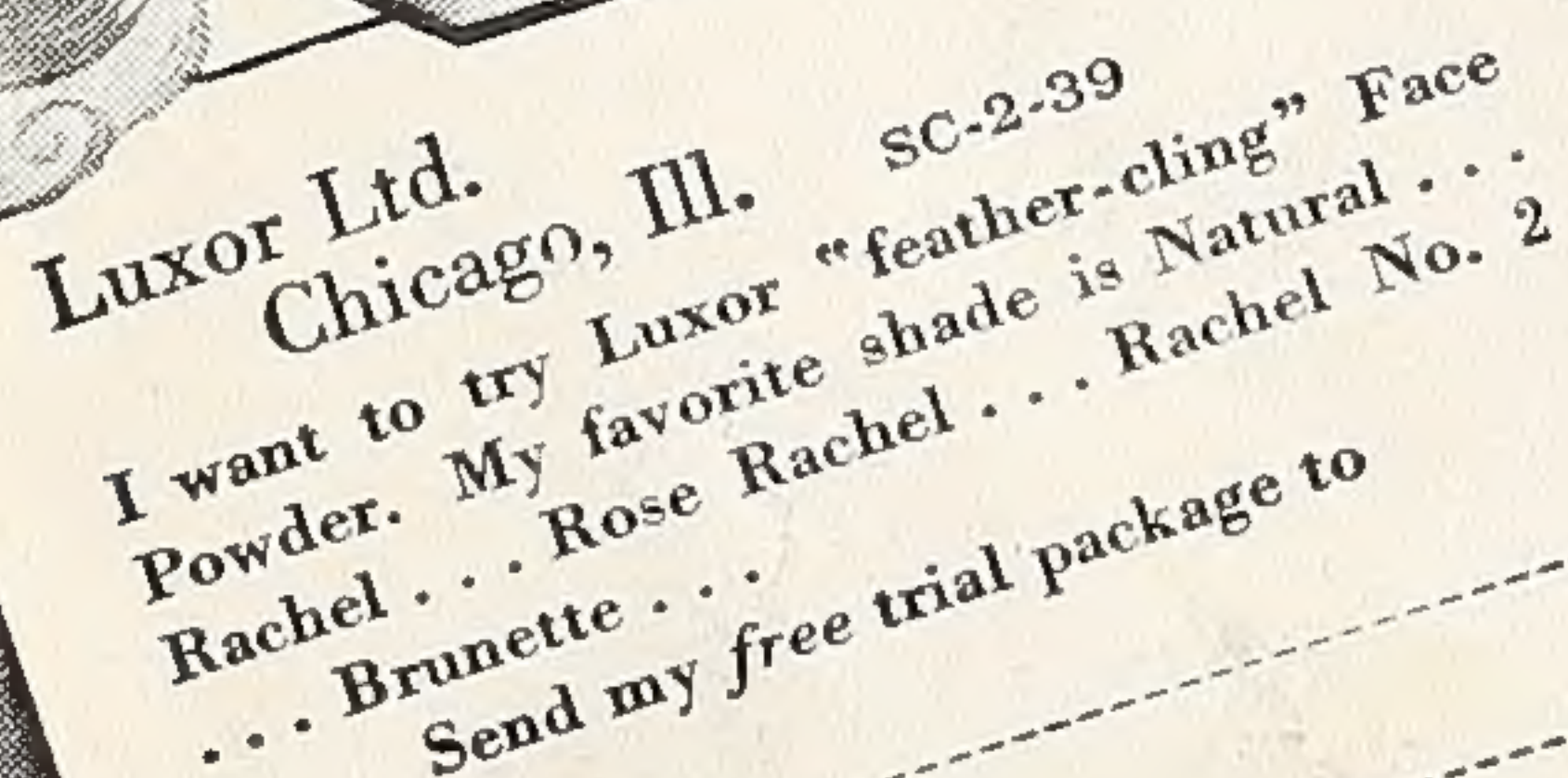


SCREEN PLAY BY SETON I. MILLER AND DAN TOTHEROH · FROM AN ORIGINAL STORY BY JOHN MONK SAUNDERS

Light Touch!

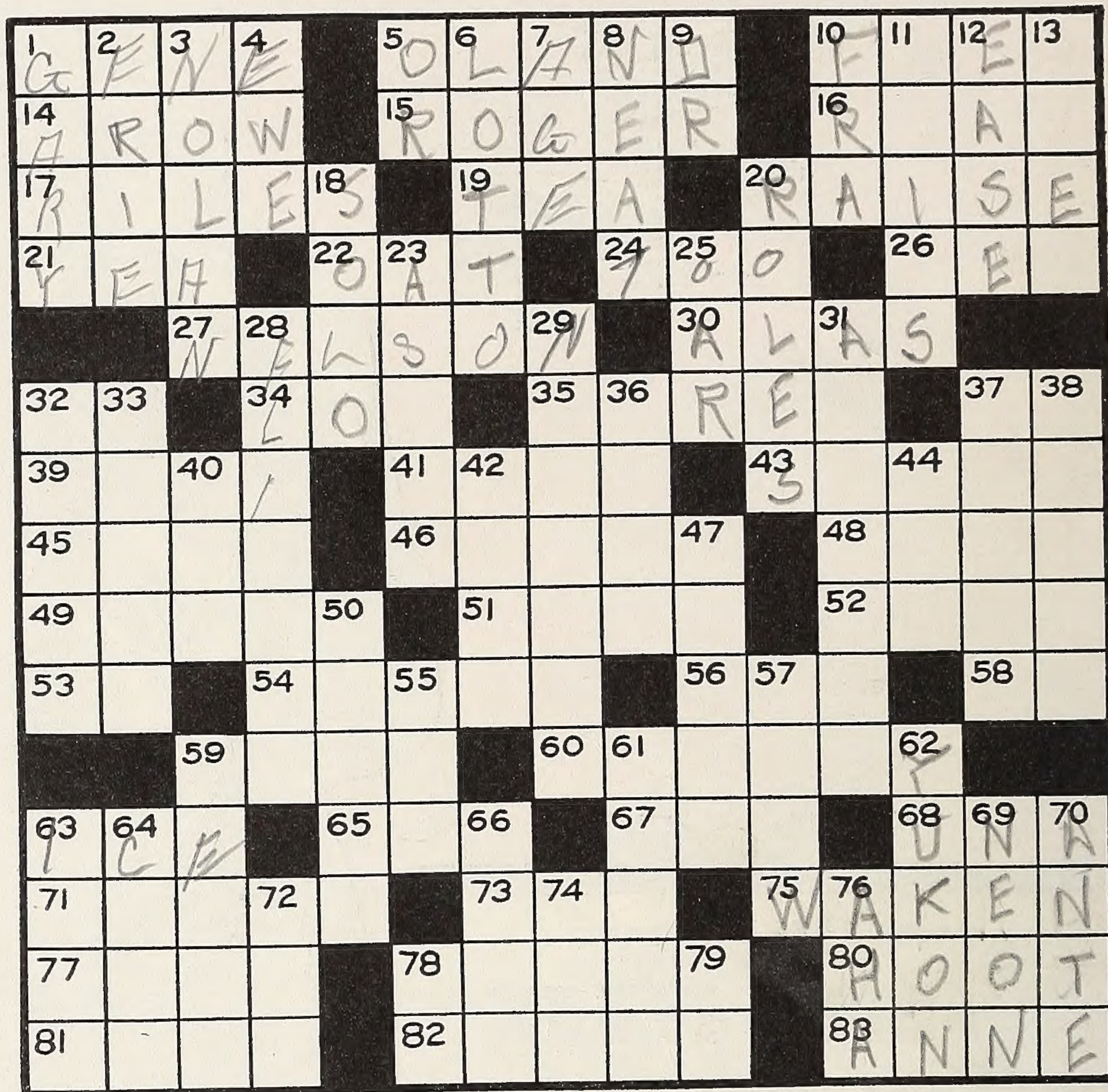


● Don't spoil a well-groomed appearance with a heavy face powder! Get Luxor "feather-cling," the face powder with a *light touch*. It stays on smoothly for hours yet sits lightly as a feather. Shine-proof and moisture-proof too, so it won't cake or streak. Buy it at toilet goods counters in smart, new shades for fifty-five cents. For generous size free trial sample, use coupon below.



Name _____
Address _____ State _____
City _____ (This offer not good in Canada)

By Alma Talley



1. He's married to Jeannette MacDonald
5. The late Charlie Chan
10. He's featured in "Men With Wings"
14. In alignment
15. He's married to Ann Sothorn
16. To bellow
17. Angers (slang)
19. A beverage
20. To bring up
21. Yes
22. A grain
24. " - - - Hot to Handle," a movie
26. He's featured in "Young Dr. Kildare"
27. He sings again in "Sweet-hearts"
30. Exclamation of woe
32. Man's nickname
34. To allow
35. Measures of land
37. Note of the scale
39. A kind of cheese
41. He's featured in "Exposed"
43. A step leading up or down
45. Soft drink
46. Prince John in "Robinhood"
48. Opposed to
49. She's featured in "Army Girl"
51. A flower
52. An unlucky date for Caesar
53. Compass point (abbrev.)
54. Sea
56. Part of your head
58. French article
59. A horse's gait
60. She's starred in "One Third of a Nation"
63. What Sonja skates on
65. Small child
67. Kind of whiskey
68. Comedienne with a Southern accent
71. His new one is "The Citadel"
73. Monkey
75. To arouse from sleep
77. Scent

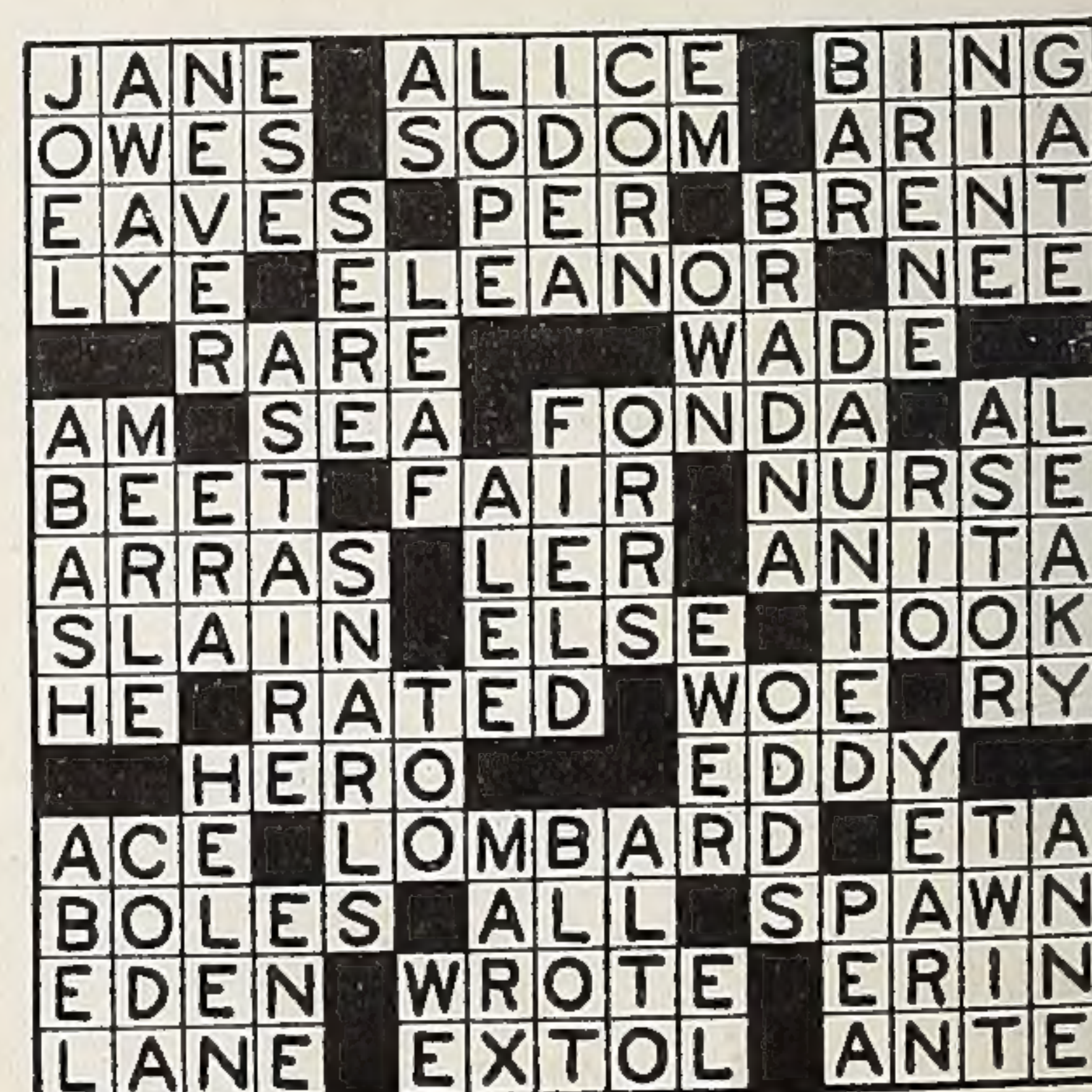
78. Judge Hardy
80. An owl's call
81. An old time musical instrument
82. Made of a certain kind of meal
83. She's featured in "A Man To Remember"

DOWN

1. He co-stars in "The Cowboy and the Lady"
2. One of the Great Lakes
3. He's featured in "St. Louis Blues"
4. A female sheep
5. Either
6. A gambling game
7. "That Certain - -" with Deanna Durbin
8. Tidy
9. "Young - - Kildare," a movie
10. Monk's title
11. Makes muddy
12. To relieve
13. Leading lady in "Sing, You Sinners"
18. Only
20. The parts that actors play
23. The mother in "Listen Darling"
25. What you row a boat with
28. She dances in "Honolulu"
29. Countries
31. Co-star of "Carefree"
32. Eccentric dancer, in "My Lucky Star"
33. Rode, as in a car
36. Studies
37. Hendricks in "Valley of the Giants"
38. Get up
40. Girl's name
42. Scarlett's home in "Gone With the Wind"
44. Also
47. Shabby

50. He co-stars in "The Road to Reno"
55. Greek letter
57. Again
59. Range of a man's voice
61. Star of "The Joy of Living"
62. Famous Alaska gold rush district
63. An image that is worshipped
64. Buffalo Bill
66. Assembled facts
69. Stars' names are in this kind of lights
70. A bet, in poker
72. Part of to be
74. Kitchen utensil
76. Exclamation
78. True
79. Printers' measure

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



At Last!

YOU SEE THEM CLASH ON THE SCREEN!



W.C. FIELDS
in
**You Can't Cheat
an Honest Man**
with
Edgar BERGEN
and
Charlie McARTHUR

A NEW UNIVERSAL PICTURE

Coming Soon!

Screenplay by GEORGE MARION, Jr.
Original story by Charles Bogle
Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL
Associate Producer: LESTER COWAN

CHILDREN CONSTIPATED?

Give them relief this
simple, pleasant way!



1. WATCH YOUR
youngster's face
brighten when you
give him a half-tab-
let of Ex-Lax. No
struggle to get him to
take a laxative. Chil-
dren actually *love* the
delicious chocolate
taste of Ex-Lax!

2. HIS SLEEP
is not disturbed after
taking Ex-Lax. It
doesn't upset little
tummies or bring on
cramps. Ex-Lax is a
mild and gentle laxa-
tive... ideal for
youngsters!



3. THE NEXT
morning, Ex-Lax
acts... thoroughly
and *effectively*! No
shock. No strain. No
weakening after-
effects. Just an easy
comfortable bowel
movement that
brings blessed relief.

Ex-Lax is good for *every* member of the
family—the grown-ups as well as the young-
sters. At all drug stores in 10¢ and 25¢ sizes.
Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative.

Now improved—better than ever!

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

SONG POEM WRITERS
Write for free book, 50-50 plan.
Splendid Opportunity.
INDIANA SONG BUREAU,
Dept. N, Salem, Indiana

**Popularity Comes
when
PIMPLES GO!**
Why be a stay-at-home "pimple-face"?
Have the clear complexion loveliness that
ATTRACTS MEN—ROMANCE—SUCCESS!

Thousands are acclaiming a world-famous derma-
tician's private FORMULA 301 for aid in hastening clear-
ing of surface pimples, blemishes, eruptions, oily skin!

**TEST
AT OUR
EXPENSE!**
Use it 1 to 7
days—if not
delighted...

FORMULA 301 is a DOUBLE-DUTY skin aid!
HIDES UGLY BLEMISHES INSTANTLY
while its active, soothing, cleansing, clearing
properties work fast underneath your make-
up. 7 DAYS should show thrilling improve-
ment—well on the way to the fresh, clear,
smooth, radiant complexion so much admired!

**MONEY
BACK** **Formula 301**
KAY CO., 745-5th Ave., Dept. S-2, New York, N. Y.
Send FORMULA 301 on money-back agreement. Enclosed \$1.00
for large size (), 10c for sample (), send \$1.00 size C.O.D. ().

Print Name _____
Address _____

**TRIAL
BOTTLE
10¢**

Just
Around
the
Corner

20th
Century-Fox



Shirley Temple is in it—which means
this will delight great masses of this and
other lands. There is not much help from
the story, which is formula stuff. But in
the course of bringing prosperity back for
her temporarily impoverished father, Shir-
ley does a cute song number, dances with
Bill Robinson and Joan Davis, and makes
life more exciting for Charles Farrell,
Bert Lahr, Claude Gillingwater and others.

Storm
Over
Bengal

Republic



Skulduggery in India's sunny clime, with
the British forces quelling revolt by a
nefarious kahn. It's a far more suspenseful
and entertaining picture than that plot
hint indicates, the romance in which two
brothers are in love with the same girl
working in adroitly with the melodrama.
Excellent played by Patric Knowles as
the aviator who outwits the kahn, Richard
Cromwell, Rochelle Hudson and a good cast.

Next Time
I Marry

RKO-Radio



If only you don't expect too much in the
way of novelty and surprise in story de-
velopment, you can have a jolly hour or so
watching Lucille Ball and James Ellison
progress through a series of humorous
incidents occurring during a trailer trip
to Reno. Unpretentious as to production
and the manner of its treatment, this is
nevertheless good entertainment, despite a
mechanical plot. An amusing program film.

Exposed

Universal



Glenda Farrell, Otto Kruger, Herbert
Mundin and other good troupers appear in
a not so good melodrama for all of its
pace and speed. As action movie stuff this
is passable, but unconvincing and mechani-
cal plotting never gives the fine players a
real chance to make their characters more
than robots going through the motions of
a story about a news photographer and a
lawyer fighting off typical film gangsters.

Spring
Madness

M-G-M



Mild, but it satisfies the taste for a
humorous interlude in the movie show-
shops. Lew Ayres, Maureen O'Sullivan,
Burgess Meredith and Frank Albertson are
principals in a most competent if not star-
studded cast. The film has the virtue of
being good-humored all the way of a tale
about two college graduates much in love
but being kept apart—temporarily—by the
loyal but misguided pal of the young romeo.

Up the
River

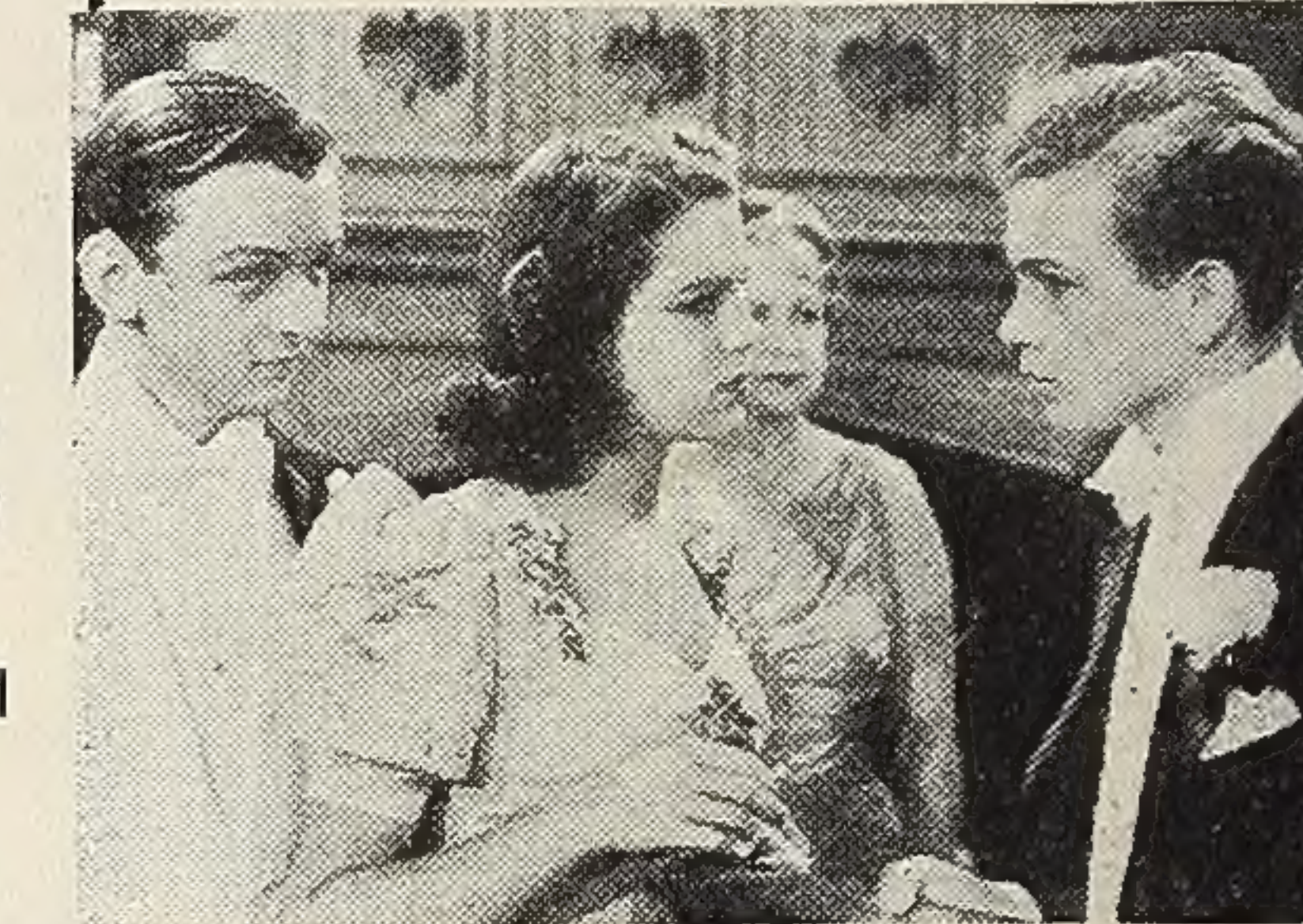
20th
Century-Fox



The all-funny football film of the year.
This is broad burlesque of life behind prison
bars and the hero who wins the big game
for old Siwash, and the laughs it stirs up
justifies the nonsensical lengths to which
author, director and actors go in their ef-
forts. Preston Foster and Arthur Treacher
are the jail-birds who win the big game
for their Big House team. Tony Martin,
Phyllis Brooks, Alan Dinehart and others.

Little
Tough
Guys in
Society

Universal



More adventures of boys who play awful
rough in line with a vogue started by "Dead
End." This companion band to the originals
is made up of Frankie Thomas, Harold
Huber, David Oliver, Hally Chester, Harris
Berger, William Benedict and Charles
Duncan. As bullocks in Long Island draw-
ing rooms they make the sublime smugness
of society ridiculous. Ed Horton, Mischa
Auer and Mary Boland also present.

Sharp-
shooters

20th
Century-Fox



Fair to middlin' action melodrama con-
cerned with the fabulous adventures of a
newsreel cameraman. Brian Donlevy is the
sharpshooter who gets mixed up in a na-
tional crisis of a mythical country because
he got pictures of an assassination of one
of the country's "biggies." Brian, as the
hard-working and hard-playing news man,
and Wally Vernon as his pal give it plenty
of gusto. Lynne Bari adds the love note.

Candy not only tastes good—it gives you valuable energy, as Hollywood stars have discovered. Our star of the month, Whitney Bourne, whips up the right ingredients in her own kitchen, at right.

Remove at once and pour on wet cold platter. Cool until lukewarm. Beat with paddle or spatula until the fondant becomes white and creamy. Then knead with hands so it will not crumble. Put it away in a bowl or a jar, cover well and let stand 24 hours longer. Then flavor, color and shape as desired. Ripened fondant may be kneaded, flavored, and shaped with the hands and also may be melted and used for dipping or making cream mints.

"You can use it to stuff dates, prunes or nut meats, or for dipping nuts and grapes and strawberries. Ever try it with those enormous big unhulled berries? And you can make mints, like these, with it by coloring the fondant with vegetable coloring and flavoring as desired.

"This is Divinity fudge, this is chocolate, and this is Penuchi. I don't know what Penuchi means, but it's heavenly!"

DIVINITY FUDGE

- 3 cups granulated sugar
- 1 cup Karo, Red Label
- ½ cup water
- 2 egg whites
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ¾ cup chopped mixed nuts
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine Karo, water, salt and sugar, boil to 265°F. (hard ball stage). Beat egg whites stiff and gradually beat in the boiling syrup. Whip it until it begins to stiffen, add vanilla and nuts. Beat again and pour into a pan slightly oiled with Mazola or butter.

(Continued on page 81)



IN WINTER... Let Hinds Lotion help your hands say nice things about you



Even one application makes Chapped Hands feel smoother!

PEOPLE look at your hands and think—"She's well groomed, *hands so smooth!*"... Or—"She's let herself go, *hands so rough!*" Don't let them *stay* that way. Use Hinds. Extra-creamy, extra-softening. Even one application helps soften up flaky chapping. Hinds coaxes back the "Honeymoon Softness" that wind, cold, steam heat, and hard water take away. Right now you can try Hinds without risking a cent. Good-Will Bargain (below) is at toilet goods counters.

TIME EXTENDED ON GOOD-WILL BARGAIN

MONEY BACK—Buy the medium size Hinds. You get a Good-Will gift bottle with it. Try the gift bottle first. If it doesn't convince you that Hinds is grand for chapped hands, take the large bottle back unopened, where you bought it—and get *Money Back*.

EXTRA LOTION—Keep both bottles and you get nearly 20% extra lotion—at no extra cost! More of this fine favorite lotion for the money than ever before! Hinds also comes in 10c, 25c, \$1 sizes.



FORECAST: Chapping weather

HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM

Copyright, 1939, Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Bloomfield, N. J.

SCREENLAND



THE ROSE TEST

Dip a rose into two inches of water in an ordinary glass. Remove, and see how the waxy film has repelled most of the water. Then add a little Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam to the water and dip the rose again. Now remove it; you will note that every petal is covered with water; Luster-Foam has surged into tiny pits and cracks on the petal surface in a way impossible with water alone. On the teeth, Luster-Foam acts similarly, foaming into tiny pits, cracks, and fissures on the enamel, where so much decay starts.



Told on the petals of a rose

THE MAGIC TALE OF HOW

LUSTER-FOAM

(C₁₄H₂₇O₅SNa)

GETS TEETH SUPER-CLEAN

THE simple little experiment outlined above, we believe, will convince you that Luster-Foam detergent, in the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste, is indeed a remarkable dental discovery . . . the modern, dainty aid to lovelier, more lustrous teeth, which you should be using.

It gives you a close-up of Luster-Foam detergent in action . . . makes it easier for you to comprehend how amazingly it cleanses your teeth, reveals its astonishing power to spread into danger zones of decay.

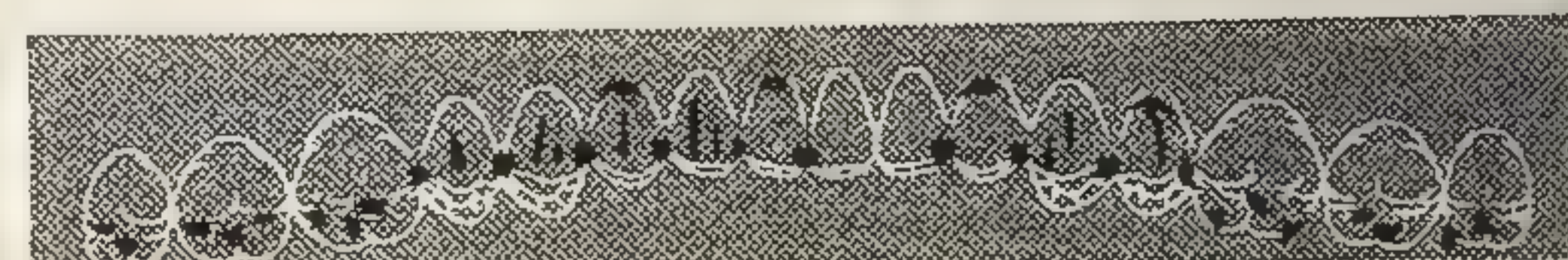
You readily understand how this super-wetting agent, as Science calls Luster-Foam, surges into neglected, hard-to-reach areas that even water alone may not enter, and gets after tiny defects on teeth enamel,

where some authorities state more than 75% of decay starts. (See chart to right.)

The Luster-Foam "Bubble Bath"

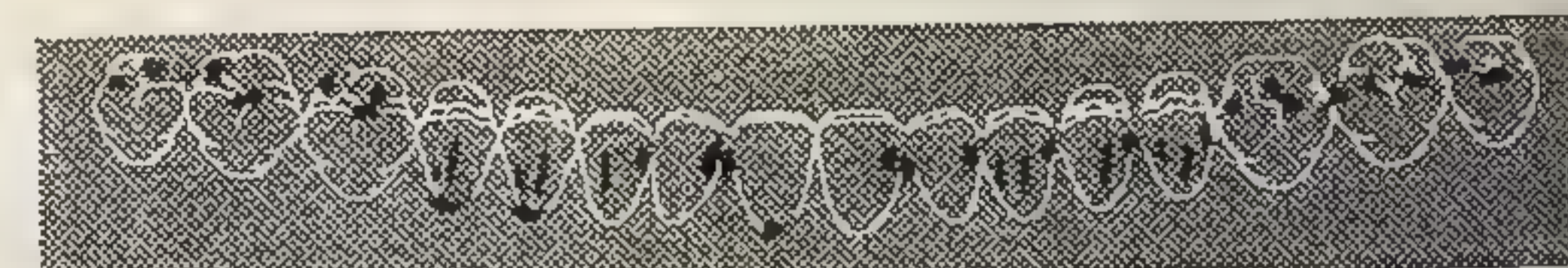
Energized into a dainty "bubble bath" at the first touch of brush and saliva, Luster-Foam gets to these danger zones. Meanwhile it attacks those oily food films which hold fresh stains, foster decay, and make the enamel dull. At the same time, Luster-Foam aids in preventing dangerous acid ferments that attack enamel.

Is it any wonder that this new tooth paste is winning thousands of friends every day? See why yourself. Your drug counter has it in two economical sizes: Regular 25¢, and big, double-size at 40¢.



TYPICAL DANGER ZONES

WHERE SOME AUTHORITIES ESTIMATE MORE THAN 75% OF DECAY STARTS



Tiny pits, cracks, and fissures in these danger zones are breeding spots of decay. A study of 12,753 persons showed that most of it is centered in the bicuspids and molars, although other teeth showed a substantial amount.

Listerine Tooth Paste supercharged with Luster-Foam was created to get at these vulnerable areas, so often neglected and so hard to reach.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

THE *NEW* FORMULA



More than 1/4 POUND of tooth paste
in the double size tube - 40¢
Regular size tube - 25¢

supercharged with

LUSTER-FOAM

(C₁₄H₂₇O₅SNa)

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to Marlene Dietrich

Acme



DEAR MARLENE:
Farewell to legs!

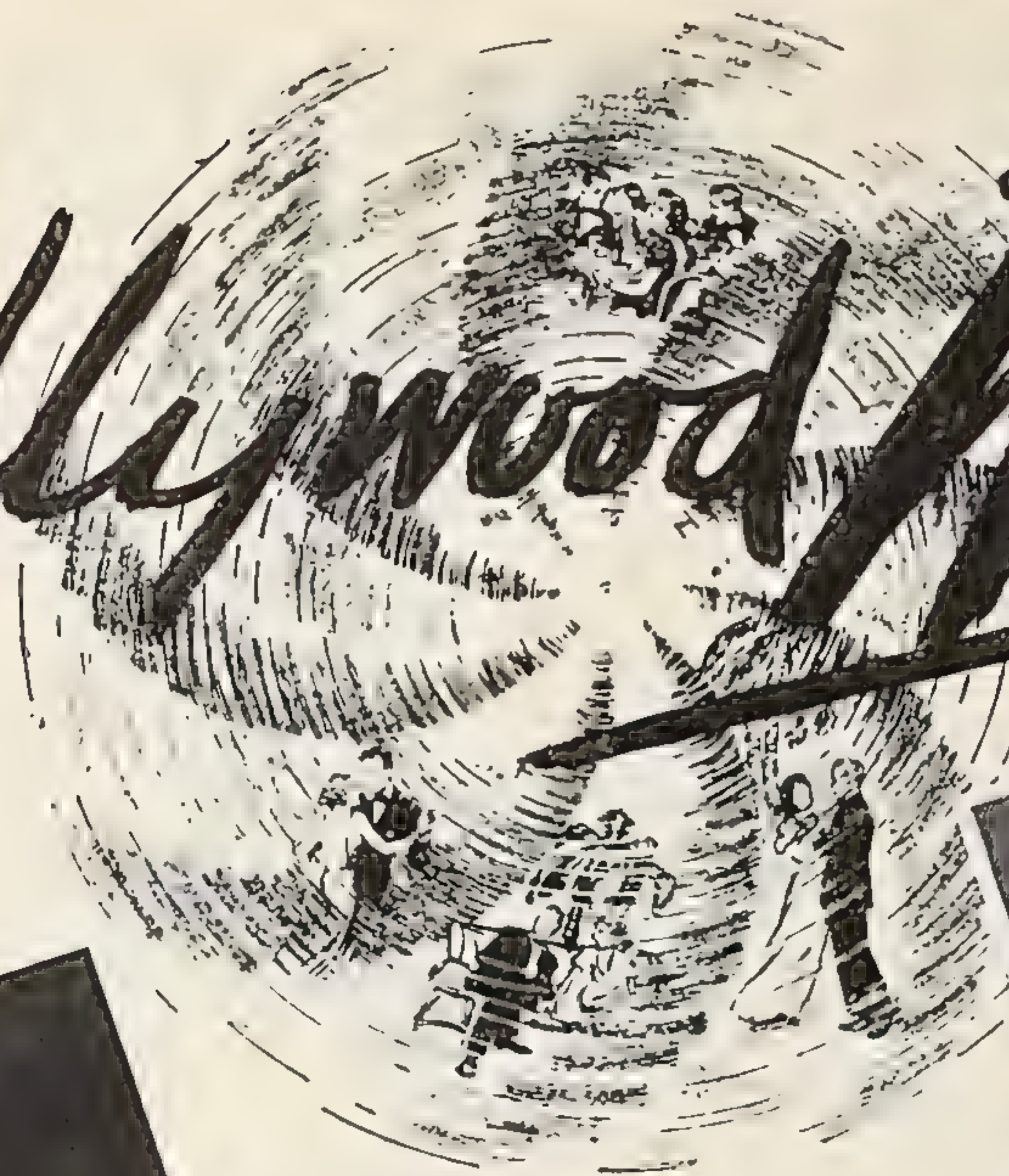
Let's be frank. They're not News, as such, any more. During your European jaunt things have been happening here too. Gorgeous gams are no longer a novelty. More dozens of obscure if dazzling actresses have perched obligingly on ship rails for news cameramen—but knee art, alas, is not enough. The girls who grabbed the most space and audience attention while you were away were: 1, Hedy Lamarr in "Algiers"—for eyes and ability, not for knees. 2, Bette Davis, for magnificent emotion in every picture. 3, assorted youngsters such as lovely little Jane Bryan, with buoyancy, terrific enthusiasm and devotion to art; and Priscilla Lane, fresh as a May morning; and Nancy Kelly, gifted, eager, a good actress at seventeen. So it seems screen styles have changed. I thought you'd like to know.

I'm sure all SCREENLAND readers will join in welcoming you back to our shores. Sincerely—we've always had a fondness for you, we American moviegoers, despite mediocre performances, bad pictures, and occasional snooty foolishness to the Press. Now, the Press seems to have appointed itself a publicity bureau for Dietrich since, upon your arrival in New York, you insisted that a girl reporter who got her feet wet climbing from cutter to liner accept a pair of your filmy fabulous stockings. Still leg stuff, Marlene—but good. And a genuinely kindly gesture, too.

All right—so goodbye now to legs, eh? How about a little straight acting? I hope you make a good picture soon. I hope you get a strong story and a stronger director who'll boss you around and a co-star of the Tracy type rather than still another routine leading man. I warn you we're sick of swooning close-ups, of seeing only the ears and the back of the head of your leading man whoever he is; we're not even so awed by glamor any more. Give us acting, Marlene. We can took it.

Delight Evans

Hollywood Whirl

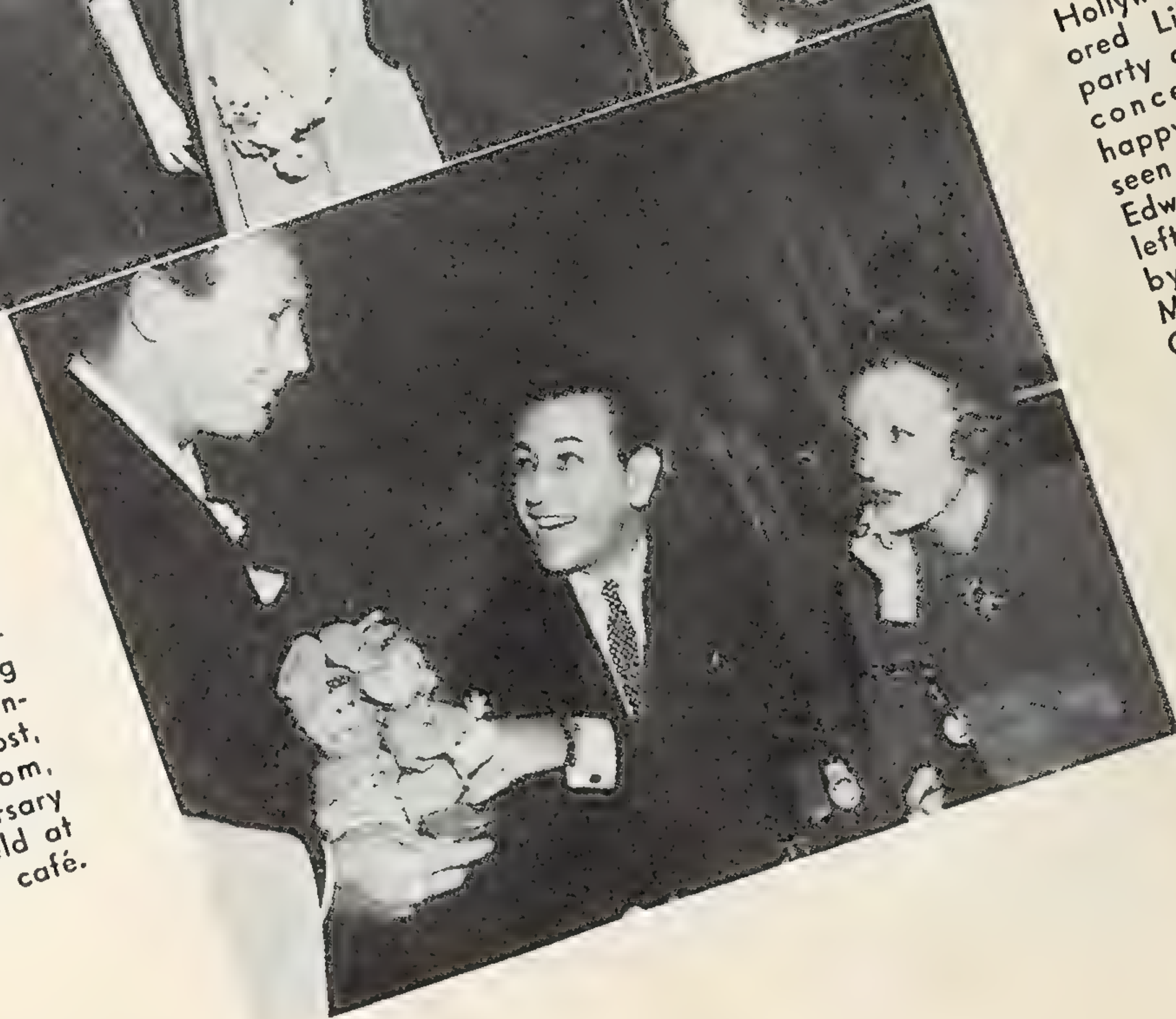


Snapshots that bring
you the sights of
screen town as film
favorites step out
after studio hours.
By our ace camera-
man Len Weissman



Hollywood stars hon-
ored Lily Pons at a
party after the diva's
concert. Lily, very
happy about it all, is
seen at top right with
Edward G. Robinson;
left center, surrounded
by Anatole Litvak,
Miriam Hopkins,
George Chapman,
Gladys Swarthout and
Lucius Beebe; above,
with Rosalind Russell,
Adrian, Janet Gaynor.

Variety is the spice of
Hollywood's mid-win-
ter social whirl. Top
left, Jane Withers and
her mother enjoy the
show at the Tropical
Ice Gardens. Right,
George Raft and Vir-
ginia Pine receiving
the personal atten-
tions of mine host,
Maxie Rosenbloom,
during the anniversary
party recently held at
"Slapsy Maxie's" café.





The great outdoors as well as brightly lighted salons and cafes attract the Hollywood celebrities. At top left you see Mrs. John Hay Whitney and her son, Jacky, H. Boyer, being congratulated by Virginia Bruce for the victory won by Mrs. Whitney's horse, at the Riviera Country Club meet. Above, Rudy Vallee greets Dorothy Lamour and Joan Sabin at the Coconut Grove, when Rudy's band brought the stars there.



Alice Faye and Tony Martin were prominent members of the glittering group at Rudy Vallee's opening at Coconut Grove, one visited by Rudy, center. Above, Jon Hall and Frances Langford, soloed by Rudy as they dance at the Grove. Left, Robert Taylor at a football game, and the lad who was a national rave even before Bob got on the screen—that's Baby LeRoy, now attending a military school, uniformed and smiling, at Bob's left.



Celebrity most genuinely thrilled-by-it-all to be seen at recent Hollywood events was Deanna Durbin, whom you see at left with her father and mother dining at the Cocoanut Grove; and below at her first grown-up formal party. Center left, Deanna with C. Aubrey Smith, Maureen O'Sullivan, Earl of Warwick and Alan Mowbray blending their voices in the singing of an anthem at a British ball at the Ambassador Hotel. Immediately below, Miss Durbin and Earl of Warwick take turns at the microphone.



Chatting gaily as they sit on the sidelines and watch the dancers are Deanna Durbin, C. Aubrey Smith and Maureen O'Sullivan. Above, a Hollywood couple you can count on seeing at popular night club events are Martha Raye and her husband, Dave Rose—here they are at the Cocoanut Grove.

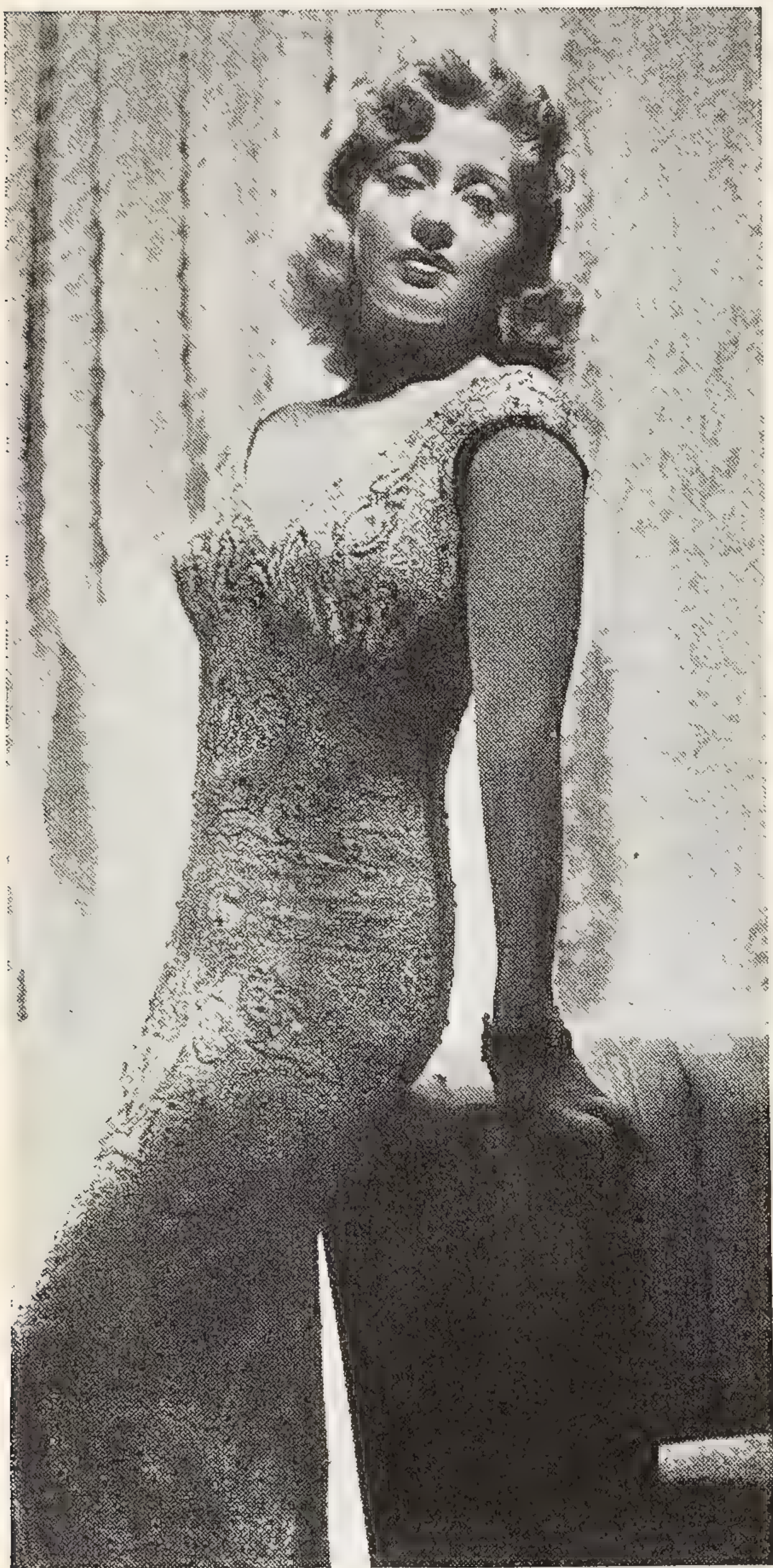


Concerts, dancing, popular music, athletic events—all keep the Hollywood Whirl going at a merry pace. Below, the Gene Raymonds are spot-shotted by our camera as they arrive, most formally attired, and most luxuriously (note that chinchilla wrap of Jeanette MacDonald's), at the Shrine Auditorium to attend the Lily Pons concert. Right, romance thrives as Henry Wilcoxon and his bride-to-be, Joan Woodbury, occupy a table in a secluded corner at the Cocoanut Grove at the Rudy Vallee premiere.



Mischa Auer plays comedian, on his own time too, playfully nibbles the table decorations at the Ambassador Hotel, as his wife looks on in tolerant amusement. Above, Al and Jimmy Ritz amuse youngsters at a football game. Left, Joan Crawford watches the popular Jimmy of the Cocoanut Grove cut a huge Ice Cake.

Hollywood Women are



YOU can count the really sexy women in Hollywood on the fingers of one hand, believe it or not. For sex in Hollywood has long ago been sold out. It is now a commodity for picture-goers, readers of the photo-magazines, tourists and gullible onlookers.

It is the come-on of our largest city of make-believe, and yearly it brings in a gross cash trade far in excess of that delivered by any of the nation's expensively advertised World Fairs. Some naïve souls will confide that it is the climate which takes them on their sporadic trips to Hollywood, but you can mark that down in the Ananias column when it comes into after-dinner conversation.

Yet, fine-comb the colony at will and tell me where rampant sex protrudes and I'll kiss you on both cheeks and award you the golden horseshoe of valor.

For years now I've been breezing through Hollywood without much success. But my observations today as compared with yesterday are about the same. Women outnumber men approximately 8 to 1. Hollywood then is America's Number 1 Men's Town. "Dates" are to be had for the batting of an eye, and you'd be surprised at the pretty girls you can take dancing for simply a first-class feed. Every girl in every American city pretty enough to receive the flattery of her men friends, someday makes the Hollywood trek. All think they are bound for the studios. A few succeed—as extras. The rest land up in beaneries, hairdressers, department stores, markets, movie-theaters, beach-piers, stenographic positions and a dozen other occupations they could just as well have filled at home. Lonely hearts abound. Sex is a matter of course. It is so prominent that even the men themselves pay very little attention to it. Their thoughts are concentrated on the Glamor Girls they've feasted their eyes upon in the cinema. Surely these queens of the silver screen are "different." The grass must be greener on the other side of the studio fence. Well, someday, if they're lucky enough and have enough connections they meet a star or two. And then the rude awakening will come.

Scribblers have written about it for an age, but most men seldom read the gossip columns or the movie-magazines. They leave that for their wives and girl friends. If they had, they'd know before they started out that it takes brains as well as sex to make the grade in Movieland today. A pretty face is the pass-key, acting is a real

So their careers make 'em cold, distant! But what, your readers will ask, about girls like these, Mr. Vanderbilt?



Sexless!

by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

The socialite author who "told" on Society now dares to challenge Glamor. Before you cry "Nay," or even "Yea," read this one man's opinion because he proves it's based on very personal observation

The author, right, sets his jaw, makes a charge Hollywood least expected, and even harder to believe as you look, on opposite page, at Joan Blondell, (above) and Carole Lombard; and, on this page, at Dorothy Lamour, below.



necessity, personality and pleasurable-ness are *de rigueur*, sex is swell but actually unnecessary. Any studio director with the aid of a workable wardrobe woman can unfold that, so that it shears the lambs wherever they may be.

Most Hollywood actresses, and I've run the gamut of nearly all of them in the past two decades, are actually the most sexless women I know. Their career and art are the foremost things they think about. This transcends everything save the pay-check. In fact, it pays for the pay-check, for there are no dividends in sex. And it hasn't taken the average star long to find that out.

Perhaps she got where she is today by flaunting her sex before the right director, and yet, I somehow doubt it. But even if she did she's found out sometime ago just what it's worth and she's not going to give herself, sex and all, to the first Charlie McCarthy who comes along. Few important stars marry unimportant, penisless men. The temptation is too great to make a brilliant match when they feel themselves no longer in screen demand. Their paramount objective then, is to eclipse the world, then slip into an easy berth for the rest of their days. A millionaire at the altar is worth half a hundred Johnnies at the studio door. And millionaires come to Hollywood as widows go to Waikiki.

Most girls when they reach stardom have a rigorous daily routine to perform. No studio in 1939 is going to let them lead a life of ease and laxity. All will have to earn every penny they make. And there is no "mebbe" to that sentence. Exercises, rehearsals, drama-school, languages, modistes, beauticians, still photographers, fill in every hour of the day. Each suitor for milady's presence at this or that night-emporium is carefully checked and rechecked by half a dozen different flunkies. If he doesn't pass inspection, he is politely told that the peach-of-his-eye is engaged for the evening and simply can't break a single date for days to come.

But if his bankbook or his "connections" warrant it,



then he is ushered into the presence of his one-and-only-one with as much dignity and style as he could be received in Buckingham Palace. His chest bosoms out an inch or two and he flatters himself into believing that the grade has been made. Poor boy, how little he knows Hollywood.

Cash is King, and cash as he envisions it is but a drop in the bucket of the beguiling creature he is to escort places that evening. Before he brings her home, his bank account will have dwindled three or four figures and he will be as limp as the collar he wears from the experience. P. T. Barnum said that a sucker was born every minute. Even Texas Guinan in her heyday swore they came a dime a dozen. Hollywood promoters know this and more. They just sit by waiting for the lambs to be sheared. The performance is so easy, they grow fat and lax in its execution.

All evening long the Girl-of-his-Dreams will tell the Wealthy-Lad-from-out-There all about herself. She'll eulogize her virtues and pass over the tid-bits which mean columnists have suggestively written about her. Each time the Boy-of-the-Evening tries to edge up and get a little bit playful she'll snap him back into place so quick he'll wonder what hit him. Maybe she'll let him hold her hand on the way home, but when he tries to put his arm around her, he'll find her as stiff as a ramrod, as cold as an icicle.

And will he and the homefolks be surprised to read in the gossip columns from Hollywood later that week of his glowing attentions to the little girl he once thought an Angel! No protestations on his part will be worth a thing when his wife's or his best girl's friends produce the telltale papers (*Please turn to page 98*)

ROBERT TAYLOR is fighting mad—don't make any mistake about that! One short year has worked an astonishing change in him. It had been about that length of time since I'd seen him. Now, as he swung into his dressing-room in the roughly picturesque clothes of Western pioneer days, socked his old beaver hat into a corner, and lunged himself on to a wall-bench, I was struck by the way he had altered, turned from the wavering uncertainties of the tyro into something more ruggedly individualistic. Maybe I'm wrong, but, as he pushed his hair out of his eyes, I felt the influence which probably had brought this about. For he walked like Gable, talked like Gable, smiled like Gable, even looked like Gable! Not that he was in any sense imitative. Yet, unconsciously, he seemed to have acquired traits characteristic of Clark, who evidently had meant more than just a pal to him. Here, then, could be seen at a glance the story of the Robert Taylor of today. Or, if you prefer, Bob. It's more free-and-easy, like his frankly friendly "Hello, Charlie," to me.

What I was tryng to get at, without letting him know it, was this new Bob. And there couldn't have been a better way than

that offered by the name of his latest picture, "Stand Up and Fight." For that's exactly what he'd been doing ever since he came mighty near being licked once and for all before he'd got fairly started. And that's what makes him unique and outstanding among the stars in the Hollywood of today, if not of all days. There's no one who has gone through what he has and got away with it. He certainly took an awful beating, with never a yelp out of him, but what really matters is that he proved he *could* take it. That his punishment was wholly unmerited goes without saying. He simply happened to be too good-looking for his own good! But he couldn't change his looks. (Most of us would like to, as almost any change in our homely mugs would be for the better.) And the chances are Bob never gave his a second thought. He just was thinking of being an actor. Then the whole masculine world, possibly out of rankling envy, seemed to gang on him. It got so a fellow didn't dare take his

best girl to a Robert Taylor picture for fear of finding himself on the wrong side of her door when he took her home. That's tough. But what made it far tougher for Bob was that, after brutal (*Please turn to page 83*)

As told to

Charles Darnton



"All Right, I'll Fight!"

Robert Taylor

Taylor rocks Wally Berry in
"Stand Up and Fight" for U. N. A.

"I'm No
So-
And-
So!"

Alice
Faye



Alice Faye with
little Joan Carol

THERE is a battle going on in Hollywood right now, a bloodless battle to be sure, due to the fact probably that the contestants on both sides are said to have more ice water in their veins than red corpuscles, but as battles go it is quite a good one. It is the battle between the Stars and the Press. And it is a battle to the finish. Naturally there is only one finish—the finish of the star. Why these pampered darlings with their illusions of popularity don't realize this, I don't know, I only work here.

The battle has become so serious these last few months that writers are writing letters to the editors, and the editors in turn are writing editorials, and such snarling and snapping as you've never heard. Lucky indeed is the star who is only called a "so-and-so" these days. One of the best editorials appeared recently in the *Hollywood Reporter*, and I shall quote from it in part, just to give you a general idea of what all the fighting's about. Says the editor, who wasn't born yesterday:

"The battle here in Hollywood is occasioned by the actions of men and women, whose images on the screen are the picture business, denying themselves the privilege of increasing their attractiveness at the box office through publicity—a publicity that has made of this business the great industry that it is. They are telling the national and international press—newspapers, magazines, motion picture editors, correspondents, syndicates and all other sources which build the players after the studio has turned out the pictures, 'We're sorry, we haven't time, we must only work a certain number of hours a week, unless we get paid for the overtime.' They are telling themselves, 'I don't need interviews in maga-

As told to
Liza

zines, I don't need my pictures in magazines and newspapers, I don't require publicity. I'm satisfied to let things remain as they are.'

"In the old days it was nothing uncommon for a player to give as much time, and even more, in efforts to build him or herself through publicity mediums, than he actually gave to working on the shooting stages. That effort *made* this picture business as much as the attractions that were made on the stages. Those stories and individual lines of publicity created a desire on the part of the public to go to the theatres to see the pictures so publicized, to see the individuals they had been reading about. But now it's another thing altogether."

Indeed it is. It is just about as easy to snare a dodo bird these days as some of the stars, and pardon me for pointing but just look what happened to the dodo bird. Katharine Hepburn, Simone Simon, Jean Arthur, Kay Francis, Luise Rainer, Marlene Dietrich—all you girls who take such delight in saying, "I don't require publicity"—just step right over here and I will tell you what happened to the dodo bird. Extinct in the seventeenth century. Isn't it sad! Well, it would be even sadder to be extinct in the twentieth century.

Time was when the stars and the press walked hand-in-hand across the studio campuses, and mutual admiration societies were held in every dressing-room. Stars could hardly wait to see their pictures in the newspapers, and their lives and loves in the magazines. And then something happened to that great big beautiful friendship. Somebody, a sourpuss with a smattering of culture no doubt, said that publicity is vulgar. And of course no one making over a (Continued on page 96)



Marriage comes first! Here, for the first time, Jack Benny's professional and private-life partner for 12 years tells what it means to her

By Miriam Rogers

"DID I dream of a career?" Mary Livingstone repeated my question. "No, I didn't dream of one or want one—I never even thought about it!"

She was sitting in front of the mirror in her dressing-room at home, a slim figure in a quilted satin robe and slippers of soft rose color. Her reddish blonde hair curled softly about her face, her enormous brown eyes glowed.

"And now you have three," I commented. "Marriage, radio, screen."

"It just happened that way," Mary murmured, and added: "it's marriage that is important."

That Mary means what she says is revealed in innumerable ways. She never courts publicity, in fact fights shy of it. "It's Jack they're interested in," she insists. "Who cares about me?" Pinned down, she answers questions shyly, convinced that nothing she does is important or of any possible interest to anybody. She is naturally reserved, diffident with strangers, and just as naturally absorbed in a life that is varied and gay and filled to the brim with activity and fun and love, none of which, she

firmly believes, could in the least interest outsiders.

The house she lives in with her husband and little daughter is a Georgian mansion in Beverly Hills. A beautiful, huge house with roses flaunting their vivid beauty and shy velvety pansies lining the front walk, a large swimming pool and playhouse in the rear. For years the Bennys dreamed of and planned for a home

1 CAREER
is Enough
Says
Mary Livingstone
BENNY

but not in their fondest dreams did they visualize the elaborate mansion fate through the medium of radio and screen was to make theirs. A mansion, but a *home*, not just a place to live in, and so much a part of their scheme of things that Mary, in answer to a remark about the lovely spiral staircase, murmurs dreamily: "Joan will look lovely coming down those stairs, a bride."

That is a long way off, however. For only a few days ago Mary was weeping because it was Joanie's first day at school. That morning Mary, who usually rises at ten, was up at seven-thirty to take small Joan to nursery school. And all day the house was empty and her eyes brimmed with quick tears at the mention of Joan's name!

January 14th is the twelfth wedding anniversary for the Bennys. Twelve full years and happy ones, but it doesn't seem long, looking backward. And Mary dis-

he called gaily. "It's about time we got going." "I'll *be* ready," she answered quietly. "You have to shave."

"Mmmmm—I should shave, just to drink two cocktails!"

"Jack, you can't go like that!"

"Why can't I? I should dress up to go to a cocktail party! They don't do that around here, they wear pajamas, slacks, any old thing!"

"But at least they are clean! Jack, put on a shirt and tie anyway."

By way of compromise, he bounced out and returned almost immediately sporting a bright green tie—and the same slacks and sweater.

"Awful, simply awful," Mary groaned. "You still look like a bum."
(Please turn to page 88)

Mary Livingstone is prouder of being Mrs. Jack Benny than of her success on that Sunday evening radio program. Left, across the page, the Bennys—happy as usual. Right, with their daughter, Joan. Below, Mary shows the locket Jack gave her with the inscription: "I love you, Doll."



claims any effort or any responsibility for making the marriage a success. In the theatre, in the movie world, or in radio, marriage, Mary believes, is just like marriage anywhere.

"If two people are congenial," she murmurs, "have tastes in common—we think alike, Jack and I," she summed it up. "Of course there is a certain amount of compromise, of my doing what he likes and Jack doing what I like. And if there is a quarrel, one of us keeps still, leaves the other alone. We can't always be gay. Sometimes Jack is moody, sometimes I am. But we don't force an issue. And of course a sense of humor is the most important thing of all—it gets you out of a lot of things!" she chuckled.

As if to illustrate, Jack barged in. He was wearing green slacks, none too clean, a grey-green sweater and a striped bathrobe slung over his shoulders—don't ask me why! And he was obviously unshaven. "Ready, Doll?"





"I WORKED for a STAR!"



Melvyn Douglas' trusted friend, Arling Alcine, top left, tells all, and you'll like Melvyn better than ever. Three scenes above are wild comedy from Columbia's "There's That Woman Again," with Douglas and Virginia Bruce.

"I'M WARNING you!" Melvyn Douglas said. "You can have the job as general factotum of my household if you want it, but the place is a mess. Everything's all bawled up."

"We're all crazy," his wife, Helen Gahagan, added laughingly.

"When I arrived at his home in Hollywood, I concluded they were understating the facts," Arling Alcine, who met Melvyn a dozen years before when both were actors in the Hartmann Stock Theatre of Columbus, Ohio, told me. Melvyn's mother, Mrs. Hesselberg (Melvyn's real name is Hesselberg), ushered Alcine into a beautifully furnished library, which Melvyn's ex-secretary had used as an office. Opening the drawers of the desk, Alcine discovered them overflowing with bills and letters: bills for food, for clothing, dunning letters, threats to shut off the gas service; similar notes from the electric and telephone companies; fan mail and advertisements.

Finally the cook, Millie DeVein, straightened things out. "I've been on the verge of quitting a number of times. It's only because the Douglasses are such fine people I've stayed. We'd ask Mr. Douglas's secretary to have the checks signed to pay the bills, and there it seemed to end."

In the desk Arling Alcine found a check book with dozens of checks made out, but not one was signed. "Was Mel surprised when he saw that array of bills and checks; his eyes almost popped out! Busy with his

movie work, he had taken it for granted that Mrs. Douglas was attending to everything; busy with her concert work, she thought *he* was signing the checks. They didn't know first base from home plate! It took three months to clean up the accumulation of fan mail and bills."

Once Melvyn realized the state of affairs he did all he could to help Alcine put things in order. Since then the Douglas menage is run on as business-like a basis as you can imagine. It costs money to live as the Douglasses do, and two years ago it cost them a thousand dollars a month to keep house for a family which consisted of Melvyn and Mrs. Douglas, their son Peter, Helen's mother, Mrs. Gahagan, Melvyn's mother, Mrs. Hesselberg, and the servants.

Imagine two mothers-in-law under the same roof, yet having peace and quiet reign! "During the nine months I lived among the Douglasses," Alcine told me, "I never heard one quarrel; only once or twice did Mel raise his voice. Mrs. Douglas, who is excitable, rushed in and out, but she and Mel get along beautifully. When she was unnerved, he'd wait till she quieted down before saying anything. When did he get upset?" Alcine laughed. "It was a riot. Mel, who drives around in a little Ford equipped with a police motor, is very proud of it, and shows it to all visitors."

When he took a friend to the garage to show him the special gadgets on the car, you can picture his amazement when the garage was empty. Back into the house he ran. "Where did you leave my car?" he demanded. "I didn't

What's it really like, working in a star's household? Take a peek into the private life of Melvyn Douglas and family, and find out!

By Mary Jacobs

take it out," Mrs. Douglas and Alcine chorused. "You sure? Good heavens, it's been stolen! Let's phone the police."

But Mrs. Douglas knows her man. "Just one minute. just one minute. When you played tennis the day before yesterday, Mel, you took the car. Did you drive home in it or did your partner drive you back?"

"He drove me back," Mel said slowly.

"I bet your car is still at the tennis club, absent-minded professor!"

"Then it's goodbye car," Mel countered. "Someone else is riding around in it." But believe it or not, when they phoned the tennis club they were told the car, windows open with the key in the lock, was still as he had left it, except for a layer of dust.

"And there was the time while we were making 'The Gorgeous Hussy' when the director kept Mel waiting forty-five minutes on the set. That annoyed Mel terribly; since he's very punctual, he can't understand why others aren't just as courteous."

One of the most pronounced of Melvyn's characteristics is his sensitiveness, which makes him terrified of hurting anyone, and rather quiet. Cruelty to animals affects him deeply. "Behind the house there was an untenanted aviary," Alcine continued, "and one day Mel and I went to The Trader Horn Shop and bought some parakeets and a set of cockateels."

Almost immediately the cockateels laid eggs, but the parakeets either broke the eggs or ate the young cockateels as soon as they were hatched. "Mel felt terrible about it and tried several devices for separating the birds. He was as much concerned with the welfare of the baby cockateels as if they were human. The storekeeper had trained one of the parakeets, a brilliant yellow one with an orange crest, to hop onto your fingers; he was put into a separate cage placed on the small balcony where Mel and Mrs. Douglas breakfasted.

After playing with him for a few days Mel brought the cage into the aviary, allowing the parakeet to join the rest of his kind. "I can't stand imprisoning him for my own pleasure," he explained to Alcine. "Here's where he belongs."

"During the many years we worked together on Broadway, Mel as director and I as his stage manager, I never heard him bawl out an actor, or say an unkind word to anyone. All his rehearsals were free of the pyrotechnics that usually abound

in the temperament-charged theatre; yet he was very particular about his shows. He was extremely careful about the different types he used for even bit parts; during rehearsals for 'Within the Gates,' a Broadway success, he made thirty changes in minor rôles, shifting actors till he found the perfect one to portray each part. And though Lillian Gish, a fine, experienced actress played the lead, so painstaking is Mel that he gave her readings, gave her tempo, went over her part countless times. Appreciating his desire for perfection, she co-operated beautifully. When he's displeased, Mel usually finds a way of fixing things without argument.

"For 'Within the Gates' lighting effects which would put the sombre mood of the play across had to be employed. So great a part did lighting play in determining the success of the story, that the producer engaged a lighting expert to whom he paid \$1000, to create the proper effects. This man dragged so much lighting apparatus into the theatre that Mel and I thought we were running a stage lighting supply shop. At the dress rehearsal when he lit up the stage, the lights were so bright and glaring they hurt (*Please turn to page 86*)



DON'T suppose the dopey-looking dame with her hair coiffed to the skies in the booth next to mine at the Brown Derby ever realized how near death she was that night. There I was tearing joyously into tenderloin *de luxe*, completely at peace with the world and Connie Bennett, when she had to up and open her trap. "That Carole Lombard," she said to the mousey guy with her, "always playing gags on people. Gags, gags, gags, all the time gags! Can't she get publicity any other way?"

Fairly choking with rage and a french fried I gave her a look that's been known to crush traffic cops with hair on their chest. But nothing would crush that one, outside of a steam roller. "So she sends Clark Gable a jalopy," she continued shrilly, completely ignoring my menacing map. "So she sends him a ham with his picture on it! So she sends him a ballet skirt! So what? I'm good and sick and tired and fed up with reading about Lombard's gags. Pass me the salt." The mousey guy passed the salt and said, "She's got good legs."

Well, by the time I had counted ten—I promised Mr. Hays that I wouldn't murder anyone in his Hollywood until I had

counted ten, and as I count on my fingers I count slowly—I had cooled off considerably, and remorse, deep, gnawing, depressing remorse had set in. After all, some of those gags weren't Carole's. I made 'em up. And I'm not going to be noble about taking the blame, either—the other ladies and gentlemen of the press tossed in a few dandies too. Especially the one about the ambulance, and did that one stink! You see, we who write while our editors burn sort of thought it was swell copy to make the screwball girl even screwier than she really is. And Carole was always such a grand sport about it.

Believe me, I was pretty depressed about the whole thing. And then a few nights later I found myself at a dinner party, up to my ears in Flato and the Right People, where a glamorous one who was wilting around the edges like lettuce that has been out too long remarked that the gag that Carole had played on agent Myron Selznick wasn't funny at all and that she was bored stiff

with the Lombard gags. (Of course the fact that Carole has been snatching off more space in the magazines than she has might just possibly have had something to do with

SERIOUS SIDE OF A SCREWBALL



By
Elizabeth
Wilson

Carole Lombard can cry, too! Here we show her with James Stewart in a poignant scene from "Made for Each Other." Opposite page, Carole the aristocrat and Carole the zany—which one is real? Which is a well-acted rôle?



her boredom. I don't have to tell *you* about human nature.)

Now for all I know the slightly faded glamor girl and the silly bit of fluff at the Derby are the only two people in the world who have complained of Carole's gags. But just in case there are other dopes taking cracks I think that now is the time for me to jump in with little chirrupings of joy and talk truthfully, for a change, about Lombard. She loves a good laugh, don't we all, but I tell you she is more gagged against than gagging. She isn't all shrieks and squeals and expletives. And she isn't simply brittle, brilliant, and beautiful. She has a serious side that will knock the props right from under you. But you have to be a close friend to ever get a gander at Carole's serious side. I am. And I know.

I first met Carole some five years ago, right after she had divorced William Powell in Reno. I met her in a steak joint—I seem to be always eating steak—the night

Fed up with Lombard's gags? So is she! Read our exclusive story exploding the myth of Carole's much-publicized craziness and change your mind about her

of the preview of "Twentieth Century" and she said she wished I'd let her know what I thought about the picture. I was new in Hollywood in those days and I didn't know that every star says that to every fan writer—it's sort of the conventional thing to say, like "Goodbye now." Hick that I was I was pleased and flattered that Miss Lombard should want my humble opinion of her picture, and by golly I gave it to her, in an eight page letter. (Little did we reck then, ah me, ah

my, small fry, that "Twentieth Century" would start the cycle of wacky comedies featuring swift kicks that would soon establish Carole as the Screwball Girl of the World.) Well, being a polite star there was nothing poor Carole could do about an eight page letter but thank me for it, which she did. And somehow or other a friendship got started.

It ripened beautifully a year later when we found ourselves on the wrong train out (*Please turn to page 76*)

Norvell's Offer to SCREENLAND Readers! Your '39 Horoscope FREE

Interested in astrology? Then you'll want to take advantage of this offer. Norvell, Hollywood advisor to the movie stars, will send a FREE 1939 Horoscope to every SCREENLAND reader who writes for it—just fill out coupon below, enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope, mentioning your birthdate, and you will receive, without charge, Norvell's Sun Horoscope. Enjoy Norvell's 1939 predictions for famous stars of the screen; then let Hollywood's pet astrologer reveal what your birthdate says about YOU! No rules to worry about—only the coupon to fill out and mail, enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address: Norvell, % SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, N. Y.

Please send me Norvell's Horoscope. I enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.

My Birthdate is.....

My Address is.....

City

State

"CLARK GABLE, beware! Read what I say is written for you and don't say you weren't warned!"

"Wayne Morris, don't marry!"

"Janet Gaynor—your opportunity for happiness in love lies close at hand. But—!"

"Gary Cooper, have no fears."

"But you, Robert Taylor—that fine restraint that's served you so well, must a little longer be your guide."

Thus, calling these and other Hollywood stars, Norvell, mystic prober of things to come, reminds the earthly luminaries of the screen that the stars above are looking down on them. Once again, facing a new year, Hollywood is turning to Norvell, noted astrologer, begging a preview of its Destiny for 1939. Get an earful of what Pluto and Venus have to say about our fair lads and lassies of the cinema world as read and translated by Norvell.

"Ginger Rogers will marry again!" (But not until she's definitely divorced from Lew Ayres—naturally.) "Dorothy Lamour and her husband are headed for the divorce courts," Norvell whispers confidentially as he takes his head out of an ancient tome on astrology and consults rows and rows of figures that look like a cross between an Arabic headache and a text

**What 1939 Holds
For the Stars**



book on trigonometry. "Uranus," he casually adds, "brings trouble in romance to John Barrymore—he must watch his health and his heart." (That's not so startling, for as far back as I can remember, man and boy, he's had romantic trouble.) "Then," Norvell hurries on to say, "there's Jeanette MacDonald. She married Gene Raymond under adverse aspects of Mercury and Venus—gossips will place them in the divorce lists—and they won't be far from wrong!"

That for a mere starter. Breathtaking events reeled off as an inconsequential prelude to the more astonishing things to come as Norvell peers deeper into the future. And while he was delving into his mystery-giving files, looking for such trivia as sun spots, configurations, and sextiles of Jupiter and the Sun, I roamed quietly about his "castle" in the hills where this astrologer carries on his work for the movie great, and a vast clientele he serves throughout the world by mail. Norvell's "castle" is located in Hollywoodland, and it is one of the most pretentious places in the Hollywood environs. With its winding stairs, its subterranean rooms, it's the nearest thing to Valentino's mysterious Falcon's Lair. When you enter, you are ushered up two flights of stairs into an enormous living room that has a huge fireplace in the center. This room is done in

Don't miss Norvell's new Hollywood Predictions here! As told to Tommy Thompson

Here are some of the stars for whom Norvell predicts strange, splendid, or awesome things for the coming year: Gable, Lombard, Wayne Morris, Jeanette MacDonald, Frances Dee and Joel McCrea, Alice Faye and Tony Martin, Elaine Barrie and John Barrymore, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell.

In group at lower right: Norvell, with Anita Louise and Dorothy Lamour; John Payne, June Wilkins, James Stewart.

priceless antiques, and it has an impressive atmosphere that has attracted people from every country in the world. Members of royalty, including Lord and Lady Mountbatten, have been clients of Norvell, and even one Maharajah of India, who came thousands of miles out of his way to consult Norvell as to how he would manage his many wives! The legendary tale is passed around Hollywood that the cream-colored Rolls Royce that Norvell is seen driving around was a royal gift from the grateful Maharajah.

The accuracy of Norvell's predictions is amazing. Last year he was credited with having had twenty of his predictions come uncannily true! But Norvell himself makes no mystery of his predictions: "It's simply," he says with a shrug of his shoulders, "that two and two make four—and when you have certain elements at work in human lives, the results are inevitable." But I still can't understand how he predicted the following. It just doesn't seem human, but here they are, as Norvell predicted them in the public press and in magazine articles last year:

"The separation of Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone."

"A cycle of deaths for Hollywood, taking several beloved characters." (Do you remember Pauline Frederick, Jack Dunn, Warner Oland, Sir' Guy Standing and Max Factor?)

"A separation for Dick Arlen and Jobyna Ralston."

Then, there are the more famous predictions that Norvell made several years ago, which brought him world fame. He predicted the mysterious death of Thelma Todd, the suicide of (*Please turn to page 92*)



HAVING done a heap o' living in her twenty-four years up to now, there's no need for synthetic embellishment to gild the glamorous touch which Ellen Drew has imparted to her own picture in the gallery of Hollywood recognition. The girl who proved the lightning of discovery can strike twice in the same year on the same movie lot (Olympe Bradna and Ellen Drew, two finds in one season—that's pretty good, Mr. Paramount), is creating glamor where it counts most—on the screen.

And yet, in her case catch phrases come a dime a dozen. Call her "one girl in 30,000." Or, "the million dollar find from a five and ten-cent store." Or, should you prefer alliteration in your capsule description, make it "candy store Cinderella." Her press agent could caption an Ellen Drew yarn any one or all three—and make 'em stick with documentary evidence right out of Ellen's not the least shady (she's one of the frankest persons you ever met) past.

But when you meet this blonde-tressed young lovely with the smiling blue-green eyes, you know she's alto-

gether too genuine and alive to be tangled with catch phrases. And meeting her you also know there's nothing unusual—for her, that is—about the fact that she went on living, postponing nothing, not even marriage and motherhood, while waiting for Hollywood to give her the chance she wanted. She wanted to get into pictures so much she set out from Chicago for Hollywood with nothing more as economic assets than ambition and self reliance on her ability to earn her own living. She chucked a job in a five-and-dime store to make the trip—which is the explanation of that "five and ten-cent store" angle mentioned above. Let's clear up the other—two catchlines and get that out of the way. The "one girl in 30,000" gives the ratio of success to failure by girls wishful of movie careers. The "candy store" angle comes in because Ellen Drew waited on the counter in one of those Sweet Shoppes in Los Angeles.

She wasn't Ellen Drew before Bing Crosby made the picture that made everybody (including Bing) love the *Unholy Beebees*—Bing likes 'em so much he wants to go on playing *Joe Beebe* in further adventures of the



Candy Store Cinderella

Close-up of Ellen Drew
whose magic hour
struck when movies
discovered her

By Tom Kennedy

family you met in "Sing Your Sinners." That's the third name she has answered to. The other two were Terry Ray, her real name and the one under which she was known for two years on the Paramount lot, and her other name is Mrs. Fred Wallace.

Like all good stories hers is as down-to-earth as it is dramatic. (Maybe those millionairesses who are trying to crash the movies and finding it no dice would have more success if they had less dough). At sixteen this Terry Ray was paying her own way and contributing to the support of her mother on \$10 a week. That was in Chicago. She was born in Kansas City. A couple of years later, after winning a strictly local beauty contest, in which the manager of the five-and-dime store entered her, Terry (Please turn to page 75)

Screenland Salutes

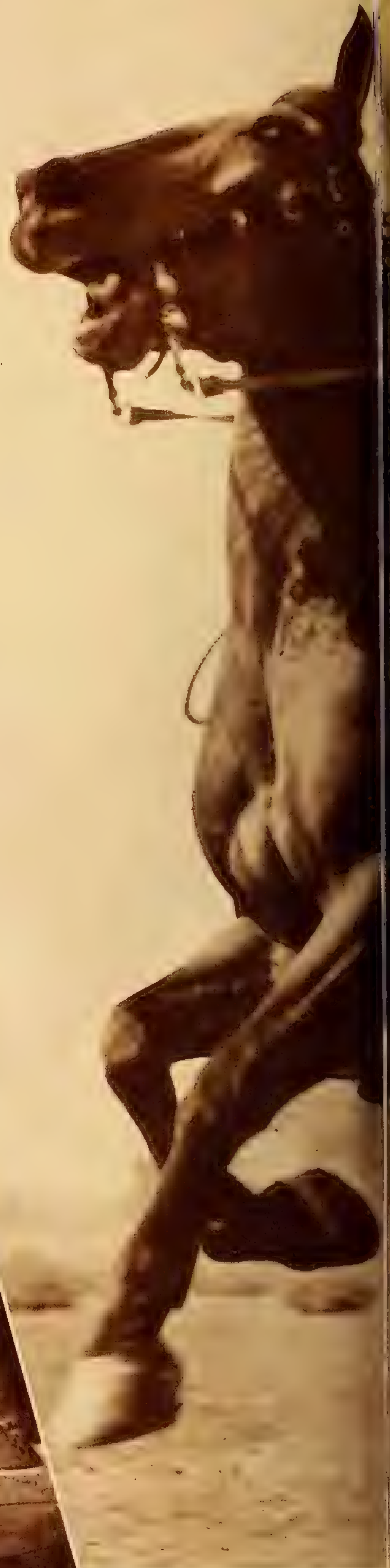
TEANNA
DURBIN

soon to be seen
in "Three Smart
Girls Grow Up,"
screen sequel to
her first film hit.

Portrait by Ray Jones,
Universal Pictures



THE MOVIES



Even love scenes move at doors. See Jack Haley and Arleen Whelan, left, in "Thanks for Everything;" Lila Hayward and Joan Fontaine, far left, in "The Duke of West Point;" Gene Austin and Lynne Berkley in "Sons and Saddles," left above.

MOVE OUTDOORS!

Surfeited with stuffy indoor dramas and zany comedies, Hollywood takes a good, deep breath of fresh air and turns on a new cycle—action, ozone, and to heck with elegance!



Cagney as a cowhand—can you believe it? You'll have to, when you see the screen's ace hoodlum on a horse in "Oklahoma Kid"—there's plenty of proof, above. Jimmy rides, shoots, spins a lariat—and loves it. Rosemary Lane, his heroine, shown with Cagney at right above, welcomes the change from musical comedy. At right, a lovely outdoor scene from Warners' big Technicolor film. "Heart of the North," with Gloria Dickson and Dick Foran.

Screenland
Salutes

Hurrell



RED-HEADED RIOT

Ann Sheridan, handsomest red-head to hit Hollywood since the days of Clara Bow, commands attention for arresting beauty, makes one brood doubtfully upon acting ability to live up to it.

JOEL MCCREA

This stalwart personality and, since his work in "Youth Takes A Fling," acknowledged good actor has a rugged rôle opposite Stanwyck in the exciting outdoor drama directed by maestro DeMille himself.





It's an old native custom, and Jean Parker, left, as a native daughter of the Pasadena country revels in its beauty and the grand grapes grown in the vineyards at La Cañada. Joan Blondell, right, rushes into our delighted gaze sporting the style of bathing suit smartly dressed swimmers will be wearing, come summer for mortals everywhere.



RUSHING THE SEASON

No season, whether rushed or arriving in its own good time, is really official until Joan Crawford resumes her sun-tanning relaxations, as at right. Center, and across top on opposite page, get a gay glimpse of Nan Grey, so chic and summery, first in a nautical beach outfit, then tailored resort costume (navy linen, Breton sailor hat); white linen dress and sunshade hat (winter-vacationing at a desert resort); finally slacks with bolero and belt in Mexican colors and designs so in harmony with her surroundings at Ensenada.





**Ole Man Winter may not be keeping
away from your door, but remember,
somewhere the sun is always shining—
and trust Glamor 'to get there first!**



*Screenland
Salutes*

MUNI, MASTER OF ART

Hurrell, Warners

Artistic integrity, uncommon anywhere, is positively amazing in Hollywood where the emphasis is on Umph. But Paul Muni manages to combine uncompromising portrayal with box-office appeal, and so makes "Juarez," his next, a film well worth waiting for

POWER, PRINCE OF PERSONALITY

Speaking of Umph, Tyrone Power has it. His youth, his genuine good looks, and a dash of deviltry have created an American Dream Prince. But he is more than that. His heritage of fine theatrical tradition may yet make him our really great romantic actor



Gene Kornman,
20th Century-Fox



Alex Kahle

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

From RKO Radio's "Gunga Din"



Here is ace photographer Alex Kahle at work shooting our Most Beautiful Still of the Month which you see on the opposite page with the three stars of "Gunga Din" in action: Cary Grant, Victor McLaglen, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. RKO's epic called for a fine "still" cameraman and Kahle is one of Hollywood's best. Below, another splendid Kahle picture. Far left, close-ups of McLaglen and Grant, above; Doug, Jr., with heroine Joan Fontaine, below—also by Kahle.



ARE YOU A FAST WORKER?

ENERGY TESTS ON BABY RUTH

By actual metabolism test, an average worker can type steadily and at normal speed for 1 hour, 17 minutes, 8 seconds on the food-energy contained in one 5c bar of Baby Ruth Candy.

Energetic people are usually successful. They work harder, faster, longer, because they have the energy to fight fatigue. Body energy comes chiefly from Dextrose, the sugar which enriches delicious Baby Ruth Candy. That's why Baby Ruth is so popular among active people everywhere. It's great candy and a source of real food-energy. Let Baby Ruth help you fight fatigue...today...and every day.

CURTISS CANDY CO., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, OTTO SCHNERING, President



WHEN FATIGUE SETS IN—Remember BABY RUTH IS RICH IN DEXTROSE THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES DIRECTLY FOR ENERGY!





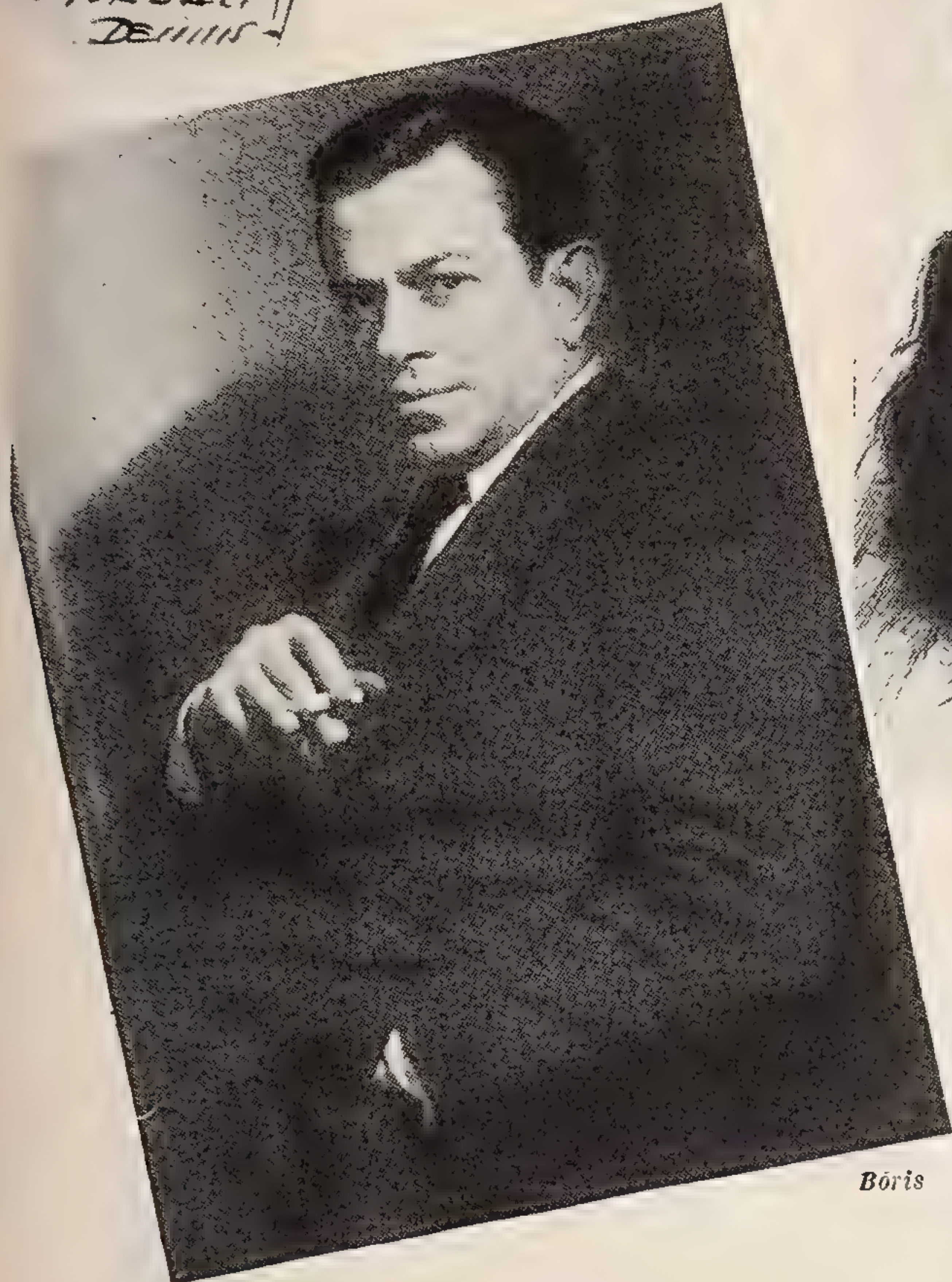
ERROL FLYNN AND "ARNO"
BY MORGAN DENNIS

Picture Your Pet!

Enter our second Pet Contest! Submit your best picture of your own pet. First prize, Morgan Dennis' original portrait of Errol Flynn and "Arno" on opposite page. We will pay \$5.00 for each additional Pet Picture published



Morgan Dennis, famous artist, and some of his fine studies of fine dogs. Mr. Dennis' study of Errol Flynn on opposite page, one of his best, is our first prize.



Boris



Misty Dawn



School's Out



The Sextette from Bonnie

CONTEST CONDITIONS:

1. All pictures of pets will be given equal consideration, whether of dogs, cats, etc.
2. No entry will be returned unless accompanied by adequate postage.
3. Contest closes midnight, February 2nd, 1939.
4. In the event of a tie, prizes of equal value will be given to each tying contestant.
5. Enclose coupon with your entry and address to Pet Picture Contest, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, N. Y.

RESPONSE to our first Pet Picture Contest last month indicates that you like the idea! So here's another opportunity, in a similar contest. Try for the first prize, Morgan Dennis' original portrait of Errol Flynn and "Arno," reproduced on page opposite; compete for the distinction of having your own picture of your own pet published in SCREENLAND—we will pay \$5.00 for each Pet Picture we publish. The awards for the first Pet Picture Contest in the last issue (January, 1939), will be announced next month; those for this current contest, the month after. If your enthusiastic response continues, so will our Pet Contest series. Read the rules above. Fill out coupon, and send along to us with your Pet Picture.

I am entering SCREENLAND Pet Picture Contest, with my entry enclosed.

NAME

STREET ADDRESS

CITY..... STATE.....



THE COWBOY AND THE LADY—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists



OF COURSE you won't fail to catch this challenging co-starring combination of strong, shy Gary Cooper and subtle, sophisticated Merle Oberon, and you'll find much to interest, amuse and even touch you in their first picture together. You will like their love scenes, which for tenderness and good manners haven't been approached since the dear old days of the Ronald Colman-Vilma Banky films—dear me, Samuel Goldwyn produced *them*, too. Come to think of it, good manners are the distinguishing mark of Mr. Goldwyn's pictures. Perhaps that's what is just a little wrong with this one. Somehow as a study in social contrasts it is never quite strong enough; and as a comedy never very hilarious; and worst of all as a Gary Cooper picture it never quite rides to town. There's too much of the Lady and not enough of the Cowboy. When Merle, rich man's daughter, meets Gary, the lone cowhand, and leaves her life of luxury for the ranch, and then turns right around and leaves him because she's so loyal to her father—yes, that's right—and *he* wants to be President—oh, let's skip the whole thing. You'll go to see lovely Merle, lovely scenery, and Mr. Cooper—especially Mr. Cooper, who is definitely at his best.



Reviews of the best Pictures

by

Delight Evans



PYGMALION—Pascal-M-G-M



AN EVENT! The first Bernard Shaw play to come to the screen! The dawn of a brilliant new producing team and of a new screen career for Leslie Howard! The American movie debut of Wendy Hiller! I was enchanted with "Pygmalion" and I would like to predict you will be, too. I hope it's a huge success if only because then Producer Pascal and Mr. Howard will make more pictures, and with Wendy Hiller. Shaw's play, for which he himself did the screenplay and the dialogue, has been perfectly directed and acted. The story, you remember, of a Covent Garden flower-girl, *Eliza Doolittle*, glorified by a renowned phonologist for purely scientific reasons, is sheer delight, sparkling with Shavian wisecracks which will win for his plays a whole new public of enraptured movie-going youngsters—if he cares. Mr. Howard shimmers in his most inspired high comedy style, surrounded by a splendid cast, but Miss Wendy Hiller is the true star of the film. In her first scenes as the bedraggled wench she is so amazingly real you probably won't like her at all; but as she builds her beautiful characterization you will discover Miss Hiller, gradually, as a piquant personality, a real beauty, and a brilliant actress.



THE GREAT WALTZ—M-G-M



IF ONLY for that one scene in the Vienna woods, in which melting Johann Strauss music is superbly staged as Fernand Gravet, playing the famous composer, and Miliza Korjus, as his favorite prima donna, sing their hearts out as their carriage careens through the woodsy paradise to the clop-clop of horse's hoofbeats—if only for that, "The Great Waltz" would be worth your time and trouble. For me, the whole picture was worth while for its high spots which, besides the beautiful *Vienna Woods* number, include handsome settings for other lovely Strauss tunes, made more memorable by the exciting voice of Mlle. Korjus. It's a nostalgic exhibit, I'll admit, occasionally as sugary as a confectioner's dream-cake; but certain screen pictures created by Jules Duvivier, who came over from France to direct this for Mervyn LeRoy, in which his camera artist catches mood, spirit, emotion in a single glorious sweep, provide the most eye-filling movie moments of the month. Luise Rainer is cloying; M. Gravet is a distinct disappointment, but the new singer, Mlle. Korjus, makes up in honest vigor and expert voice for her lack of conventional Hollywood beauty. To me, she seemed a breath of fresh air after a surfeit of hothouse scents.



THANKS FOR EVERYTHING—20th Century-Fox



GLORIFYING the Average American Man, this is a gay, bright, spontaneous show. Genuinely fresh, with a novel idea, sparkling direction, and clever performances by the popular cast including Jack Oakie, Jack Haley, Adolphe Menjou, Binnie Barnes, and Arleen Whelan—you'll find it good fun. Haley wins an "Average Man" radio contest conducted by Menjou, and as a glorified guinea pig is tested as to the preferences and prejudices of the A.M., to amusing and occasionally hilarious results. Of the two Jacks it is more Mr. Haley's than Mr. Oakie's show, this time; and of the two handsome ladies it is Miss Barnes who strolls away with the honors. One of the smoothest of all screen actresses, she's one of the few who successfully combines the appeal of technique and temperament, and "Thanks for Everything" gives her ample opportunity for charm and humor, as Mr. Oakie's breezy sweetheart. Little Miss Whelan, as a beauty contest winner who engages Mr. Haley's ardent attentions, is not only prettier than ever but also shows some signs of acting promise, the important thing. Perhaps Jack Oakie is really just as funny as ever since the Great Diet but it seems to me a good steak might make him happier than he seems here.



THE SHINING HOUR—M-G-M



JOAN CRAWFORD'S fans are probably already hoarse from cheering their star's performance in this picture. It's undoubtedly her best in a long, long time. She really gets under the skin of her character, the down-to-earth night-club dancer, *Maggie Riley*, and does a good job of making the heroine a pretty real person. Any deficiencies in Crawford's characterization must be blamed on the scenario, which somehow makes a blueprint of a play that seemed, when I saw it, a rather original design. *Maggie's* marriage-for-security to a "scion," as they keep calling poor Melvyn Douglas, is stymied from the start by a mean sister-in-law, Fay Bainter, a yearning brother-in-law, Bob Young, and his noble wife, Margaret Sullavan. Even the magnificent Miss Sullavan can't make this wifely paragon plausible. Bob Young does his best as the self-styled neurotic brother of Joan's long-suffering husband, but when *will* Mr. Young draw a good strong part? The way he and Mr. Douglas are treated here may give wives an awful case of complacency, and I wouldn't wonder if it sends some husbands hurrying to "Dawn Patrol." The Crawford fan-clubs, however, will have no fault whatever to find with "The Shining Hour," and since it's a Crawford picture that's the general idea.



DAWN PATROL—Warners



Finest drama of the month, a really spectacular achievement in all departments, "Dawn Patrol" is a tremendously exciting motion picture. No wild hurrah for war, no frenzied flag-waving, there is nevertheless no use denying that while it emphatically fails to glorify war itself it cannot help exalting the heroes of war. Dealing as it does with the most showy and pulse-stirring of all gallant warriors, the boy who fights in the air, it cannot avoid big moments, breathtaking attacks and escapes, miraculous chances. Its flight scenes are superb—but it is chiefly memorable for its quieter scenes, such as those in which the veterans "welcome" the replacements, schoolboys whom they must send up to certain death at dawn. I'm not forgetting that some of the thrills in "Dawn Patrol" could only happen in a movie, and that the return of Errol Flynn and David Niven from their daredevil aerial nose-thumbing will be viewed with scorn even by seasoned movie serial-fans; but these flights of the scenarist's fancy can be forgiven when one remembers the rest. No women in the cast headed by Errol Flynn in his best performance, with David Niven crowding him for first honors, and Basil Rathbone, Donald Crisp and Carl Esmond superb, particularly Esmond as the gay and gallant prisoner.



SUBMARINE PATROL—Twentieth Century-Fox



I warn you, the men folk of your family will want to stay through to see this one twice. It's *their* picture, and while some of them may carp over technical flaws, they will mostly remain to cheer. "Submarine Patrol" is a stunningly directed action drama of the Splinter Fleet in the world war, recording the particular adventures of one outfit composed of green but willing workers who of course are required to perform the impossible in feats of daring bravery and do it. John Ford has preserved the spirit if not always the letter of the achievements of the Splinter Fleet; he has camera-painted some wonderful pictures at sea; he has provided the brand of thrills that bring small boys of all ages to movies like this; and he has managed to make Richard Greene, that personable British lad, do a real acting job. Ladies, better see it after all. Mr. Greene and Miss Nancy Kelly, also new but already an able actress, make a very nice team. You'll be glad, too, I think, to see George Bancroft giving a grand performance as Nancy's father. My favorite, however, is Warren Hymer, whose comic talent is so true and his timing so perfect that he steals most of the scenes he is in—only we're all so used to it by now we forget to give him credit. That noble veteran, Slim Summerville, takes a bow, too.

Back in Hollywood after a vacation abroad, Madeleine Carroll marks her return to the screen in Paramount's "Café Society"



"LIFE offers many things," said Madeleine Carroll, "whose enjoyment has no relation to money. You can't buy friends, you can't buy the happiness provided by marriage and home—and all prospective newlyweds should think about that instead of a budget—and you certainly cannot purchase the contentment that comes of reaching a goal after you've worked hard to attain it."

Madeleine Carroll knows what she is talking about! She has learned the rules of this game called living—and loving. She is a success in her chosen profession of acting. She's an even greater success as—just a woman! Her marriage to a distinguished man has been a singularly happy union. She is worth listening to—for *she knows*.

"Nothing, believe me, is a tougher job than knowing how to get the ultimate good out of this living game," she went on seriously. This earnestness of Carroll's is one of her great charms. She bothers to think—she troubles to feel. A good actress as she proved in "Prisoner of Zenda" and "Blockade," is proving further in Paramount's "Café Society," she is also one of Hollywood's few really lovely women who become more personable the longer you look at her, off or on the screen. This interview was in her home, just about at dusk. I don't know, exactly, what started us off on this living-

and-loving theme—perhaps it was partly the fault of the eminent Chinese philosopher, Lin Yutang, whose book, "The Importance of Living," occupied a prominent place on the table in Madeleine's living-room.

"More or less out of curiosity," Madeleine told me, "I read this book. But from it I learned how much I had thought about living without realizing it. About whether success is merely a desire to escape obscurity and poverty. About the meaning of happiness. About loving, loafing, traveling, and so many other things that constitute thoughtful living."

At this moment, the maid brought tea, for every afternoon at four, Madeleine reverts to her English background by indulging in the favorite afternoon custom of a sip of tea, you know. "Now this business of drinking tea relates directly to living," said Madeleine between sips. "Somehow a cup of tea relaxes me, makes me forget any disturbing elements, and even brings me closer to myself. It just seems to let me drift away into hazy but pleasant dreams."

But Madeleine is no dreamer. She is a realist. She said abruptly, "I someday hope to be a real success in my career! Oh, perhaps I have had a measure of suc-

HOW TO

Madeleine Carroll advises other women, out of her own rich experience, on the most important things in life

By Jack Holland

cess. Perhaps I do have some money. But my goal is higher than that. I'll feel I'm a success when I can be recognized as an actress of merit here as well as in England. I want to win the American public. To be on a firmer basis with them than I am now. I want to be a success on the basis of my acting, not because of this thing called Glamor. I have known several glamorous women who were not successful. Oh no, there's a great deal more to success than just dreamy eyes and beauty! I've learned that success is necessarily based on a strong ambition to make your life worth while. That ambition need not be motivated by the desire to escape obscurity and poverty. But you must follow, conscientiously, the tried and true theory of 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try again!'

"What is your formula then?"

"From my own experience, I have learned I must welcome every discouragement, every set-back. That I must not want my success to come too suddenly, for then I would lose the valuable training ground of slow, plodding uncertainty and undramatic progress. You

know, there is so much to learn when you're wondering where your next meal is coming from."

And Madeleine had such moments. Those agonizing days in London while she was tramping the streets waiting for the break that never seemed to come. Then, after her chance came and success seemed on the way, the hours of waiting again for another chance! She had all the moments of tragedy, of uncertainty that seem to be a part of every successful person. Breaks did come her way, that is true, but they would have passed her by if she had not been insistent on the worth of her ambition and the knowledge she was right in her ambition.

"I've found," continued Madeleine, "that many apparently successful people are not successes, because of one important thing. They forget that they are not privileged children of God. They seem to get the impression that they are above other human beings. Such desire to escape the 'common touch' is the surest way I know to end in the obscurity everyone abhors. I have known several in my own business who have gone around with their nose a little too high in the air, their conceit a little too obvious. It wasn't long before they began their slide

lems to my agent, but I always make the final decisions. I learned the value of that when I had to decide between a good stage offer and the screen. I've never regretted choosing the screen either."

"What about the apparently happy people who are always the good time babies at parties, the type who never seem to have a care in the world? Aren't they happy?"

"Never! Theirs is a superficial happiness, built on shallow and meaningless things. Possibly they feel life is too short to waste on serious thinking and on work. But usually such cases are the results of a lack of any responsibility, any desire to make their lives mean something. I knew a person once who was always the popular chap about town, the one who was invited to all the parties. His family provided him with all the money he needed. I watched him day in and day out, trying to keep up his pretense of being happy. Then, one day he told me, 'Life is a boring thing, isn't it?' I was sorry for him, I can tell you! Now, most people think that every movie star is happy and has everything. That they don't work for what they have. Let me tell you there are mighty few who can say to themselves, 'I'm terribly happy!' and mean it. I happen to be fortunate in that I have learned from my early experiences that it takes more than money and some degree of fame to be happy. I've learned that to be truly happy, one must have moments of unhappiness. (Continued on page 94)

LIVE

AND

LOVE

down the hill. I think that every actor and actress should thank their lucky stars for each fan letter they receive, not look down upon the fans as pests."

"Disregarding the fact that you think you aren't an entire success," I commented, "you are happy, aren't you?"

"I like blunt questions," Madeleine said slyly. "Yes, I am happy. And for a very strange reason. Because I'm busy continually! Nothing is more detrimental to real happiness than idle moments. I used to find time weighing heavily on my hands while I was waiting for the next job, and those were my unhappy moments. Even now, with my picture work and all, I like to make my own decisions, for they give me a sense of responsibility, and responsibilities are very much a part of genuine happiness. Naturally I refer my prob-



That Twosome, Tyrone and Exakta

By Ruth Tildesley

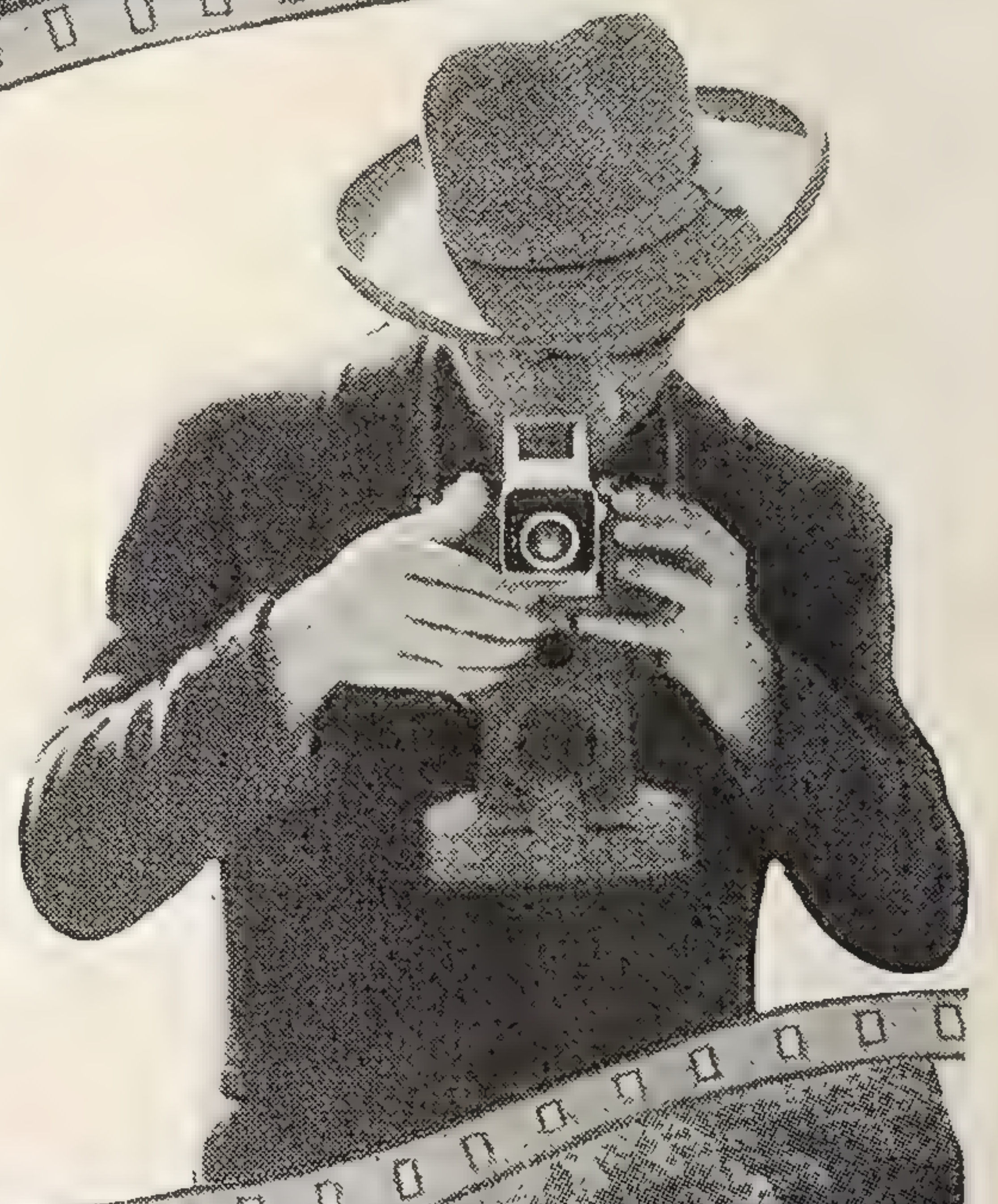


"WOULDN'T go anywhere without my Exakta!" declared Tyrone Power, dark eyes glowing. (Never mind, Exakta isn't a girl, she's a camera. She has a 2.8 Tessar lens and he feeds her with 35 m.m. Super X Eastman film with an average of 32 exposures to a roll.) "I'm flying to South America for six weeks, the minute we get through making 'Jesse James,' and I expect to come home with some real pictures," Tyrone went on. "I'm taking color film for my home movie camera and black-and-white for Exakta, and if I have the luck I had in Mexico, I'll be satisfied."

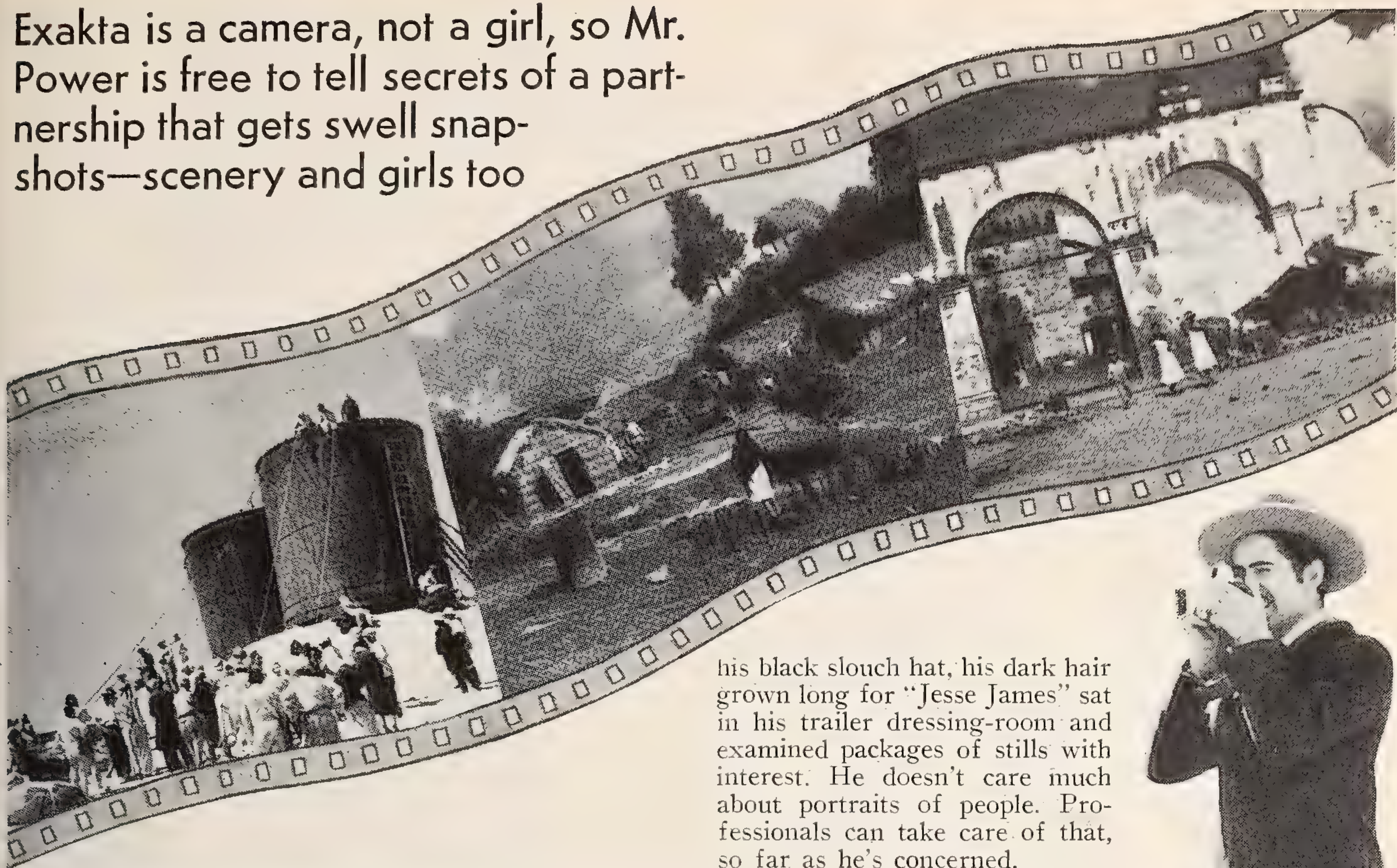
"I don't know how I got interested in cameras. When I was about seventeen I had a home movie outfit. I hadn't done much with it, when I went to Canada. I took the camera but I forgot to declare it. I declared the projector, the film, the little screen, the tripod, everything but the camera—it was slung about my neck at the time, and I suppose I thought they'd see that, anyway, and list it. Six months later, they came to me and said: 'Remember that home movie camera you had when you came in?' I said: 'Yes, I remember.' 'Well,' they retorted, 'you haven't got it any more. You didn't declare it.'"

"So until just now I was minus a home movie outfit. Suddenly I'm so thrilled with making pictures that I want to try the movie stuff again and see what I can do with it. But I like to take still pictures best."

Even when he was playing a bandit, **JESSE JAMES**, Tyrone was busy between scenes taking shots with Exakta. Above: Annabella, on "Suez" location; wings over New York, snapped from cabin of plane; Henry Fonda at Pineville, Mo., location. Below, 59th Street and Central Park, New York.



Exakta is a camera, not a girl, so Mr. Power is free to tell secrets of a partnership that gets swell snapshots—scenery and girls too



You can always pick them up and look at them, have them enlarged and fuss around with them.

"I don't do any developing or printing because I don't have time, but I try effects with filters, exposures, speed and so on. I may get good enough so that I can tell the camera shop how to print up my stuff, but I'm not that good yet.

"It's fun to try an infra-red filter and make the skies dark to give mood to a picture. Take this shot of the Mexican scene on the road to Cuernavaca. The filter gives the sad tone of that scene, yet you can see the details, too—the clothes drying on the roof of the shack, the trees blowing in the wind, the woman in the shawl add interest."

Tyrone, picturesque in

his black slouch hat, his dark hair grown long for "Jesse James" sat in his trailer dressing-room and examined packages of stills with interest. He doesn't care much about portraits of people. Professionals can take care of that, so far as he's concerned.

"But this one of Annabella on the grass on the 'Suez' set; and this one of Henry Fonda on the porch of the hotel at Pineville on location for 'Jesse James,' aren't too bad. Annabella looked up when I walked over with the camera, but with

Henry I was just sitting on the railing fooling with Exakta when I shot it. He wasn't noticing. There was no prettying up in either case."

Tyrone likes spontaneity in his shots of people. Tyrone doesn't often use a light meter. "I don't believe in them unless it's for a shot that will be gone in an instant and there's no time for you to decide about light for yourself. Otherwise it seems like taking an unfair advantage. If you know to a dot exactly what speed, what focus, and so on, then you might as well have a robot take your picture, for there's nothing left for you. No element of chance. I like to think that my success is partly my own doing.

(Continued on page 80)

Pictures from Tyrone's album. Top, left to right, "Suez" location; Cuernavaca, and church in Xochimilco, Mexico. Immediately above: rodeo in Tyrone's honor at Mexico City; sunset from a plane cabin; Taxo, Mexico, from Hotel Borda.



SCREENLAND Glamor School

Edited by

Paulette Goddard

Red fox, extravagantly used, makes Miss Goddard's afternoon suit of beige tweed something to see and gasp over! Her high-topped turban, the huge muff are also of red fox. More to the general taste is her black wool bolero suit below. Trimmed in Persian lamb, it boasts two belts—one of self material with lamb trim, the other in black and gold suede. A puppet-sized tricorné outlined in the fur, a dull green crepe blouse, Paulette's own jewels complete a stunning picture.

Photographs of Miss Goddard by Willinger, M-G-M.



Deliberately designed to attract and hold your attention, these costumes created expressly for and worn by Paulette Goddard are of the striking sort that the world thinks of when it says: "That's Hollywood!" Of course, it is—and we suspect such clothes, and such a star to wear them, will always be in demand. Miss Goddard, seen in M-G-M's "Dramatic School," wears these things with such dash and daring that they become theatrically important. Left, dramatic gown of white roma crepe with heavy embroidered collar and girdle.





Black with bright accents—always smart. At left, Miss Lane models her black crepe dress with crocheted yoke and accents it with a girdle of claret-colored jersey. See her high hat, big squared bag. Two ways to dress up a simple evening frock are shown below. First, cluster-flower pin of blue and white sapphire stones, with matching bracelet; left below, bands of heavy gold link chain set with simulated rubies fashion Rosemary's necklace and bracelet.

Photographs by Scotty Welbourne, Warner Bros.

**MORE
MOVIE**

Glamour



Rosemary Lane gives you a pre-view of the highlights from her personal wardrobe



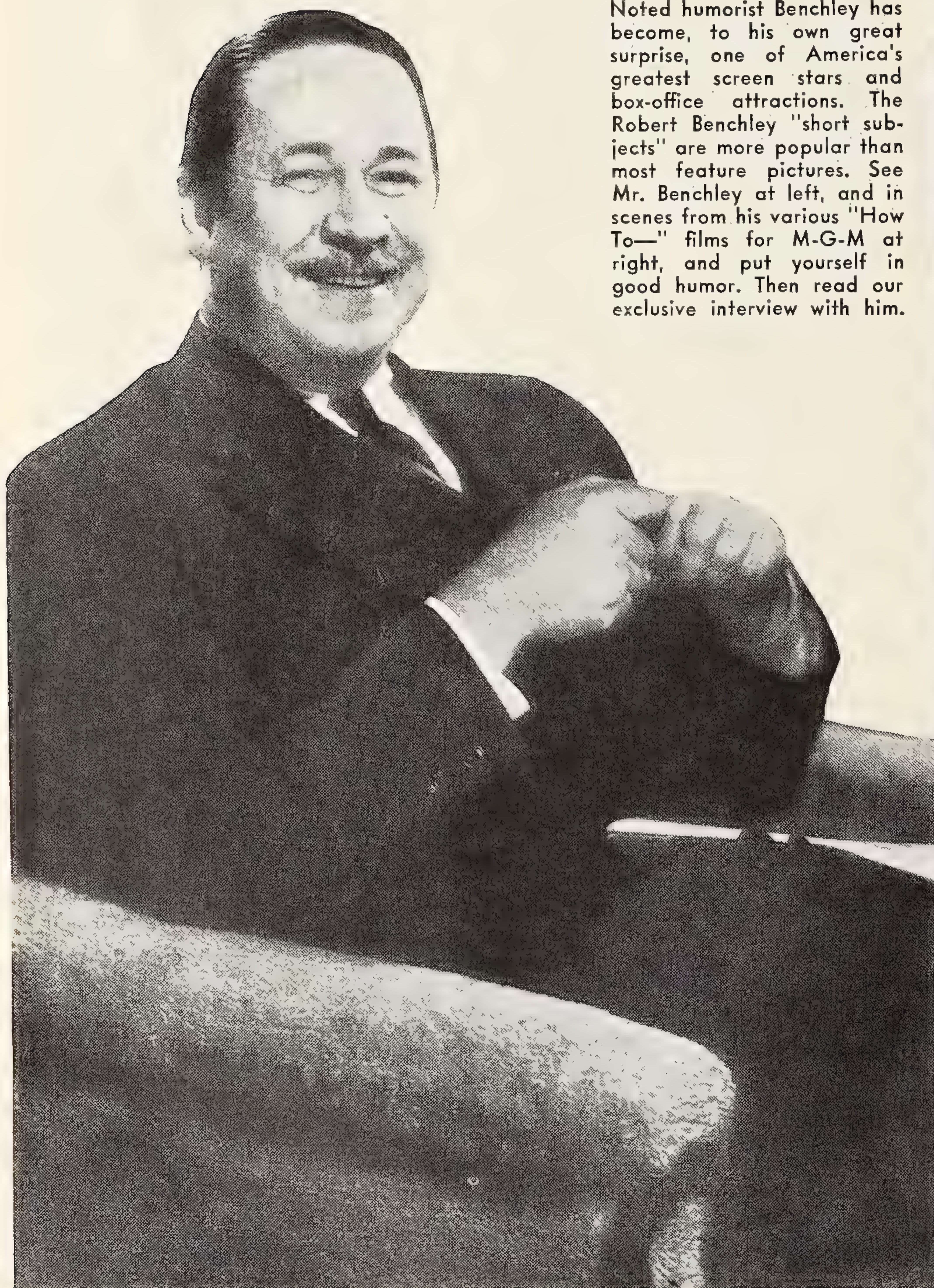
Special chapeau show, at top from left to right —Rosemary Lane's pet hats. Below, dinner suit with jacket of red wool crepe with appliqué of gold kid in baroque design. Right below, red wool jacket costume trimmed with Persian lamb.



Benchley's Best Short

—Is himself, and here the famous wit and king of short screen comedy submits to his first interview as an actor

By Anita Kilore

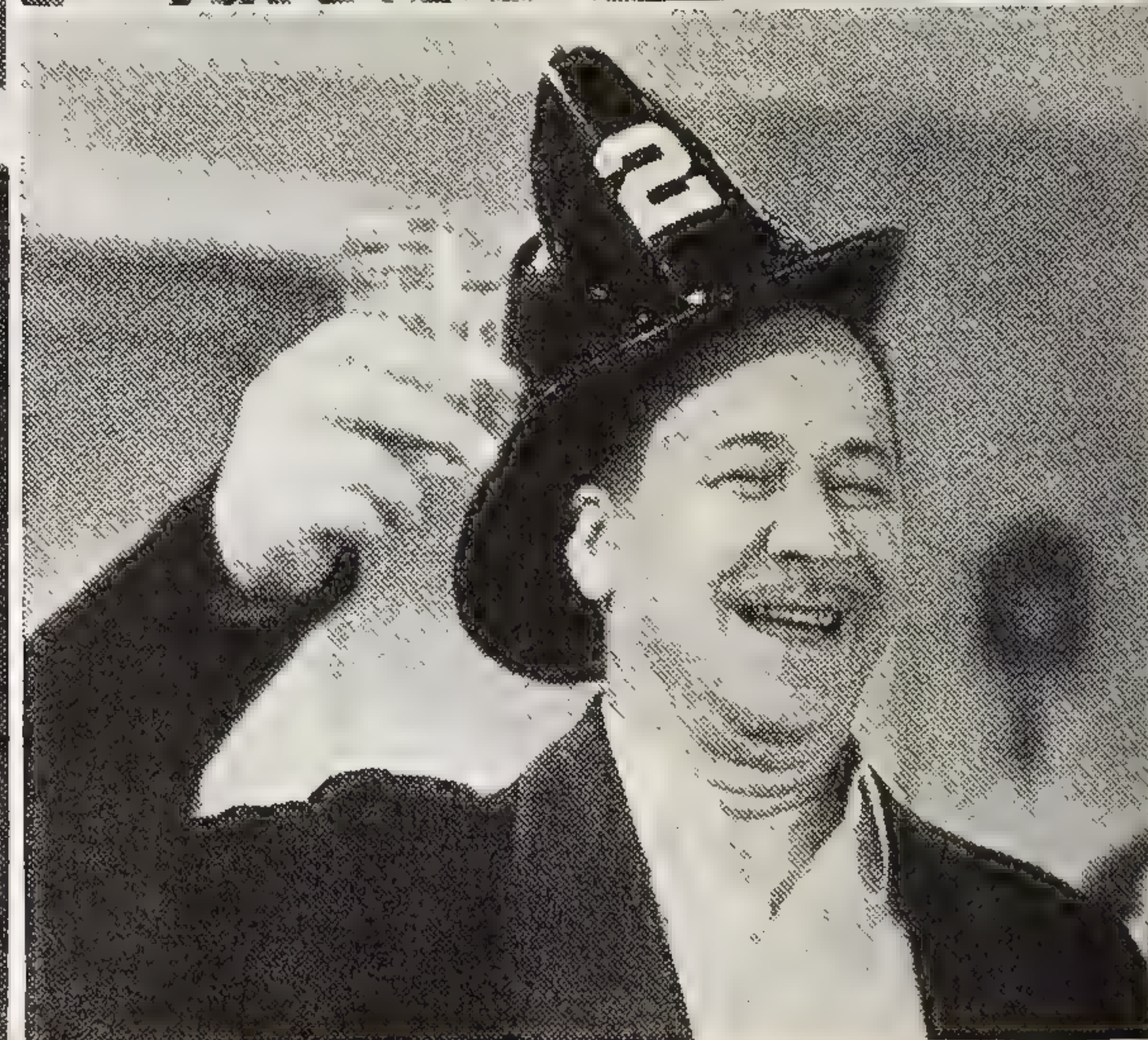


Noted humorist Benchley has become, to his own great surprise, one of America's greatest screen stars and box-office attractions. The Robert Benchley "short subjects" are more popular than most feature pictures. See Mr. Benchley at left, and in scenes from his various "How To—" films for M-G-M at right, and put yourself in good humor. Then read our exclusive interview with him.

"YOU'LL excuse me a moment, won't you please," said Mr. Benchley, "while I get out of this wet bathing suit and into a dry martini?"

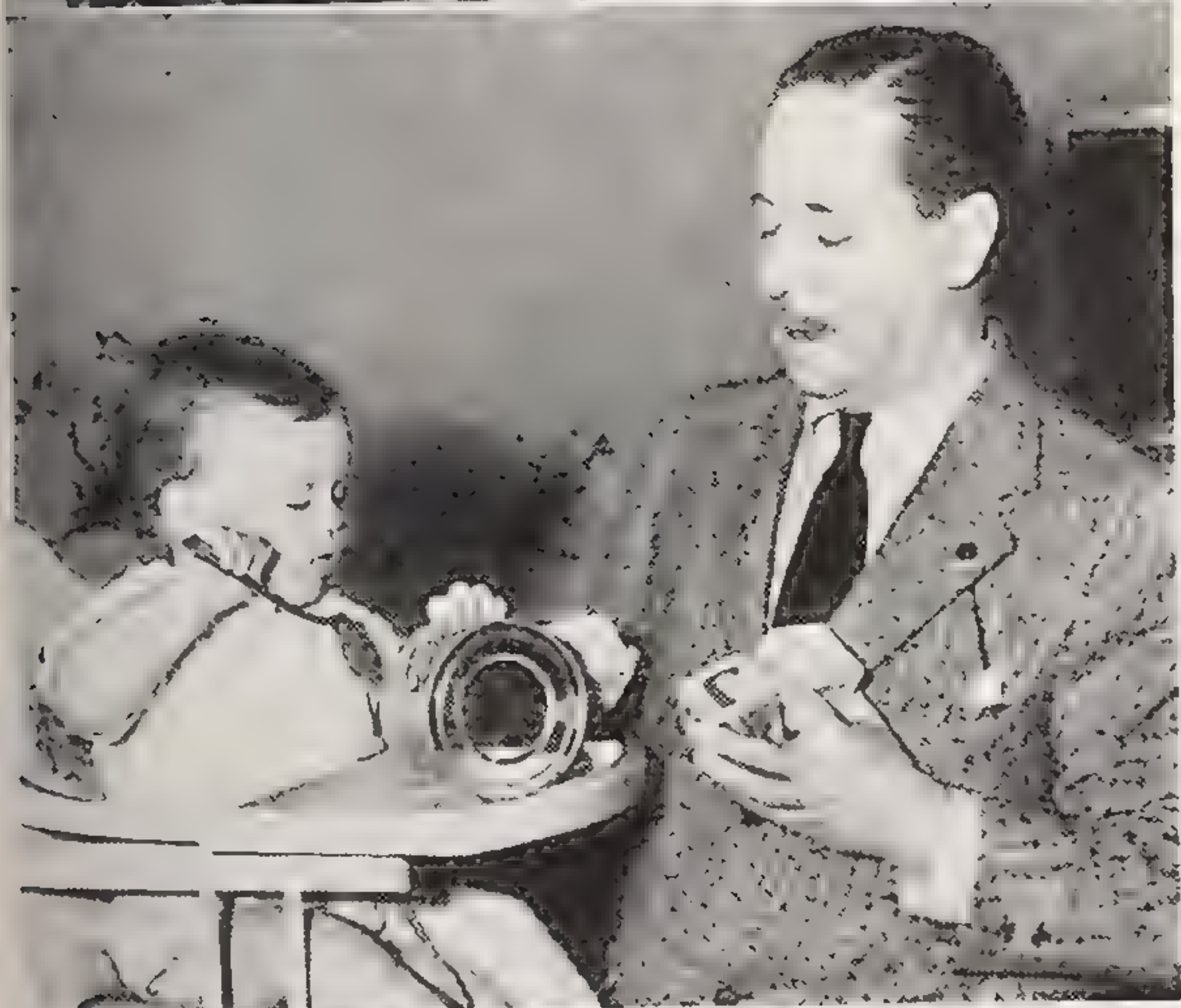
Mr. Benchley was neither in a wet bathing suit nor was he about to have a dry martini—but that'll give you an idea of the little quips which he is whipping off at you at every turn. He was, it's true, a little hot and wet around the collar—a state in which he claims work always puts him—and it is also true that he was about to reach for another collar, and maybe a glass of water from the water-cooler nearby. While he's busy at that, I'll see if I can place him in your mind for you.

Mr. Benchley—I don't know him well enough to call him Bob—is author, playwright, columnist, critic and commentator, and then—we hate to mention it because he hates to have us mention it—he is also an actor. Perhaps we can get around it by saying that Mr. Benchley has appeared in numerous dramatic celluloid concoctions: some years ago he accompanied Clark Gable, Jean Harlow and Wallace Beery through "China Seas;" some time later he was with Bob Montgomery and Madge Evans in "Piccadilly Jim;" more recently with Bob Montgomery and Rosalind Russell in "Live, Love and Learn."



But perhaps you know him best for his short pictures: "How to Sleep," "How To Train A Dog," "How To Be A Detective," "How To Raise A Baby," "How To Read," "How To Watch Football"—that's it! that's he: the "how to" man! The man who makes you smile just to look at him, for some strange reason or another; and when he speaks, the laugh becomes frankly an outburst.

"Now as I was saying," Mr. Benchley resumed, (he wasn't saying anything of the kind), "the reason I tremble so when someone refers to me as an actor is that I am a critic: at least I've always chosen to think of myself as one, and I've held numerous jobs as such. I hold one now as a matter of fact, on *The New Yorker*. Attempting to act, and to criticize acting at the same time, has its problems, as perhaps you can imagine. After I did 'Live, Love and Learn,' for example, I arrived back in New York to carry on with my work on *The New Yorker* at about the same time the picture appeared there. There were plenty of bad plays in New York about then, but every time I wrote so, and took an actor to task for a mediocre performance, you can imagine how my pan-mail increased. 'Yeah, look who's talk-



ing—you've got a nerve—after *your* performance in a picture I saw you in last night!" As I say, it has its difficulties. And since I can't stand to see myself on the screen, and hadn't seen that picture, I couldn't be sure but what my critics were right: that I was obnoxious.

"A most disillusioning thing happened recently. I saw 'China Seas' for the first time, although it was made—let's see, was it four years ago? At any rate, when Tay Garnett, the director, those four years ago, talked me into doing the part of a drunk in the picture, the part as he outlined it to me sounded wonderful. Funny. I nearly died laughing. It was screaming. So I did it. Afterwards everyone told me that I was very funny in it, and so I believed it. Imagine! For four years I've been walking around believing that I had given a superb comedy characterization in 'China Seas.' Why, I actually beamed whenever anyone even mentioned 'China Seas.' Yesterday, I saw the picture. The reason I saw it is rather ironical. I was planning to do a short in which I would enact the part of a drunk again. I thought I'd just see that old picture, so I'd have a good pattern for my present characterization. But now—well! I'm not even going to do the part in the short now. I'm urging someone else to do the drunk part and I'll do, oh, most anything else. It tears my heart out to admit it, but in 'China Seas' I think I was lousy."

Well, not everyone, can agree with a critic's opinion, of course. But as a result it's quite possible that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will never again manage to entice Mr. Benchley into a feature picture. Shorts—yes, he writes them by the ream, and appears in them as easily. It takes him only a few days to play his part, and nobody seems to know quite when or how he writes them. In fact it's sometimes doubtful that Mr. Benchley knows himself. He scribbles them here, there, and everywhere, never puts them in binders, never even makes a carbon copy. But there's usually a manuscript tucked away in one or two of his pockets, no matter which suit he happens to be wearing. Sometimes after they've passed (*Please turn to page 90*)



Where Technicolor films are produced, there you'll find Natalie Kalmus supervising every detail of the exquisite color. Left, the great lady in action. Above left, still from early Technicolor movie, "The Black Pirate" with Douglas Fairbanks and Billie Dove; then, a close-up from the latest Technicolor picture, London Films' "Four Feathers." Far right, "Jesse James," new American screen epic in color.

Third in SCREENLAND's celebrity series, we present the fascinating story of the little lady behind the Technicolor cameras, Mrs. Natalie Kalmus

By Ida Zeitlin

NATALIE KALMUS didn't have to choose between love and a career. She was lucky enough to find them hand in hand.

She's the kind of woman who, driven by both economic and inner necessity, would probably have built herself a career in any case. At twelve, she was an artists' model. A few years later she was making balloon ascensions at county fairs, using the hundred dollars she received for each of these stunts to help pay her way through art school. But if she hadn't fallen madly in love at nineteen with Herbert Kalmus, her work would have led in other directions. You would not be reading on every color picture produced today the legend: **TECHNICOLOR COLOR DIRECTOR—NATALIE KALMUS**, and wondering perhaps about the story that lies behind the name. It's a story of romance, of struggle against repeated setbacks crowned at length by achievement.

Born Natalie Dunfee in Norfolk, Virginia, her family moved to Boston while she was very young. Her father whom she adored went out skating one day, fell on the ice, and died of a fractured skull. She was conscious of her loss as few eight-year-olds can be, and conscious too of her responsibilities. She knew that her ruling passion, the study of art, could be realized now only through her own efforts. With a background of Virginian and Boston gentility, it's a tribute to her independence of mind that she went out and took work where she could get it, daunted neither by raised eyebrows nor physical peril.

She was teaching at the Boston Institute of Art when she met Herbert Kalmus, a brilliant young chemist who had just acquired the dignity of a doctor's degree but

was without the dignity of a job. Despite the fact that they had no money, that marriage lay hidden behind an impenetrable veil, life became a rose-colored haze. They held hands and walked in Boston Commons. He was presented to Natalie's mother as Natalie's fiancé. Mrs. Dunfee looked the tall spare young man over, and decided there was nothing wrong with him except that he didn't get enough to eat. Thereafter he was fed frequently at the Dunfee table.

Suddenly the clouds dropped from the future. Kalmus was appointed research chemist at Queens College in Kingston, Ontario. He and Natalie married, and went to Canada to live. For the first and only time in her life, she led a butterfly existence, gave bridge parties, attended teas, acquired a reputation as a hostess and astonished herself by enjoying over a period of three or four years what she called uselessness.

By that time they had saved enough to embark on their next project. Ideas were fermenting at the back of the doctor's mind, and he felt he needed further study to cope with them. Taking leave of Kingston, they sailed for Zürich, where Natalie took art courses at the University, while her husband worked in the chemistry laboratory. They lived frugally, on the theory that every dollar meant another precious day at their labors. The little hoard saw them through two years.

The bee about making movies in color, which had long been germinating in Dr. Kalmus's bonnet, was now full-fledged. Back in Boston, he planted said bee in the ears of two former fellow-students at Boston Tech, and the three started experimenting. When they needed a model,

Great Women of Motion Pictures



they used Natalie, whose warm skin and redgold hair made her a perfect subject for their purpose. Besides, they didn't have to pay her. Soon she came to be known as the Technicolor Girl.

They had no money to speak of, their technical equipment was meagre, but their faith was invulnerable. Since they couldn't eat faith, the devoted Natalie brought in the necessary minimum of cash. She worked in a library by day, and came home to cook the evening meal, wash the dishes, and launder her husband's shirt and socks—he had two of each—to ensure his looking presentable next day. Then she would join the others, vitally interested in the day's developments, not only on her husband's account but on her own. With an eye trained to color by years of study, she would make suggestions. Their camera was crude, as likely to pick up blue as green or yellow as muddy brown. Natalie studied its eccentricities and tried to cater to them. Watching the tests one night, she advised the substitution of turquoise for emerald. A whoop of delight greeted the result. "She's got the damn thing eating out of her hand," murmured her proud husband. After which she found the duties of color-arbiter added to the rest.

At the end of two years, they had reached a point where they felt their work was ready for financial backing. They got William Travers Jerome, the famous New York lawyer, steamed up over it. Jerome interested a few of his capitalist friends. Dr. Kalmus, that anomaly among men, a scientist with a shrewd business mind, was delegated to go down to New York, display the invention, and clinch the deal. From
(Please turn to page 74)



Natalie Kalmus—The Technicolor Girl

HERE'S HOLLYWOOD

News and camera flashes to keep you in step with the star parade

By
Weston East

International



TYRONE POWER certainly outwitted everyone about Annabella. Their romance bloomed behind the smoothest smoke screen in Hollywood history. They fell in love while filming "Suez," but they never so much as had lunch together. When they week-ended at Ensenada they were properly chaperoned. Annabella faded out of Hollywood so quietly; she was to complete her 20th Century-Fox contract by doing two pictures in London. Instead she secured a Paris divorce from her French actor husband, Jean Murat, and that cleared the tangled way to Tyrone. Even Tyrone's mother was astonished when the two met in Rio by perfect timing; he hadn't taken her into his confidence.

THE very veddy ultra Mrs. Jock Whitney has been determined to have an acting career of her own, but with little success so far! Starting in high, she aimed for the rôle of *Scarlett*. Finally it was announced she'd rejected the rôle of the dance hall queen in Errol Flynn's new melo. But Ann Sheridan who presumably was second choice had been set for this part all along. So until Mrs. Whitney manages to become a star herself, watch for her in the social write-ups of the current races at swanky Santa Anita.



The travels of the Gary Coopers took the star and his wife far from Hollywood. Left, Sandra and Gary in New York; and above, you find Mr. and Mrs. Cooper in Paris, visiting backstage with Maurice Chevalier at the Casino de Paris.

IF YOU are still trying to figure out the Bette Davis-Ham Nelson divorce, what of the inside rumor that their split was caused by too much mother-in-law? And even though Bette is or isn't the gallant lady for not taking the legal offensive, keep this in mind: she and Ham still love one another! Yes, they do. Of course both of them still refuse to give any explanation and both are really heartbroken at their misunderstandings. A girl-friend from the East has been visiting Bette, who's had a fight holding onto necessary weight—Bette isn't casual about her personal emotional crack-up, is the report.

GEORGE RAFT has a house he built and would like to live in, but after getting it ready, what happens? Mrs. Raft, from whom he separated long before he ever came to Hollywood and got into the movies, still refuses to give him a divorce. So he can't marry Virginia Pine and start housekeeping! He continues to reside in the same apartment house as Mae West, near the center of Hollywood. Poor George even has to holler for his automobile. His pal Mack Grey bet with him on the World's Series and Mack won—to the tune of a Packard. Then Mack began renting his new car to Paramount for sequences in the Raft picture now under way, at a price of \$50 a day, and he usually has the star's car when Georgie wants to get places. It's all very confusing for a guy who only wants simplicity!

FOR awhile Francis Lederer and Margo dropped quite out of the spotlight, but they're back in it and, cozily, together. They're doing a picture in New York, and it's the first time they have worked with one another. The excitement of the metropolis is a vivid change from the quiet of their California ranch home. Incidentally, Francis hasn't become cynical about his world peace movement. When he gave up his offices for it on the Boulevard the wiseacres said Margo had brought him down-to-earth, killed it. That is far from the truth: she is as idealistic as he is, but he couldn't go on pouring his money into his dream—not indefinitely.

MOST glamorous holiday hangover belongs to Ray Milland. He isn't back at the grind yet; he's luxuriating in St. Moritz, skiing from Alp to Alp! Furthermore, with his wife. There's nothing to that gossip about their splitting. He hadn't been home to England since his big success, so he took her by airplane and Queen Mary, and both of them were loaded with gifts for the Milland clan. They spent New Year's Eve in Paris. Mrs. M.'s left arm is decorated these evenings in Switzerland by a big gold-linked bracelet. Engraved on the dangle from it, in Ray's script, are the words: "I married an angel."

HOWARD HUGHES not only hasn't married Katharine Hepburn, as so many people thought he might, but he's added considerable zip to Olivia de Havilland's private life. Livvy wasn't feeling up to par for a long spell, and then she had to work constantly. Lately she's been getting around socially. Once old maid older



More travelers! Dorothy Lamour and her mother, snapped in New York during Dorothy's recent vacation. At right, center, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., just before sailing for a vacation in England.



Vincent Price and his wife plane in to New York from Hollywood, where the actor made his film debut as Constance Bennett's leading man in "Service De Luxe."

sister—she's become a problem darling. Younger sister Joan Fontaine's romance with Conrad Nagel isn't half as involved as Olivia's dates now. But it's still flirtation and not the real thing—or so she says.

FOR one hectic hour Errol Flynn was going to be a father—or else! A magazine insisted on the exclusive story of how he felt about the heir Lili Damita was going to give him. "I only wish it were true!" exclaimed Errol, over and over. Whoever started the report played a pretty mean joke. Lili had a gay whirl abroad with the Jack Warners, Errol's boss and his wife, and is now the dutiful homebody once more. Since Errol wants no night life cluttering up his spare time she's taken hers alone.

ACTORS are as enthusiastic about excellent performances as fans, but few of them have nerve enough to praise those they like. The other day Spencer Tracy decided he'd write Robert Donat some complimentary phrases. Robert Taylor admits he wired congratulations to John Garfield when John crashed through on the screen. Ramon Novarro sent Wayne Morris a congratulatory telegram after seeing a particularly impressive bit of work by Wayne. Hollywood men are much more generous toward their rivals than Hollywood women. Of course, Myrna Loy and Norma Shearer have been cordial to Hedy Lamarr, the danger gal who's likely to step into their shoes; but that's an exception and Myrna and Norma are unusually tolerant of other women.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN evidently has no intention of publicly clarifying Paulette Goddard's marital status. He refuses to say whether they are married. It is said they wed at sea a few years ago. Together they entertain in Charlie's home. He was indignant when she finally resolved to resume her career without waiting for his long-promised production for her, but he softened when she went ahead regardless of his ban. The other evening they dined at the Victor Hugo, and who should be at the adjoining table but Lita Grey Day! When Lita divorced Charlie she collected more than half a million as a souvenir; she is the mother of his two sons who visit Paulette and Charlie, but she herself isn't on his guest list. She has remarried.



International

Romance rumors rolled up from Rio, took Hollywood completely by surprise, when Tyrone Power and Annabella met in Rio de Janeiro, where they were fêted by distinguished, wealthy Brazilians, attended night clubs and theatres. Above, at the Urca Casino, Tyrone, sober-faced as the camera clicks, Annabella smiling radiantly.

JON HALL never got to England to be "The Thief of Bagdad" after all. When there was a production shake-up abroad, Jon was left once more without a picture to star in. But this time he at least had that magnificent wardrobe Samuel Goldwyn had purchased for him to dazzle London with. Jon is still on the Goldwyn payroll, believes he'll return to the screen now as a glorified beach boy. Meanwhile, he's still madly in love with his wife Frances Langford and is a joy to the sightseers who are driven past his home on Sunset Boulevard. Jon frequently does his daily dozen on the front lawn, in his "Hurricane" costume!

BING CROSBY decided he'd prove he wasn't so poky after all; he could be an athlete, even an ice skater, too! So he led Dixie and a few well-chosen intimates to the Polar Palace. He sat down so hard, the wrong way, that he had to be hauled off to

a doctor, and have stitches in his knee. Then they gave him crutches. Under the circumstances, Bing was positively glad to greet Andrea Leeds when she appeared as a guest-star on his radio program. Andrea had to wobble about on crutches, too; she broke her foot when she went to a friend's house for a calm game of badminton.

HOLLYWOOD mysteries: what happened to Allan Jones? No fellow ever worked more conscientiously to make the grade. And how do you explain Gene Raymond's amazing predicament? Once one of the busiest of leading men, he hasn't done a film since his marriage to Jeanette MacDonald. Did June Lang leave 20th-Century-Fox because she left a certain millionaire out of her date book? How will Virginia Bruce and Ina Claire, now that Ina's quit the stage and joined M-G-M, hit it off? Both were once wed to John Gilbert, remember?



discriminating women at Roach—and is, they insist, quite mad about Joan. He deluges her with flowers and phone calls and they dine and dance when she isn't working. Those in the know can't forget the respect Joan and Franchot have shown one another since their separation, however enraptured Martin may be and no matter how many night clubs Franchot relaxes in. Franchot himself has just repeated that he has no intention of marrying again. So it looks like one of those Ginger Rogers-Lew Ayres things. A definite separation, but no divorce. Franchot returns to Hollywood after the run of his new Broadway play.

THE fate of Warner Baxter interests a lot of insiders in Hollywood today. Ironically, he is leaving 20th Century-Fox after doing a return-of-the-Cisco-Kid picture; it was that character that won for him his fabulous deal with this studio years ago. Warner has hated the idea of growing old, of losing out on romantic leads. He has been the highest-paid star at 20th, earning \$390,000 for this—his last year—with this company. He lives in a gorgeous home, is happily married. But he certainly wants to go on acting. Will he be stubborn and insist on all he's grown accustomed to? It's always a blow when time begins to mellow stellar lustre. It's a problem pretty nerve-racking to the star involved.

ONE of the unpublicized sights of Hollywood is the fourteen-room house adjoining the front entrance to the Warner studio. It is beautifully Spanish, with a red tiled roof and a charming patio apparent from the street. For the past year, though hemmed in by the buzzing activity of a great movie plant, it has been conspicuously vacant. It's Marion Davies' dressing-room and Marion hasn't been around to star in a picture for quite a spell. No one at Warners knows for certain whether she will ever make another film. Marion invited Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck up to "the ranch" the other week-end.

Stand back, folks! This feud, left, is authorized—by the script for "Tail Spin," wherein co-stars Alice Faye and Constance Bennett have their differences. See trouble brewing? (top). "Ouch!" Below, Gloria Stuart, Don Ameche and Pauline Moore, on the other hand, are most friendly with one another, in "The Three Musketeers."

THERE is no one more efficient than Constance Bennett. When she had a little unfinished business abroad she made a three-week trip across. That is, she was only gone from her Holmby Hills Colonial mansion in the West for that length of time. She was the house guest of the Douglas Fairbankses in London and she shopped for her spring wardrobe in Paris and New York. Having made three pictures on her come-back campaign, she's hired a press agent to help her put the old Bennett glamor over big once more. When Connie is indifferent, no one can be more so. When she's in the mood to be just a regular gal no one's more regular. She's in the latter mood—now that it's decidedly profitable.

LATEST flash on Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone: both are having dates, of course, but Joan has a constant admirer while Franchot is playing the field in New York. Joan's beau is one Charles Martin, a very handsome scenarist at the Hal Roach studio. He has beautiful brown eyes and beautiful brown hair—according to the





The Ritz Brothers, of all unpredictable people, turn up as "Three Musketeers" in the musical version of the Dumas thriller in which Don Ameche takes care of the romance.

Douglas "Wrong Way" Corrigan is in the movies now. (RKO better put return addresses on their prop planes.) Below, the star of "Flying Irishman" gets a make-up for the cameras; acts with Robert Armstrong and Paul Kelly.

JIMMY CAGNEY, Pat O'Brien, Spencer Tracy, and Frank McHugh were buddies a decade ago—when they were struggling to establish themselves on the stage. They borrowed shirts and swapped dollars in their efforts to click. Since they've become famous, and are well-to-do and married, they've never found the time to get together much. At last they've solved it: now they meet for dinner every Wednesday night at some Hollywood café—and then their reminiscences begin. Their wives want to know what they intend to do when they run out of remember-whens!

MOST popular actor in Hollywood, according to the latest check-up, is Melvyn Douglas. Here's one reason: when he gave a gala housewarming in his elaborate new hillside home there was only a handful of stars on the big guest list. The others invited were all studio workers—the crew and technical boys and girls.

MERLE OBERON looks so little like her screen self, and so like any average attractive girl, that she has a swell private life in Hollywood! At least once a week she goes down to Chinatown for dinner in some tiny Oriental café, and afterward she invariably wants to go dancing at the Palomar, Los Angeles' largest dance hall. She's crazy about swing music and so she's a jitterbug with all the rest of the high school and college crowd there—far from the pretentiousness of the movies' upper crust. No one ever recognizes her as she swings and sways to Ted Weems' music. Her escort is an earnest friend in the Goldwyn publicity department. But there is no romantic tie there—Merle's real heart is in Alexander Korda, England's foremost film producer. She lives smack on the edge of the Pacific, by the way, and dives in for a swim these wintry mornings without ever missing once. That's the brand of gumption she exerts to retain her camera perfection!

LOOK for the Paul Munis in the Hollywood Brown Derby on Thursday nights—they meet Mrs. M.'s brother and his wife for dinner and go to a movie afterwards, regular as clock-work . . . for Charles Ruggles at U.S.C.'s night law school—he's got his dog kennels running so well now he has time for law in his evenings off . . . for George Brent above Palm Springs—Warners won't let him fly, so he flies in the desert where it's supposed to be a secret . . . for Jane Bryan in the smartest gown shops—she never gave a darn about how she looked until her recent (first) trip to New York . . . for Jimmy Ellison's former stand-in playing leads himself—RKO not only gave Jimmy a new contract, but re-dubbed his stooge Allan Kneip and signed him for leads, too, as Roger Hunt!

PHYLLIS BROOKS won't be Mrs. Cary Grant for another year yet. She hates the waiting, but she wants to repay her mother for the years of sacrifice which resulted in Phyllis finally clicking. You know Phyllis was under contract to two other studios previous to landing on the 20th Century-Fox line-up, and although she and Cary are perpetual jokers both are profoundly serious about progressing in their work. She wants to buy her mother a home, has already bought the furnishings. Anyway, she and Cary did have that brief whirl together in New York when he returned from his quick trip to England. Phyllis finished her last shot only an hour before the plane left Burbank, the one which got her East in time to meet the Normandie.





Sailing on seas of screen romance for the first time together, Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer, above, co-star in "Love Affair." Claire Trevor and John Wayne join the "go west" movement currently popular in Hollywood as a romantic duo in "Stagecoach," new outdoor epic

EX-STARS in circulation again: Antonio Moreno, once a matinée idol, is trying to get a job as an assistant director. Nancy Carol is reclimbing via secondary rôles. Bela Lugosi is active once more because a theatre on Wilshire Boulevard tried reviving horror pictures and horror has come in afresh due to the big box office receipts there. Harry Langdon has jumped from obscurity and poverty because Stan Laurel tried Hal Roach's patience just once too often. (Yet Harry's had just as much wife trouble!) Helen Twelvetrees hung on and now is playing a lead. Other neglected but now busy stars: Gladys George, Francis Lederer, Edmund Lowe, Alice Brady, and Zazu Pitts.

ROSEMARY LANE apparently has one of those secret romances where nobody ever sees the guy. Perhaps it's like the one Rochelle Hudson used to sport. Rochelle was always dashing about, loaded with gardenias and full of mysterious sighs. Naturally the press reported her extraordinary sweetheart. Rochelle, however, used to pay for those flowers herself, do all that dissembling just to garner publicity. So if Rosemary doesn't present a live male pretty soon a good many cynics are going to mutter over their coffee at the devotion of her admirer. Sister Priscilla Lane still prefers Oren Haglund, assistant director at Warners. If you don't think he exists, just ask Wayne Morris—who lost Pat to him!

ONE of Hollywood's numerous and much-disputed social crowns has passed from the Basil Rathbones to the Edward G. Robinson's. The Rathbones had been spending a lot of money and they decided they'd be scintillating guests for a change. Gladys Robinson's parties aren't so glamorous, but they're more fun because of that very fact. The Robinson home, an English-style mansion filled with famous paintings and rare antiques, seems more friendly than the Rathbones' mirrored modernity. Mrs. Rathbone is a man's woman, dynamic and determined, while Mrs. Robinson has a host of feminine friends, is frankly one of the congenial married girls-about-Hollywood. So when one steps out in society today one can be a lot more informal, cawn't one? Heaven help the guest who ever arrived at the Rathbones in anything less than perfect attire for the occasion!

MARTHA RAYE'S marriage is still if she doesn't give up her career for love—as she said she wanted to—a bride can't help getting sore when everyone claims there's trouble with one's honey. She turned over the house she bought and furnished to her mother and now she and David Rose, who arranges orchestrations, reside in a sumptuous Hollywood apartment. Martha furnished it, too. She arrives at Paramount in her town car, with her chauffeur at the helm, and drips new glamor—until she gets down to funny business. Her young sister Melodye hankered for a screen send-off, but to date is still hankering.

FRED MacMURRAY didn't install a swimming pool in his garden to be movie-starrish; he wanted to enjoy a convenient plunge and he does every day although it's winter. His latest thrill, though, is his station-wagon. He drives it to work and someday he's going to convince Lillian MacMurray she really can drive. Mrs. M. so far is scared of a steering wheel.

GLORIA STUART is no longer under long-term contract to 20th Century-Fox, where she has decorated many a B film, but is she blue? Not Gloria! She turned antique dealer and interior decorator while fulfilling her term at the Westwood studios, and now she is proprietress of a stunning shop smack in the middle of town. When you stroll down the Boulevard you gaze with delight at her rare pieces. She bought all the things in the store herself. While portraying a queen of France in her current release, "The Three Musketeers," Gloria presented a strange sight. Regally arrayed, she busily covered footstools while waiting to step into her scenes. "I've been all over Los Angeles getting the correct damask and satin for these old New Orleans stools. This will be one of my bargains for the discriminating buyer!" Of course she isn't abandoning her screen career.

LORETTA YOUNG won't give interviews about her young sister Georgianna, because she wants the girl to grow up untouched by movie glitter. Having had one fling at acting, with Deanna Durbin, Georgianna is back in school under protest. If she can't follow right in Loretta's footsteps, at least she can date an actor. So she's been stepping out with Gabriel Dell, who may be a Dead Ender theatrically speaking, but has wonderful manners according to Georgianna. The youngsters doll up fit to kill and Rudy Vallee and the Coconut Grove have been none too good for them!

WAS Douglas Corrigan dismayingly temperamental as a movie actor? The studio that employed him says no. He was just curious. While they were setting up the cameras at the airport for one sequence in his picture he jumped on a motorcycle and took a spill. A couple of days later he was about to take off in the ancient crate patched together for a scene. It would never have flown, so everybody screamed at him to stay down. Quite unpretentious, Doug wandered around RKO confessing he'd never be more than a one-picture actor. He rented a modest apartment and



bought a 1929 car. Why? "Because I'm not going to give parties and I don't need a new car. Anyway, it's fun tinkering with the old boat!" He took sightseeing tours on Sundays, answered his fan mail carefully, and—if you must know—made no dent on Hollywood society. When they made out their guest lists they didn't have to have Corrigan or bust. Why not? That's Hollywood! Most democratic of villages sometimes, snooty other times.

ARTHUR TREACHER no sooner graduated from butler rôles than he received word he was the hope and joy of America's snootiest butlers! It seems the British-born butlers and maids who work in New York's most elegant homes have incorporated themselves as a club, and they chose Treacher as their honorary president for 1939. They feel he has done so much to dignify their profession. They'll no doubt be interested to learn that Arthur's big moment is his nine-months-old French poodle; it's just won two blue ribbons, so there!

ROBERT TAYLOR insists upon a car that will take the country road he travels into town every day at a safe clip; more particularly, he's been investigating tires in a way typical of him. He remembered a ride in a police car back East, determined to have the same sort of tires himself. So he ordered his secretary to buy tires—and tires—and tires. After he'd spent more than he wanted he secured the exact traction he recalled and now he drives with a song in his heart! Yes, it's still on with Stanwyck.

WILL Wendy Barrie's mother become an actress? Widow of a British consul, the pretty mater of the blonde star confesses she is willing. If daughter has talent, maybe she inherited it from mom, eh? But until some producer urges her to sign on the dotted line Wendy will continue to be the family celebrity. And a popular-in-person one, besides. The other afternoon she noticed that one of the electricians on her set had a terrible cold. When he reached his home that evening there was a big box tied onto his front gate. It was filled with every conceivable kind of cold medicine. Wendy knows everyone of the humbler workers



ANN SHERIDAN wrote a girl friend in Texas to come on out and see her for awhile. Having divorced Eddie Norris, who immediately started to rush Nancy Kelly, Annie was lonesome when she finished her day's starring. It was fun to have Gwen in the house, and as a pal. She persuaded Gwen's mother to let her chum quit college in Texas and take a business course in Hollywood instead. Incidentally, it's Allen Lane who's dating The Sheridan oftenest these winter evenings. He's a handsome consolation prize.

SHOULD a featured player accept bids from a small studio after a long-term contract expires, or should he wait until the proper rôle shows up at another major plant? The minor companies usually pay twice the regular salary, but they employ a name because that person has a ready-made audience. Mary Carlisle, Michael Whalen, Rochelle Hudson, and Robert Kent are the latest to head casts of less pretentious films. Will they regret this? Many of their boosters, remembering how predecessors faded because of such a move, hope not.

MADELEINE CARROLL lives more glamorously—really—than any other star. But don't think she isn't inconvenienced. First her castle in Spain, presented to her by her rich husband, got right in the middle of the war there. A year ago she was the one actress who had to be rescued when flood waters cut off Malibu. She was the one actress whose house at Malibu burned down when the brush fire swept the Hollywood hills a month or so ago. However, she has a new long-term contract at Paramount, and she had an excitingly fast trip to London for the holidays there. So save your tears. The gal's saving grace is that, despite her beauty and luck, she's as regular as they come. Nothing ritzy about this Carroll. It was Nancy Carroll who was so terribly temperamental when starred.

Bette Davis goes modern after a sequence of two dated dramas ("Jezebel" and "The Sisters") in "Dark Victory," in which Bette appears with George Brent, left. Chester Morris and Wendy Barrie make Victor McLaglen feel he's making it a crowd, in "Pacific Liner."

THAT was no gag about Glenda Farrell being elected mayor of North Hollywood. She ran on the regular ballot, and was the winnah in the official election last fall. So what do you suppose she's up to? The kids never would have thought it of her! She's gone to the school board and started a wildflower plan for all the vacant lots in her municipality. All the children see themselves sprinkling seed hither and yon in their spare time! They're wondering how to stave off spring.

SO LONG as a Hollywood marriage is still in high it's such an idyllic thing! Dick Powell and Joan Blondell currently are number one couple when it comes to sustained bliss. Even when they're working they manage to lunch together, at a table for two in Warners' Green Room. Dick bravely withstood those wisecracks the other noon when he walked in with a lot of yarn; Joan makes afghans between her scenes and she'd forgotten her daily supply of yarn. The neighbors who wake that early see Joan whiz out of the Powell driveway in her little coupé at 6:30 a.m. Dick shoots out in his station wagon at 7:30. She has to reach the studio a full hour earlier to have her hair fixed, the price of glamor!

JANE WITHERS' latest catastrophe was a rearing donkey in her mother's parlor! Leo Carrillo gave Jane a little Sicilian donkey. The Withers heard it bray and howl through a couple of nights, but the worst was yet to come. It soon learned to follow Jane like a dog, and it strolled right in the front door one memorable afternoon this past month. Mrs. Withers didn't lose her poise; she admitted "Cactus" was rather cute. Suddenly the phone rang. The donkey was so startled it began rearing around to get out of the house. Two precious Chippendale chairs were walloped in that process. Jane shuts the door firmly nowadays. Victor McLaglen has the colony's prize personal animal collection, though. In his yard he keeps fourteen dogs, two honeybears, two kangaroos, six deer, a flock of turkeys, rare pheasants, and two cows. He may be a nice man, Mrs. Withers will explain to Jane if Jane reads this, but you are not going to bring home anything if you meet him! Victor's pet is a trained duck which waddles after him, if you can believe it.

who are on her sets, knows whether they're married, their wives' names, how many children they have, and what their particular problems are. She not only talks to them, but really does something about it when a bit of help is obviously in order.

HOLLYWOOD night life has been emphatically pepped up by the opening of Earl Carroll's Inner Circle. The veteran Broadway beauty picker has out-glamored all of the other expensive spots, throwing the sixty most beautiful girls in the world (he says) in a lavish revue while one dines and dances. Picture money isn't backing him—a San Francisco society lady is reputedly sponsoring this rival to the popular Trocadero. June McNulty, Penny Singleton's sister, is one of the sixty beauties. A number of stars have "angeled" the new badminton club on Pico Boulevard; besides badminton the ultra clubhouse brags of a conference room, a projection room, a television room, and a steno's office—in case a big shot wants to drop a note!



SNOW swirls from leaden skies; under-foot, earth and pavement alike are damp and cold. A piercing wind makes you cringe slightly within that Winter coat, forgetful of correct posture and the charm of a gallantly lifted head, but grateful for its protecting warmth. Yet—in your heart and soul you are sick and tired of it. You'd like to throw it aside and not see it again for a long, long time. Winter coats invariably mean sameness.

This situation is just an overdose of Winter, an ailment that overtakes many of us about this time. There are two correctives for it; a new hat, frock, blouse, sweater or accents of a fresh, new mid-season color. Even a piece of the large costume jewelry helps. And—a new lipstick! By all means, a new lipstick. These ideas brighten you up, change your viewpoint and put you in fashion. They are far better bromides for keeping our chin up, physically and mentally, than all the pep talks in the world.

Not long ago, I went to see Gail Patrick, vacationing in New York. I had thought she might tell me, so in turn I could tell you, how she keeps that perfect skin in Winter. Alabaster is the word that describes it. An over-used word, and few have alabaster skin, but Miss Patrick definitely has! But I was wrong. Miss Patrick has practically no skin worries. She uses a bland soap, sometimes cream, and hand lotion, just a little, for powder base. Over that goes a light dusting of powder, no rouge, and on her long, dark lashes, a cream mas-

cara. The cream is exceptionally tear-proof, as Miss Patrick has found when emoting for the camera. Some of the cake form, too, is emotion-proof.

Lips and nails are Miss Patrick's focal points of added color. To achieve a lip tone of the deep, warm purplish variety, she first applies a royal red and over that a tone known as prince's feather, from the flower, coxcomb. This was lovely with the purple-wine frock she wore, square of neck, buttoned to the waistline, from which a skirt flared to soft fullness. Miss Patrick is tall, a fashion model height, five feet, seven inches. Since her body is a size fourteen, her skirts twenty inches, she cannot buy frocks to fit in the shops and must have them made. Her nails, not too streamlined, matched her wedding ring, delicate filagree set with spaced rubies.

With that fair skin, dark eyes and almost black hair, Miss Patrick could probably wear any color and wear it well. But no! She has ideas there. "I like black,

white or red best. At one time, I wore these colors exclusively. But I like red best of all," she told me. "I am happiest in red." Happiest in red! A color, then, to be worn for a fine reason. It makes her happy. And what are you happiest in? There is probably some color you associate with happiness for a reason. Just because you wore it when . . . Perhaps a romantic experience; or that day you walked off with a

You Can Wear Purple!

By
Courtenay
Marvin

Gail Patrick, soon to be seen in "Dis-barred," poses for a formal portrait. Her new coiffure is a compromise between the up and down schools of hair fashion, and is designed to reveal Miss Patrick's fine forehead and those beautifully moulded facial contours.



White skin is always dramatic against the richness of black velvet. Gail Patrick's skin is very white and she likes black. Almost black, too, are those upswept sculptured front curls that cascade loosely at the back. Miss Patrick's husband likes this hair-do, and it is a striking idea for many where contours may be accented.

MORE BEAUTY NEWS!

And more fashion and more fun! All included in a brand new leaflet beginning with this issue. It tells how to give a party, new make-up and perfume by name and answers some of the puzzlers on modern manners. Just enclose a three cent stamp for mailing, to Courtenay Marvin, Screenland, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

prize job, or maybe just one time when someone looked at you and the world stopped turning for that moment. If you have such a color, then wear it for happiness, and this you can do effectively with a little attention to make-up. There is more to the idea that color affects us and others, than just theory. Miss Patrick believes this, too.

You can wear "surprise" colors, and you won't know what they can do for you until you have tried. When the purples and fuchsias and cyclamens descended upon us, many were doubtful. But the cosmetic people got busy, blended some soft shades of powder, more of the pink than rachel tones, yet deep, to give the skin life; some deeper shades of cheek rouge, and these I find, if well applied, not nearly as obvious as the lighter shades, and an array of lipsticks that is dazzling. Still they arrive, new lipsticks, from cerise to almost purple, yet all with this deep, cool note. It is, frankly, none too easy to select powder, rouge and lipstick at random and get a good color harmony. It is wiser to splurge a little and buy all designed to be worn together. These aids, generally of the orchid tone, will see you well through all costume colors from orchid pink to cool blues, purples, fuchsias and wines, unless they are brownish. For the tawny colors, brown, tan, beige and yellowish reds, some new, deep, slightly brownish lipsticks have appeared. Most greens still seem to me to need a red lipstick, deep or light. And your lipstick should definitely match any shade of red you wear.

I think, as I said, that this is a wonderful time to buy a new lipstick and to try to get some bright, new color under that Winter coat. I think, also, that it might be fun and very educational to stop at a cosmetic counter the next time you are shopping and tell the salesgirl what color you want to wear and ask for a suggestion on make-up. These girls are well trained in color, are in the stores for consultation as well as sales, and you need not buy unless you want. It is a guess as to which should come first, that new costume color or the lipstick. But this I can say, they must go together. If you want to be fashion-wise when you buy something now, in the way of clothing that may carry over into Spring, from the mid-season showing of new fabric colors, I think you will find these good: violet blues, teal blues, boreale (cerise), beige, violet, lemon or maize yellow, grey, winey tones and off-shoots of purple.

Now, more on Miss Patrick. Maybe you've admired her on the screen, as I have. But the camera does not do her justice. She should be seen personally to be appreciated, for much of her beauty is in skin texture and color harmony. So it is with a gardenia; photography can never do it justice. Some of the stars are the reverse; the camera finds beauty that the natural eye cannot see. Not so with Miss Patrick. Her voice is gentle and low. She is gracious, never hurried and is willing to turn a drawer or bag inside out to show the lipstick she likes. For day, she wears her dark hair parted in the middle, curled

(Continued on page 95)



Eye-Lifts for young and sparkling eyes.

CERTAINLY a coarse, blemished skin is a real personal woe. And certainly even normally good skins kick up now and then. A good idea to try for either case is Formula 301, by Kay, a lotion to be used in conjunction with soap and water only. The lotion is smoothed on a clean skin with cotton, where it conceals those heartbreaking irregularities, large pores, etc.; powder may be used over it, and meanwhile it does its work of antiseptically cleaning and clearing your skin of its troubles. Users of this preparation praise it highly, and it is just the thing to keep on hand for those skin protests that result from Winter generally. Must be ordered by mail.



Blemished skins respond to Formula 301.

Yours For Loveliness

If your face is showing the strain of Winter, here are aids to make you look like Spring!

O H, FOR a good, rich lubricating cream, something to soften those fine lines that Winter intensifies in the skin; to smooth out that crêpey neck, to give my skin that young, warm look it used to have! Many are probably thinking these very words. Then Colonial Dames Salon "Activated" Cream, salon formula, is the type of cream you probably need. Though definitely slanted toward the skin problems of "thirty and over," an ideal cream for dry skin. The makers say this cream is high in sunshine vitamin D. Certainly it helps toward that vital, younger, more radiant look.



Albolene Solid means beautifully clean skin.

TIREDNESS, strain, and too much exposure to wind and cold show in your eyes. Then, even clever make-up can't quite conceal their lack of life or the weary look of the skin about them. Wonder-workers for these conditions are Eye-Lifts, soft eye masks of felt saturated in a stimulating solution that is both lubricating and astringent. Remove make-up, press an Eye-Lift gently over and about the eyes. Relax five to ten minutes with your head back. You can feel tension lessening and when mask is removed, your eyes will look and feel bright, the skin appear smoother and younger. Eye-lifts are a good beauty habit if you want to keep your eyes young and attractive, and are a special blessing when eyes need a quick, effective treatment.

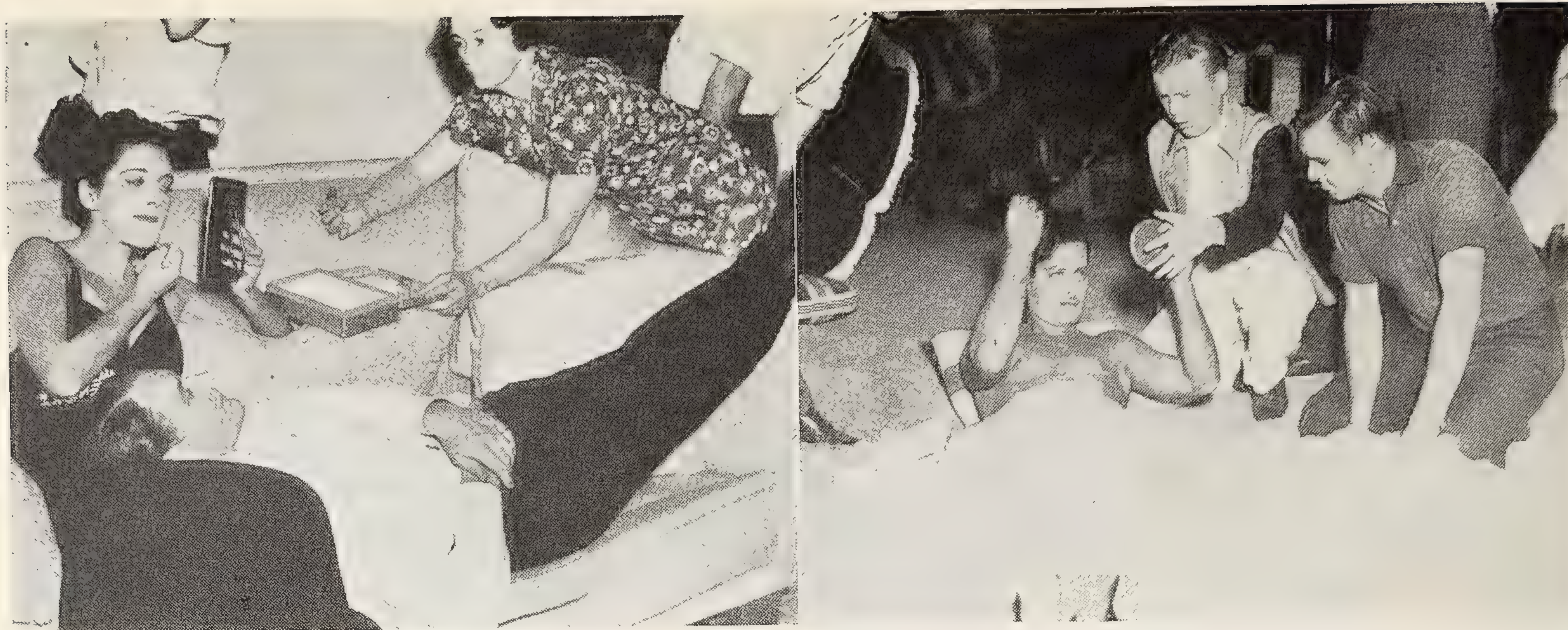
PERHAPS you were the lucky girl to receive a big bottle of your favorite perfume for Christmas; or perhaps you will be somebody's Valentine to the tune of a precious fragrance. So far, so good, but do use it correctly. For a lasting, gently diffused fragrance, a DeVilbiss atomizer seems absolutely necessary. Perfect in workmanship and ranged in price to fit your purse, these atomizers are as practical as they are beautiful. They are a real economy if you use costly perfume, and are also designed for the use of eau de Cologne. This department believes in spraying all fragrance!

A CLEANSING cream that takes off make-up like magic, that leaves your skin soft and smooth and clear-toned, because it is beautifully clean, is Albolene Solid. This is a hospital-proved product, designed to cleanse and sooth, and is gentle enough for a baby's skin. In Winter, we seem to need extra-thorough cleansing, because of sedentary life, generally. At least, keep surface skin immaculate. Albolene will do this for you. If you will first apply enough to take off make-up and dust, remove with tissues, then apply more and leave on a few minutes while you bathe or do other chores, you will get extra-good results. In department, drug, chain stores.



Tattoo Black Magic is red on your lips.

A LITTLE Tattoo Black Magic at hand, and, lo, you have lovely lips. This is new, a black lipstick that when transferred to your lips makes them alive and lush with color. It spreads well, is soft and easy on the lips and magically, the one lipstick does for all types. Apply it, according to directions, for light, medium or dark. The general shade has fuchsia tones, so smart now, and this one lipstick really answers three needs. Vary application, according to direction, and you have a tone to suit your demands. Tattoo Black Magic is safely indelible. C. M.



Getting pretty! Actresses must look their best—so action stops, Ivan Hunter holds his informal pose, while Kay Francis repairs her make-up.

Actors too must look trim, though studio visitors find it oddly amusing to see them fussing with their hair, as Alexander D'Arcy is doing here.

Great Women of Motion Pictures

Continued from page 65

Natalie's brother he borrowed money for the trip. She was aching to go with him, but their principles forbade their going into debt for more than the essentials. They worked out a budget. To impress high finance, the doctor would have to stay at a good hotel. But he'd eat at the Automat. He wouldn't send wires with another man's money. His associates would have to possess their souls in patience, while he relayed the news of the day on postcards.

Natalie recalls that period as a martyrdom of suspense, her body pacing the floor between postcards, her soul striving to leap the space between Boston and New York. One night she opened the door to find a Western Union boy on her threshold. The deal had gone through. With thousands of dollars behind him, the doctor had caught the spirit of big business and sent a wire.

While Hollywood was already pre-eminent as a movie center, it didn't stand alone then as it does today. Technicolor went to Florida, because it was cheaper. Mrs. Kalmus went along, not primarily as her husband's wife, but as an official cog in the organization. Because of two outstanding qualifications, she had been appointed color director: they knew no one better equipped to handle the job and, as on an earlier occasion, they didn't have to pay her!

The backers of Technicolor had been helpful but cautious. It was still in an experimental stage. Studios had agreed to release its one-reelers on a percentage basis, but all the expense must be borne by the company. Since picture-making costs were more or less fixed, the only appreciable economy lay in paring salaries. To Mrs. Kalmus the fulfillment of her husband's dream was of paramount importance. She agreed that his salary should cover the work of two—an arrangement that held for several years before she was finally put down on the payroll at twenty-five a week.

A special train was chartered and a special berth made up for the camera. The men took turns staying up all night to guard it. They parked on a siding next to an icehouse in Jacksonville and spent the winter there, making short subjects. On Mrs. Kalmus's shoulders fell complete responsibility for settings, backgrounds,

and costumes. She had no assistance, her budget was small. "Why do you keep using those infernal reds all the time?" people would grumble. "Because I get 'em cheap," she'd retort, and sigh for the beautiful colors she couldn't use.

For money shortage wasn't the worst of their worries. The camera was proving a disappointment. It couldn't achieve true blue and, lacking that essential, reds and yellows reproduced with the garish affect of a chromo. Still, color—any kind of color—held the attraction of novelty. While they made no brilliant showing, the returns of the first three years seemed to warrant a move to California.

The move was made. As their first feature they filmed "Toll of the Sea" with Anna May Wong, and followed it with "Black Pirate." They found themselves faced by a long and uphill battle, two steps forward, one back. For this there were various excellent reasons. The technique of color lagged behind their vision of what it should be. Results were poor as often as they were good. Studio executives stood first on one foot, then the other. If Technicolor were coming in, each wanted to be first on the market with it. If it were a fizzle, each wanted the other fellow to be the goat.

Mrs. Kalmus had her own special headache to suffer in addition. When an order came in, she was sent to the studio to instruct its technicians—artists, set dressers, wardrobe people—in the proper use of color for films. They resented her bitterly. They objected to taking direction from a woman. They objected to the whole new-fangled notion of color, and the difficulties it involved. Back of all their objections lay the spectre of economic fear. New ideas meant new blood coming in, and the loss of jobs. They couldn't refuse to work with her, but they made their resistance felt at every turn. Day after day she'd get home exhausted by nerve strain, drop wearily into a chair and sigh, "I wish I never had to see the inside of another studio."

The mood would pass. No more than her husband and his associates would she have dreamed of giving up the fight. Their belief in the ultimate realization of their hopes was strong as ever. A camera *could* be devised, which would reproduce colors vivid and soft as in life. Clutching at every minor victory, the technicians, headed by

Dr. Kalmus, bent to their task. Salesmen pounded away at Dr. Kalmus's credo: "Movies are a realistic medium. Black-and-white's artificial. You'll never achieve true realism till you reproduce true color."

Came Black Friday of October 1929, came the depression, came the slashing of movie costs. Under the cataclysm, Technicolor lay buried, if not dead. Malcontents seized the opportunity of shoveling dirt over the body. "You want to save money? Then throw out Technicolor. It costs like hell, and for what?"

The labor of years was apparently undone. Orders stopped. Mrs. Kalmus was no longer faced with the ordeal of teaching people what they didn't want to learn. But in the laboratories activity continued. These men and this woman who had worked together for so long may have tightened their lips a shade grimly, but they were far from despair. Their goal remained what it had always been—the invention of a camera that would reproduce natural color on the screen.

And so it happened—the one thing that could have revived Technicolor. They discovered how to apply to their camera the principle of the three-color process—a blending of three primary colors, true blue, true red, and true yellow, to form all the colors of the spectrum. They were jubilant. Now they would show the unbelievers. Unfortunately, the unbelievers didn't want to be shown. "So your color's better, so what? It's still color. We've got troubles enough with black and white."

One day Dr. Kalmus met Walt Disney and talked himself hoarse. The session ended with Disney's agreeing to take a chance on the three-color process. The result was enchanting but, so far as the other studios were concerned, it proved nothing. "All right for cartoons, but not for people." Then RKO, releasing agent for Disney's shorts, filmed "La Cucaracha." "Could we be wrong?" executives started to wonder, and Jock Whitney decided to make "Becky Sharpe" in color. All concerned cheerfully agree that it was a terrible picture, but it sent the stock of Technicolor soaring. "We never contended," says Mrs. Kalmus, "that any color, however beautiful, could make a bad picture good; only that a good picture can be made better through the use of Technicolor."

With the release of Wanger's "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," every studio in Hollywood began scrambling for positions on the color schedule. Today the demand far exceeds the supply. Technicolor refuses to jeopardize the quality of its work by put-



Carole Lombard's hairdresser is Loretta Francell, who says "hold still" and Carole does.



Lana Turner, like many of the foremost glamor girls, has her own hairdresser.



Though a natural beauty, Paulette Goddard is prettied up like this before each scene.

ting through rush orders. Theirs has been a policy of gradual expansion. They now have eight cameras, two hundred and forty-nine patents, four plants and a horde of producers clamoring at their gate.

The Kalmuses have sometimes been described, he as the Techni, she as the Color, of Technicolor. With a large and expert staff under her direction, Mrs. Kalmus remains unrivalled in her field. Experience has given her a sixth sense about color. Nine times out of ten she is right, and her word is law. England, ready to sign contracts for color pictures, held off till they were guaranteed her services for at least six months in the year. Her name is written large into every contract, and the organization need no longer blush at the salary it pays her. She works as hard as when she was librarian, cook, laundress, model and color-adviser rolled into one. Every foot of Technicolor film that the world has seen has passed through her hands. She has organized classes for art directors and studio technicians, who no longer tremble lest Technicolor steal their jobs. Her toughest problem in recent years has been that of naturalizing flesh-tones. She has agonized over what she calls the "lobster-and-mayonnaise faces" in "Becky Sharpe," spent months at Factor's, Westmores' and Elizabeth Arden's, experimenting with cameras and makeup. The results may be noted in "Jesse James."

Doing what is still called by some a "man's job" in the world, she remains wholly feminine. Slender, with curly blonde hair and brown eyes that retain the look of a child's, she is always beautifully dressed and loves to spend hours having her face massaged. She is also full of feminine inconsistencies, some of which annoy her husband. Though she continues to adore him, he's never been able to mock her out of a passion for fortune-tellers and a superstitious belief in omens.

They have their California home in Bel-Air, but the joy of their hearts is a lovely old farmhouse on Cape Cod. Nothing is allowed to interfere with the month they spend there together every year. Mrs. Kalmus may have to dash back from England, the doctor may have to tear himself from conferences in Hollywood but, regardless of other considerations, that month is saved out of the year's turmoil for themselves. He dislikes parties, she wouldn't mind going out every night in the week. They effect a reasonable compromise, with two or, at most, three engagements a week. Evenings, at home are likely to be devoted to Russian Bank. They both love

children, regret having none of their own, and lavish gifts and affection on a large brood of nieces, and nephews. Natalie is a pushover for hardluck stories. If left untrammelled, she would hand out largesse without pausing to question why. The doctor, willing to help where help is indicated, believes in investigation. She has learned through bitter experience that his way is best, and turns begging letters over to him with a sigh. "Here, send it to the laboratory and give it one of your Litmus tests or something."

Dr. Kalmus, who gets plenty to eat nowadays and has been known to polish off half a chocolate cake at one sitting, is still tall and spare, with eyes that twinkle behind his glasses, a dry humor and the lucid mind of a scientist. He has his own inconsistencies, however. Inordinately proud of his wife's achievements, he treats her on their home grounds like a small girl, talks baby talk to her—a sound for sore ears—gives her a handicap at golf, and if she loses, fixes things up somehow so that she wins. She is a mad gambler. The doctor plays by system, Natalie by the stars. At roulette he will stake his money on three numbers, and only three. Often he wins. Natalie always losses. But once she broke the bank at Monte Carlo, and it's the doctor who brags about it to this day.

Recently they attended the races at Saratoga. Natalie lost consistently. "Here's your money for tomorrow," said the doctor, who refuses to let her spend her own on gambling.

"I'm not going to play tomorrow. I've lost enough."

"You'll change your mind."

Next morning she was all excited. "I had a dream. A jockey came to me and said, 'You've had such bad luck. I want you to bet on my horse tomorrow.' I asked him his name, and he said, 'Pegg.'"

He eyed her with the patience one gives the simpleminded. "First, there's no jockey whose name is Pegg. And if there were, you're still too big for fairytales."

Arrived at the tracks, they found posted the name of one Pegg, an apprentice jockey.

Natalie's eyes sparkled. "Bet on him if you must," said her husband coldly. "I've got my own horse picked."

She bet five dollars, and the horse romped in, paying fifteen to one. Presently Dr. Kalmus sauntered up, and thrust a wad of bills into her hand.

"Where did this come from?"

"With love from Pegg. I put a hundred dollars on his nose," said the man of science.

Candy Store Cinderella

Continued from page 34

Ray was on her way to the cinema city. She tried the movies, but the movies tried to and succeeded in ignoring her. Came the necessity for a more realistic approach to the problem of eating, so this girl went back behind the counters. Later came marriage, came motherhood. The average story would end there, with the girl's future one of living happily—or otherwise—as a homebody. But this is different. The girl is still young. When her baby boy—his name's Skipper—was about a year old a talent agent told her she ought to be in pictures. Terry's husband, then an actor who has since switched to the technical side of production, said "that's out." He knew the disappointments, the bitter struggles, the suspense of hoping that a "break" would come *after* you did get on a movie lot.

What the agent proposed was "out" for a whole year. Then Mrs. Fred Wallace asked her husband if he didn't think it would be all right for her to ask the agent if he meant what he said a year ago. She did. The agent did—mean what he had said. In no time Terry Ray was in stock at Paramount—playing chorines in musicals, "atmosphere" in a film here and there, posing for leg art publicity stills, and—AND—working hard in the Paramount dramatic school in whose play she was seen by Wesley Ruggles, then looking for just the right girl for "Sing You Sinners." Ruggles made a test—which landed Terry Ray the part that made everybody sing out Ellen Drew's praises—the Ellen Drew name was selected when Paramount saw this girl had possibilities as a dramatic actress, was not just a "cutie." Things happened fast then for Ellen Drew. Came quickly the part of *Hugette* in "If I Were King," and came later the lead opposite George Raft in "The Lady's from Kentucky," which is her next film.

Now if that isn't an interesting success story it's because we haven't told it right—because the real-life drama is there. But even so, whatever interest there is in Ellen Drew's past, her present is far more absorbing when you're in her presence, so to say. The thing she actually likes most about all this success is that she now is in a place where "there's always something to do—chiefly work. But it's something to do—and I like it whether it's hard work or something pleasing—like meeting the press." We tell you this gal's got everything—including a sense of humor.

"Sweetheart of the Ice" is the title Bess Ehrhardt has earned by a combination of winning personality, fine figure, and extraordinary grace in fancy skating. Bess, who also has won the cheers of crowds as star of a skating carnival that has appeared in many cities, plays a prominent rôle in "Ice Follies," in which Joan Crawford will star.



Serious Side of a Screwball Continued from page 31

of Chicago, and waked up in fields of cotton instead of blocks of skyscrapers. This was not a Lombard gag. It was a mistake. In Chicago where the Chief dumped us we had decided that it was silly to pay the Twentieth Century dollars extra fare to take us in to New York when another train would get us there just as well for much less. There's no stupid chi-chi about that Carole. Miss Lombard is probably the only movie star who ever arrived in New York on a milk train!

When you are cooped up for five days and nights with a movie star you get to know her pretty well. How she ticks, and what she thinks, if she thinks. And believe me, Carole thinks. She is one of the most serious girls I've ever met. People who knew Carole as Jane Peters when she was a child and later in her early teens tell me that she was a quiet, shy little girl whose stockings were always wrinkling. She worshipped her mother and was definitely a "Mama's girl"—and still is, for that matter. Fortunately she got pushed around considerably by her two older brothers, Frederick, Jr., and Stuart, who taught her how to box, and to play baseball and volley ball. She had a great amount of energy and usually managed to beat them at their own games (just as she does Mr. Gable now), but around adults she remained strictly the demure type. At the age of fifteen, fresh from Virgil Junior High School, she broke into films at Fox as Edmund Lowe's leading lady in "Marriage in Transit" simply because she could work up a good flood of tears at the drop of a hat. "I just have to think sad things," said Carole to the director, "and I cry." She did. She also played in "Hearts and Spurs" with Buck Jones (on a camera-wise horse that had been in so many pictures that the moment he was out of focus he would stop dead, with the

result that Carole was always gliding over his head onto her own), and in several other Westerns with Tom Mix. By no means a Glamor Girl, Carole just the same was fairly well established in pictures with ambitious hopes for a brilliant future—when suddenly her world collapsed about her. Her face was torn open in an automobile accident. There seemed little doubt but that she would be scarred for life.

It happened on a Sunday afternoon in 1925, when Carole was seventeen. She went riding in a Frenchmade car with Harry Cooper, a banker's son. They were driving along Doheny Drive in Beverly Hills, when Cooper brought his car to a stop. At that moment, the car hit a bump, the catch on the movable seat broke, and Carole slid faceforward into the windshield. Ordinary glass would not have broken so easily, but this windshield was already cracked. In shattering, it made a bone-deep scar in Carole's face, from her upper lip to the middle of her left cheek.

The common belief is that Carole's beauty was saved by long and expensive plastic surgery operations, but that is entirely untrue. Some unknown surgeon in a community hospital in Hollywood, who took fourteen stitches in Carole's face, was the real hero. He administered no anesthetic, because he did not want the facial muscles relaxed. After the operation he taped down Carole's eyelids for four hours, and warned her against moving her face for the next ten days. The only trace now of that accident is a slight scar that can be detected only on the closest inspection. At the time of the operation, however, an angry red line remained on her face for over a year, during which period Carole became more and more despondent over her future on the screen. The scar gave her a dreadful inferiority complex and she hid herself away

from her friends, from Hollywood, from all contact with that gay glamorous life that had been hers for only a moment before it had been snatched away. Through a year full of long days and lonely nights she had plenty of time to think things out.

It was that accident, I am sure, with its accompanying loneliness and despair, that turned Carole into the screwball whom the public knows today. Her pride was hurt so deeply then that she has a horror of being hurt again—so she fights people off with laughter, with hilarious squeals and shrieks. Gags are sort of a defense mechanism with Carole. She wants you to think of her as a gay gal without a care in the world. Also, during that lonely year she learned a lot about human nature. People like to laugh. If you come into a room and say, "I have a sad story to tell you," you're just about as welcome as a process server. But if you come shrieking into a room and shout, "Hey, everybody, relax, I've got the funniest story to tell you," people will crowd around you and adore you as if you were the nicest thing that has happened since Christmas. If you say, "Come over to my house tonight and let's have a serious talk," you can be quite sure that your guests will suddenly find a previous engagement. But if you say, "Come over tonight, and let's have some laughs," you can be sure of a party. "If I am ever given another chance I won't be a sourpuss," thought Carole, "I'll be a dizzy dame. People want to laugh, okay, I can make them laugh. And as long as they laugh they can never get close to me."

As everyone knows by now, an assistant director and friend named Lonnie Dorsey suggested a remedy for the brooding Carole. "Get her over to Mack Sennett's," he told Mrs. Peters. "She'll forget her disfigurement in that mad bunch and she'll hit her stride again. The fast pace will snap her out of it." Figures, not faces, counted at Sennett's. After two years of slapstick comedy, which proved invaluable experience to her when she later became a madcap screwball girl, Carole's good spirits were restored, the red line had entirely disappeared, and Carole had started her merry pranks that simply had Hollywood in stitches. "Carole's a card," people said. And couldn't wait to see what she'd think up next.

In order to know that serious side of Carole today you must see her when she isn't in action. When she's at home. When she has finished a long hard day at the studio with plenty of boisterous repartee with press and publicity and has screamed a noisy goodnight to every prop and grip (Carole is accepted as the most democratic star in Hollywood) she drives herself home in a far from glamorous car, and simply falls into bed. But her abundant energy doesn't leave her even then and for hours every night she reads newspapers, books, plays, and scripts. Carole is the best read person you're likely to meet in these parts. When she reads a newspaper she doesn't turn right to the movie gossip columns to see if her name is there, but reads it from page to page with special attention to the editorial page. When she admires an editorial or a syndicated column she sends a wire to the editor or columnist which says, "Enjoyed your editorial last night tremendously." Of course the editors and columnists think it's only another Lombard gag—but they just ought to see how really serious Carole is about it.

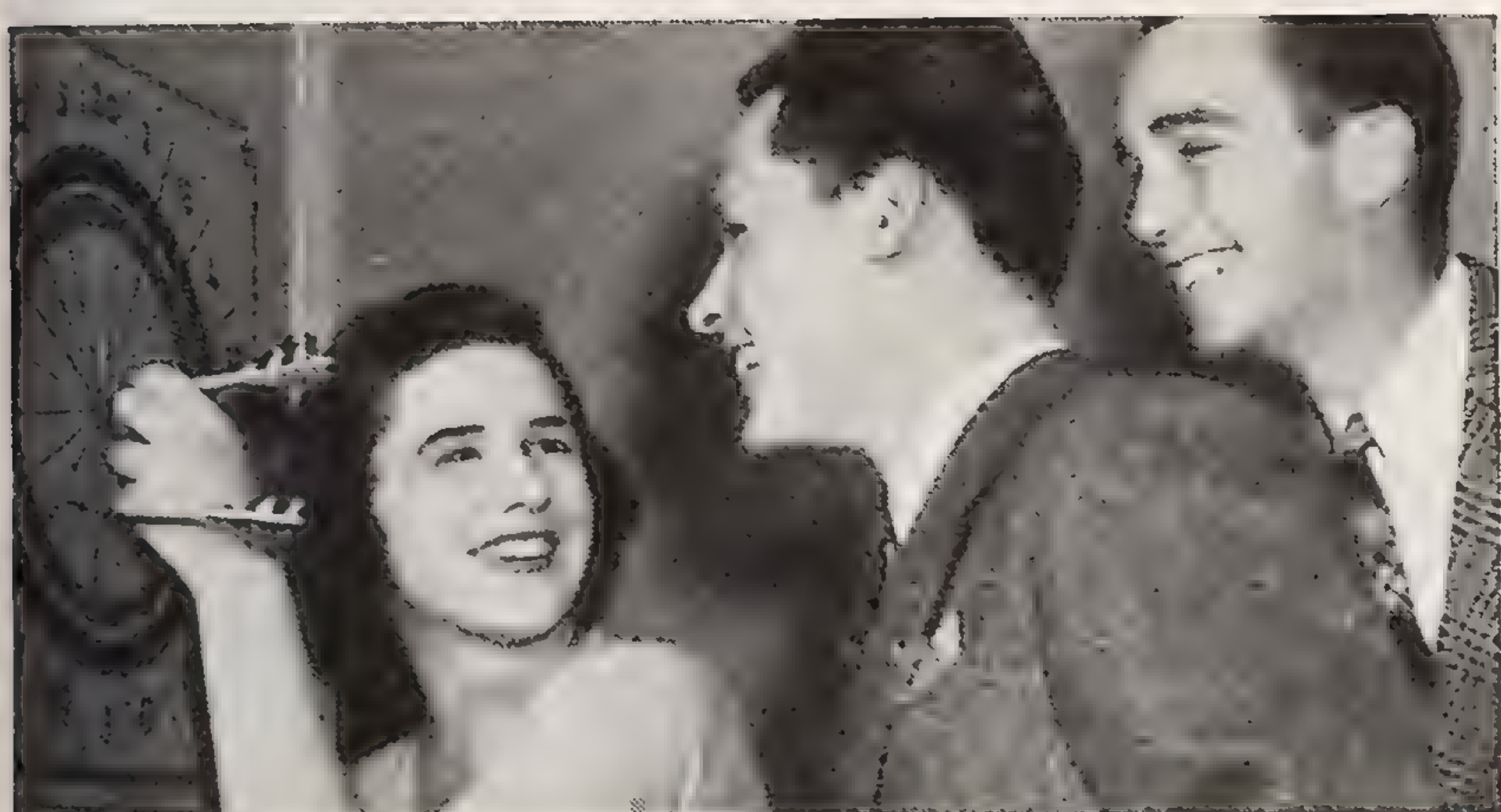
She reads every book and play published, and all the original scripts that are given her by her friends and acquaintances. Naturally, you say, she is looking for a part for herself. And naturally, she is. But if she finds the book, the play, and the script unsuited to her she doesn't toss it aside with a "There's nothing for me there." No in-



Valentines, Violets and Vows FOR THEM



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THEY CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN!***



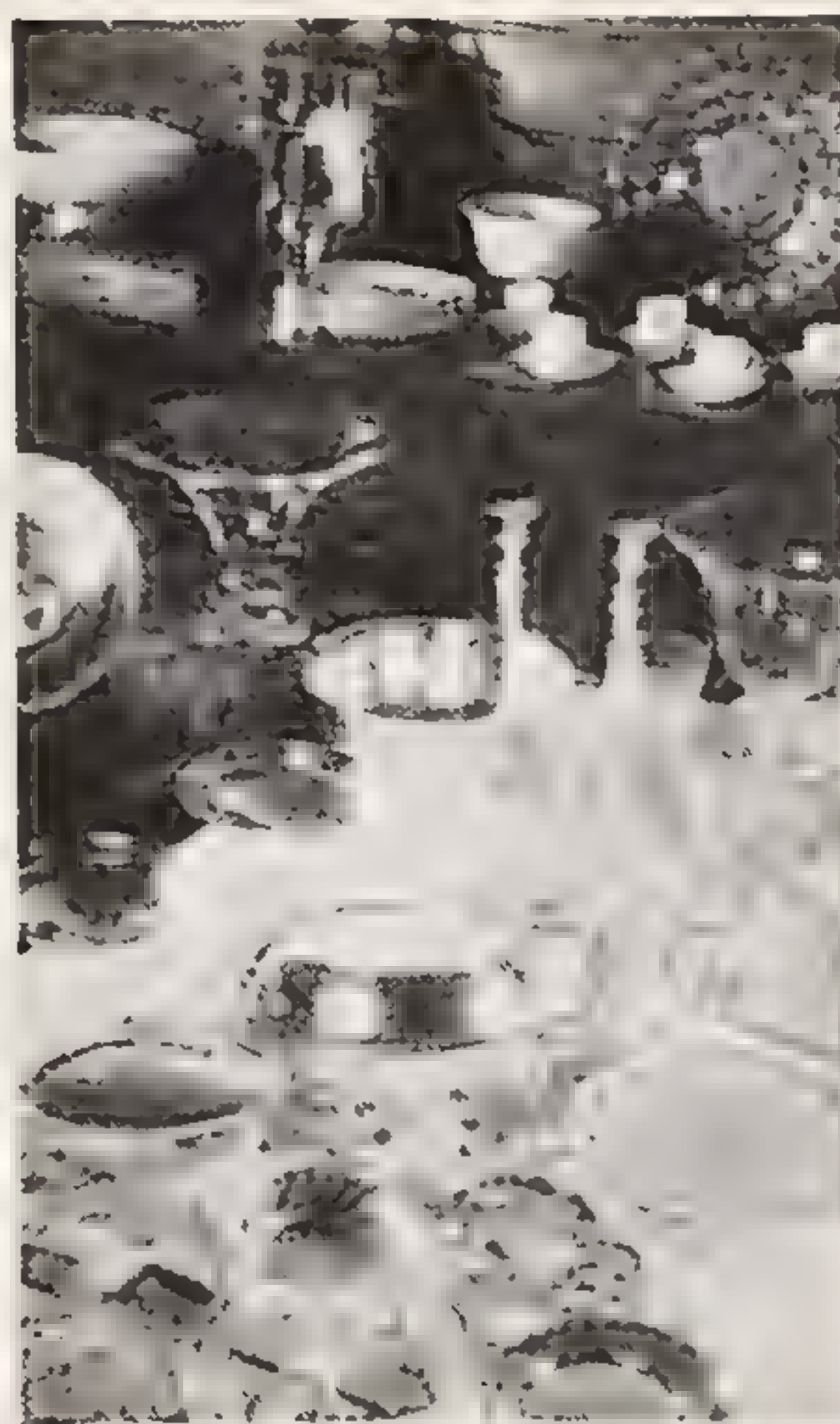
Boy Teaches Girl—Nancy Hoguet gets a lesson in the fine art of hitting the bull's-eye. Her fresh young skin gets simple and intelligent care. "I cream my skin every day with Pond's Cold Cream. That puts extra 'skin-vitamin' into it, besides **cleaning** and **softening** it."



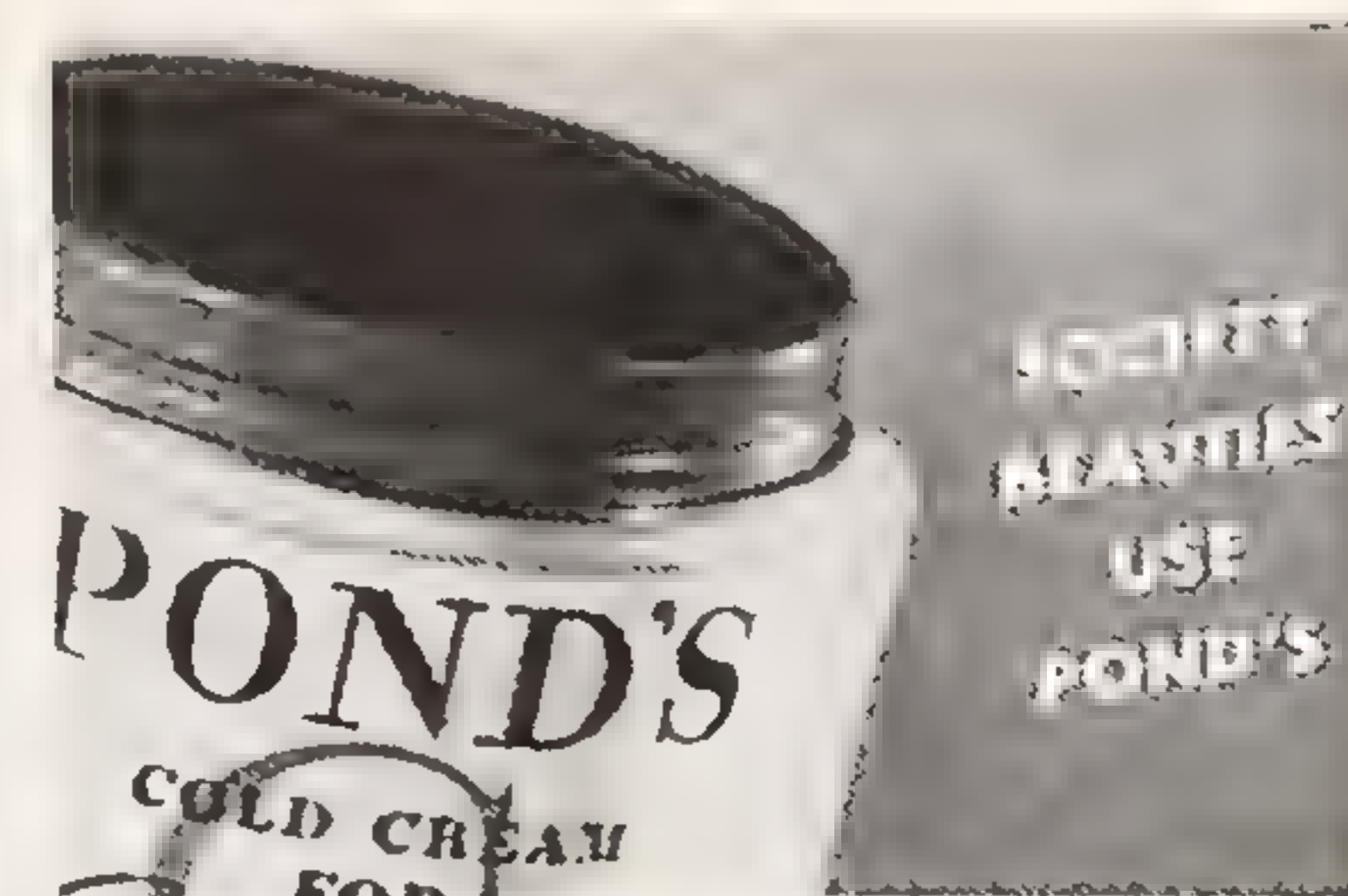
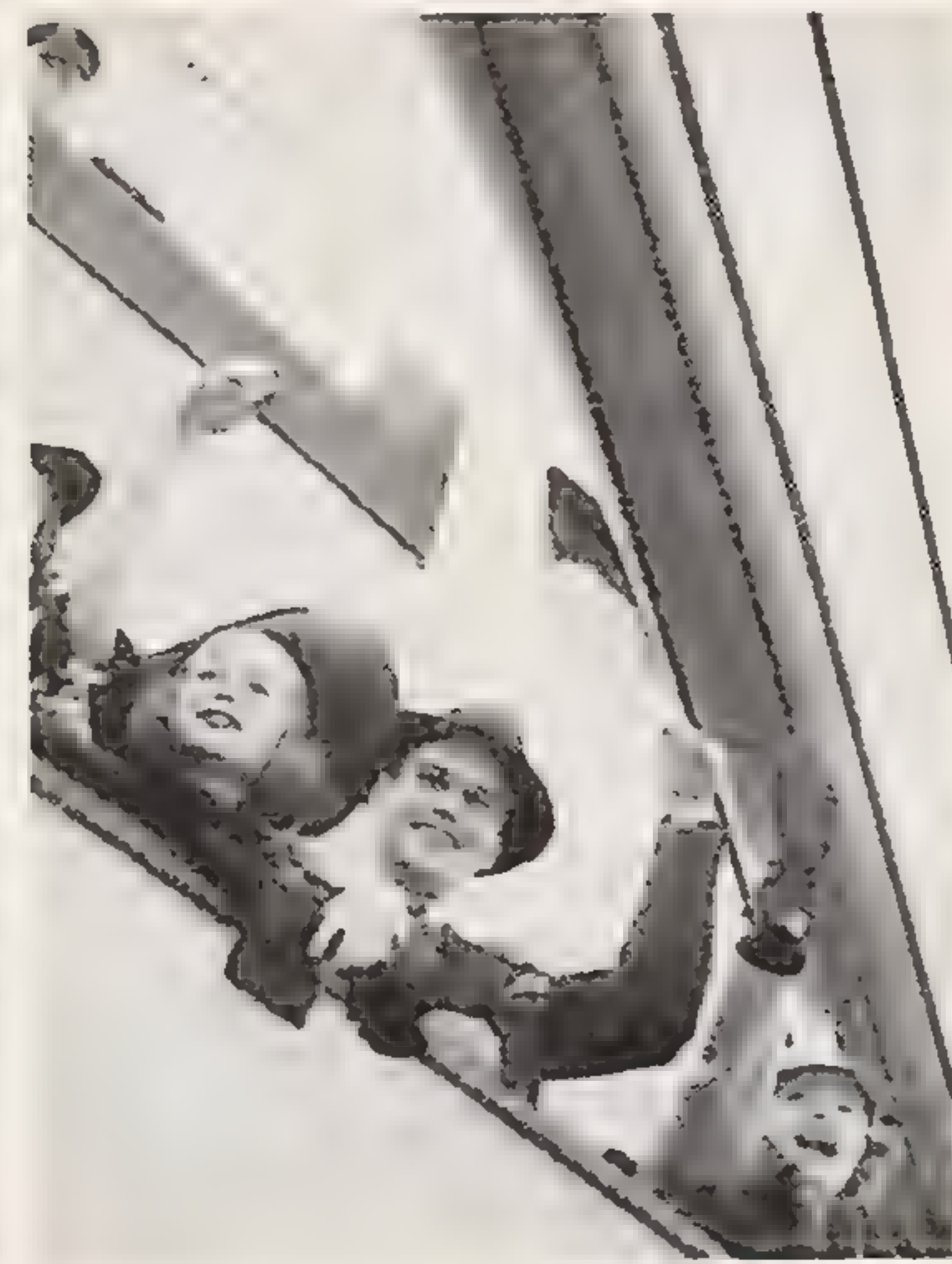
Most Snapshotted Engaged Couple—Anne Clark Roosevelt faced the camera squad cheerfully for 4 hours straight in exchange for 3 weeks' privacy before her wedding! She says: "'Skin-vitamin' helps **skin health**. I'm glad to have this plus element in such a good cream as Pond's."



Big Moment—Camilla Morgan (now Mrs. Remsen Donald) finds it takes two to cut a cake. "I'll always use Pond's," she says. "When skin needs Vitamin A, it gets **rough** and **dry**. Pond's Cold Cream helps make up for this."



245 Presents—Marjorie Fairchild sails for Bermuda honeymoon day after her wedding at St. Thomas's—one of the prettiest weddings of the season. She says: "Pond's was famous when I was still in my high chair. I use it for the reason they did then—to smooth skin **beautifully** for make-up."



Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again.

- Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns **quicker**.
- Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, prices.

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

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At the first sign of a raw, dry, ticklish throat, gargle with Zonite. Gargling with Zonite benefits you in three ways: (1) it kills the germs connected with colds — *at contact*; (2) eases the rawness in your throat; (3) relieves the painful swallowing. If you're looking for antiseptic results, and not just a pleasant-tasting mouthwash—Zonite is your product! So be prepared. Get Zonite from your druggist. The minute you feel rawness in your throat, start gargling. Use 1 teaspoon of Zonite to $\frac{1}{2}$ glass of water. Gargle every 2 hours. Soon your throat feels better.



DANDRUFF ITCH? *Here's an Antiseptic Scalp Treatment*

Here is a simple treatment that does what skin specialists say is necessary if you want to combat dandruff caused by germs:—

1. Add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin.
2. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. *This gives head an antiseptic cleansing — stimulates scalp — kills germs on hair and scalp at contact!*
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4. Rinse very thoroughly. *This leaves scalp clean and sweet.*
5. If scalp is dry, massage in a good oil hair dressing. *This relieves dryness.* Do this twice a week at first. And later, once a week.

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We are convinced that if you use this Zonite treatment faithfully, you'll be delighted with results. *That is why we guarantee complete satisfaction — or your money back in full!*



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Use **ZONITE** for
FIRST AID • SORE THROAT
BAD BREATH • DANDRUFF
FEMININE CLEANSING



Watching an actress dress for her part. Janet Waldo in the evolution of a modern beauty into a Turn-of-the-Century belle, enters her dressing room, left. Her coiffure arranged and not brief undies donned, Janet calls for help to get into that firm foundation of corset.



deed, Miss Lombard gets on the phone and starts calling up other stars. "Oh, Janet," she will say to Miss Gaynor, "I have a script here that Buster Collier wrote with a grand part in it for you. I wish you'd read it." And, "Bill, dear," to her ex-husband William Powell, "I have just finished reading 'Rebecca.' Please read it, you'll enjoy it. And see if you don't think it would make a marvelous picture for you." When she read Margarite Roberts' "Farewell Performance" she called several studios urging them to buy it. Miss Lombard was not the movie star who made the famous remark, "I have a book." Miss Lombard has hundreds of books. With the pages cut.

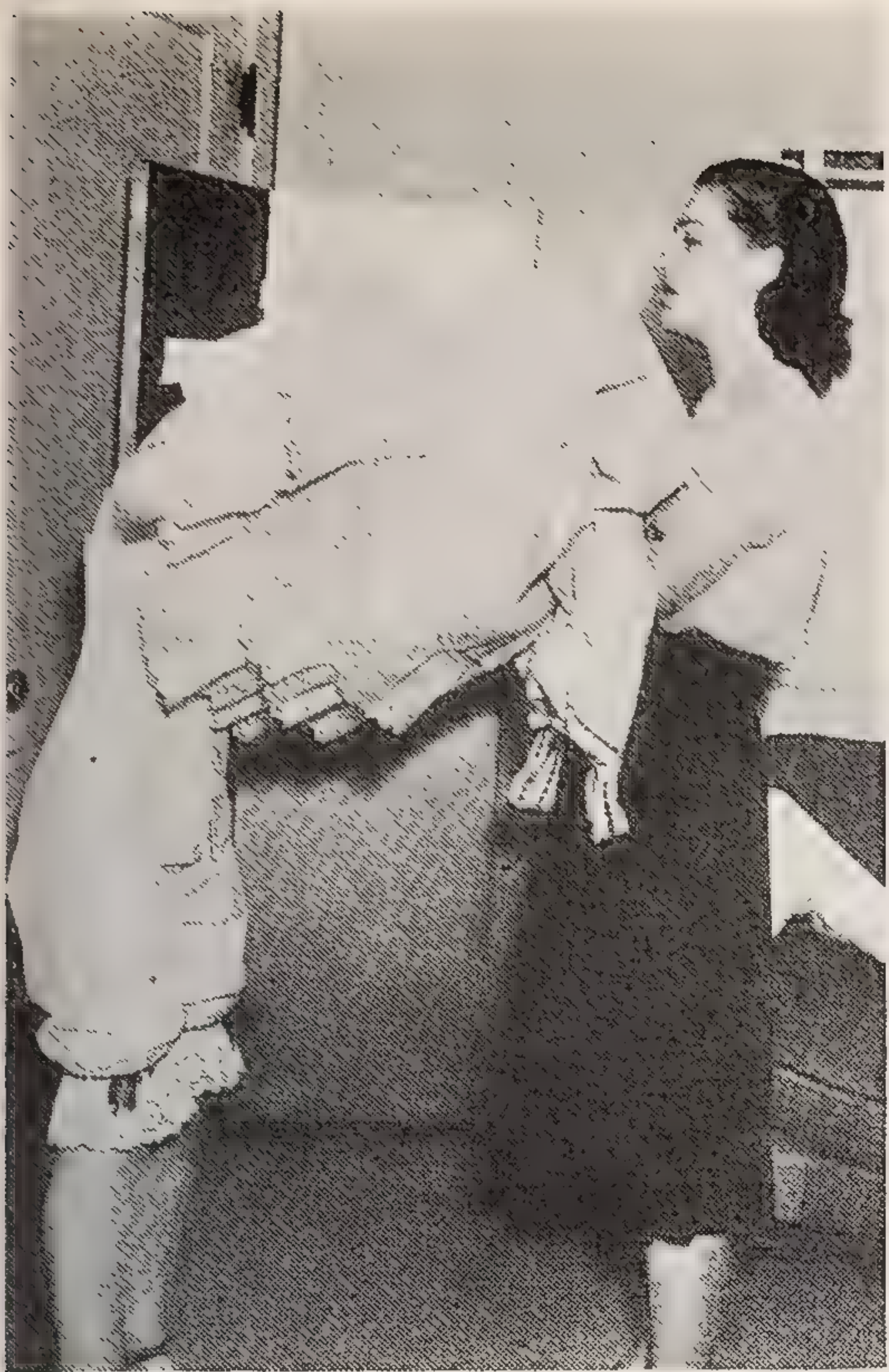
For a movie star she has a remarkable knowledge of world conditions and national problems. She practically slugged another glamor girl, whose mind is bound by Hollywood on one side and Brentwood on the other, when with great hauteur the star managed to leave off playing bridge long enough to remark to a room of stuffed shirts, "I don't see what all the unrest is about. Aren't people happy any more? I'm very happy." Carole's knowledge isn't so much technical as it is instinctive. She has a great understanding of people, real people, and there is something awfully warm about her that stretches out to them. She has what the French call "la tendresse." As a friend of hers said the other day, "She is a greater woman than an actress—and she is a swell actress."

The Lombard charities are not publicized. She wishes it that way. And they will not be enumerated here. But I just can't help but mention in passing that Carole was the only star who risked her life last spring during the floods to go personally to the people in the flooded areas and help them not only with checks and gifts, but physically. "Isn't it terrible," said the Hollywood cinema great, huddled comfortably around their radios. But it was Carole, out there sloshing around in mud and water up to her hips, who knew exactly how terrible it was. When she came home she cried like a baby. It was no gag.

No matter what Carole does she does seriously. It isn't just for laughs. When she wanted to become a good tennis player several years ago she decided to "un-learn"

what she knew (and she played a very fair game at that) and started from rockbottom with coach Eleanor Tennant. When she took up skeet-shooting, she concentrated upon it until now she is recognized as the best women skeet-shooter in Hollywood. When she goes hunting with Clark Gable and Andy Devine she is no drawback to the men—in fact she is better at the sport than they are. She can bag more ducks than Clark any time. But when it comes to fishing he gets even with her. The Lombard stomach is subject to *mal de mer* at its worst. Since the little incident that happened on the last fishing trip with Clark and the Buster Colliers Carole has sworn off the sea, forever. She had been flat on her back under canvas all day simply praying that Clark and "Stevie" and Buster would be dragged into the ocean by those horrid smelly yellowtails and she could go home to her clean nice bed. But during the late afternoon she felt a bit stronger and thought she might sit up and try to manage a sandwich and a coca cola. As she sat there munching her sandwich rather undecidedly a sea gull swooped down on the deck right in front of her. "Here birdie," said Carole, "come get this sandwich." The seagull swayed uncertainly across the deck, gave Carole a peculiar wan look, and proceeded to throw up a fish dinner right at her feet. For months Carole has turned deathly pale at the very mention of the word fish. That wasn't a gag either.

Rather typical of Carole's serious side is the interview she gave out not long ago to Frederick C. Othman of the United Press. He asked her what she thought of the huge income tax peeled off her \$465,000 salary for 1937, and he expected her to go into a fine frenzy like the rest of the Hollywood stars do at the mention of income tax. But not Carole. "I think it's great," was her prompt reply. "I'm glad and proud to pay the government any amount it sees fit for me to pay. This is the greatest country on earth, worth any price. I like its schools, its free parks for children, its opportunity, all made possible by taxes we all pay. The taxes I pay come back to me in all the wonderful things that make this country the finest in the world. It is this kind of a country that made it possible to me to earn



A dainty thing consisting of yards and yards of cloth—virtually a hoop skirt without hoops—goes on next, not without a struggle.



Swaddled up to the neck in corset, corset cover, yards of starched muslin, Janet gets the final treatment—a silk dress.



Now to pass the inspection of the star of "Zaza," Claudette Colbert critically examines details of Janet's costume.

such a salary. Yes, I'm glad to pay my taxes." (By the time Carole has paid her taxes, federal, state, agent, etc., she has about \$30,000 left from her \$465,000 annual income. She gets \$150,000 a picture and \$5,000 a broadcast. \$30,000 is still a lot of money to us, but it isn't very much for a movie star who has to pay ten times as

much for things as we pay.)

Amid all the griping and wailing about income taxes in Hollywood the Lombard point of view, "I'm glad to pay," was rather refreshing. And I do hope you saw the two-column cartoon in the *New York World-Telegram* showing a rotund captain of industry with the Lombard interview in his

hands. He is shouting to his butler, "Henceforth, Jeeves, when attending the cinema you will hiss this Lombard person long and loudly." Jeeves will have a very good opportunity soon when "Made for Each Other," Carole's latest in which she co-stars with Jimmy Stewart, plays the neighborhood theatres. But I bet Jeeves won't

S.O.S.

SORRY, JACK...I'M CUTTING IN. BUT LISTEN, FELLOW, WAIT FOR ME AFTER THIS DANCE, WILL YOU? I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING

I KNOW JUDY GAVE YOU THE HIGH SIGN, WAIT!

BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHY, JACK! ON THE LEVEL, PAL--- YOU'VE JUST GOTTA SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS

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LATER...THANKS TO COLGATE'S

WELL, AS I LIVE AND BREATHE---IF IT ISN'T THAT DAILY DOUBLE, JACK AND JUDY, AGAIN!

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!

MAKE SURE THAT YOUR BREATH IS OKAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!

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LARGE SIZE 20¢

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OVER TWICE AS MUCH

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7 SECOND MYSTERY STORY



**"HOW DOES AGNES EVER
SATISFY HER CHILDREN
BETWEEN MEALS
WITHOUT SPOILING
THEIR APPETITES?"**



HERE'S HOW she does it. She keeps several packages of this famous peppermint gum in the house. The youngsters love it. P. S. So do grown-ups!



Beech-Nut

That Twosome, Tyrone and Exakta

Continued from page 57

"This rodeo shot was a fast action shot. You can stop a rider in full flight like this with a highspeed camera and yet get excellent detail. For this shot I had time to decide in advance on the speed before the action began. At a football game or a race or something like that, you mightn't have a chance to figure things out.

"It's nice to get a feeling of heat into a shot, as in the desert scenes on 'Suez,' where blazing sun made a heat haze in the distance and the water is dark in contrast to the white sand, or where the sky looks glaringly clear behind the huge tanks.

"Talking about moods in pictures, this church at Xochimilco, Mexico, has a mood of menace. I used a dark filter on that. The church on the way to Xochimilco is one of my favorite shots, and I've had it blown up and finished in sepia. I cut off a little of the white road in the foreground, and it's really nice. The shot of the city of Taxo from a hotel balcony is the sort of thing that enchants me. I hope I can get a lot of that type of thing in South America. The Mexican trip was my first trip into a foreign land of any consequence and I got the urge from that. Maybe I'll tour the world with Exakta before long!"

Being in pictures is an advantage to the earnest candid camera fiend, according to Tyrone. "I learn a lot from watching experts on pictures. About color, I've picked up a great deal from 'Jesse,' my first technicolor picture. I hope to put what I know into practice on that South American trip. Not too much glaring color, not too many distracting colors, concentrate on one lovely effect, not several. Now all that remains is for me to do it!

"Every time they set up the cameras outdoors, I try to decide where I'd set up myself for that particular scene, and then when they've done it, I find out either that I was right—which is rare—or what their reasons are for not doing as I'd have done.

"I'm interested in these shots of the wind storm in 'Suez.' In the first one the property men are using a battering ram to break in the door; the second shot shows the door broken and the men leaping out of the way behind the shed, and a giant

figure starting forward. That's an action shot in my language."

Like nearly all men, Tyrone likes airplane shots. He has three favorites taken on board a plane—one is a sunset, one of a fog, and one of sun and clouds. "The last one I've had blown up and printed in a blue wash that's very effective. They put the blue into the printing solution, I think. It would be nice for a seascape, too."

The trouble with most amateur shots, Tyrone believes, is that they look flat and uninteresting. "People take them head on, without paying any attention to what they really want to get," he explained. "Now, hotel windows are good vantage points if you want a distance shot. This one of New York from a hotel window isn't bad.

"I actually know very little about shooting pictures, but I keep watching the fellows on the set who are experts, and seeing their results and if I don't see how they got their results, I'm not above asking! I think it's well to vary light and shade, to try for good composition, not to pick up the camera and shoot in a hurry."

In Kansas City, over the Labor Day week-end, there wasn't any small film left anywhere! Why? "About 50,000 people came down to Pineville to watch us making pictures, and I'll bet most of them had cameras," laughed Tyrone. "They bought out the entire supply of film, and had to wait till Tuesday before the city could get in any more."

The crowds amused Ty, so he shot them for his album. One woman actually sent Henry Fonda a roll of film No. 120 and asked him to find a camera to take his picture with it and send the film back to her. "But nobody had a camera of that particular size," remembered Tyrone. "Henry has a new camera with a ground glass lens that's very interesting. But he's a real expert. I find Exakta easier to manage than the Leica or the Contax, because it's easier to see what you're doing, but every make has its devotees.

"I suppose if anyone wanted to be really different in Hollywood or anywhere else these days, he wouldn't go in for candid cameras. "But why not—it's grand fun!"



Alice Faye makes a not very happy landing in this scene above from "Tail Spin."

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 15

Divinity may also be faintly pink and chopped candied cherries added. Another suggestion is to sprinkle 2 tablespoons grated orange rind on bottom of pan. Then sprinkle $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated coconut over that and pour on the divinity. When removed from pan the orange gives a very attractive top.

"The nicest valentine I've ever received was one given me out here. It was a Vienna candy box—sort of tier on tier with a tiny tassel on top. You pull the tassel and feel as if you're Columbus, because each pull releases a tier and each tier is full of something delicious.

"The worst one I ever heard of didn't come to me. I was in the convent and there was the usual fat girl whom everyone teased. On Valentine's Day, some wit sent her a huge box of candy stuffed with cotton and various unpleasant things. I thought it was a dirty trick and I still think so."

Whitney sprang up and went to the studio window overlooking the front lawn. "Look, in this box outside I have black lilies! They're very rare and I'm always hoping they'll start to bloom. I'm mad about flowers. Want to see my special pets? They are gardenias—twelve of them—as large as small trees and they're out in the patio."

From French doors we stepped into a red-and-green tiled patio, where the gardenias were guarding sun divans, tables and chairs overlooking a second formal garden and lawn.

"My house guests always like this," commented Whitney, as we wandered inside again. "I like having people staying here,



Tea time for Whitney Bourne! The hostess whose home you visit in the accompanying story is seen in the attractive living room of her home in Brentwood, swank Hollywood suburb.

just a few at a time. I never have big parties—who enjoys them? Certainly not the hostess, and to judge from the guests' comments, they don't either. So why do it? My house guests like waffles, griddle cakes and French toast for breakfasts. So do I. I suppose it's this yearning for heat in me. They say there's something in the syrup that provides it."

(The syrup is Karo, and the "something" is Dextrose which gives the needed energy and heat to the body.)

"Marie, my French cook, serves these dishes a little differently from the ones

I've ever eaten before. She'll give you the recipes. Oh, and she makes a most marvelous pie, too—peanut butter pie. You must have that!"

GRIDDLE CAKES

- 2 tablespoons Mazola
- 2 tablespoons Karo, Red Label
- 1 egg, beaten
- 2 cups milk
- 1 teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup Argo or Kingsford's cornstarch
- $2\frac{1}{4}$ cups flour
- 4 teaspoons baking powder

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"You bet we do," girls say

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HOUSEWORK, MY
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POP **RUNS** NEARLY
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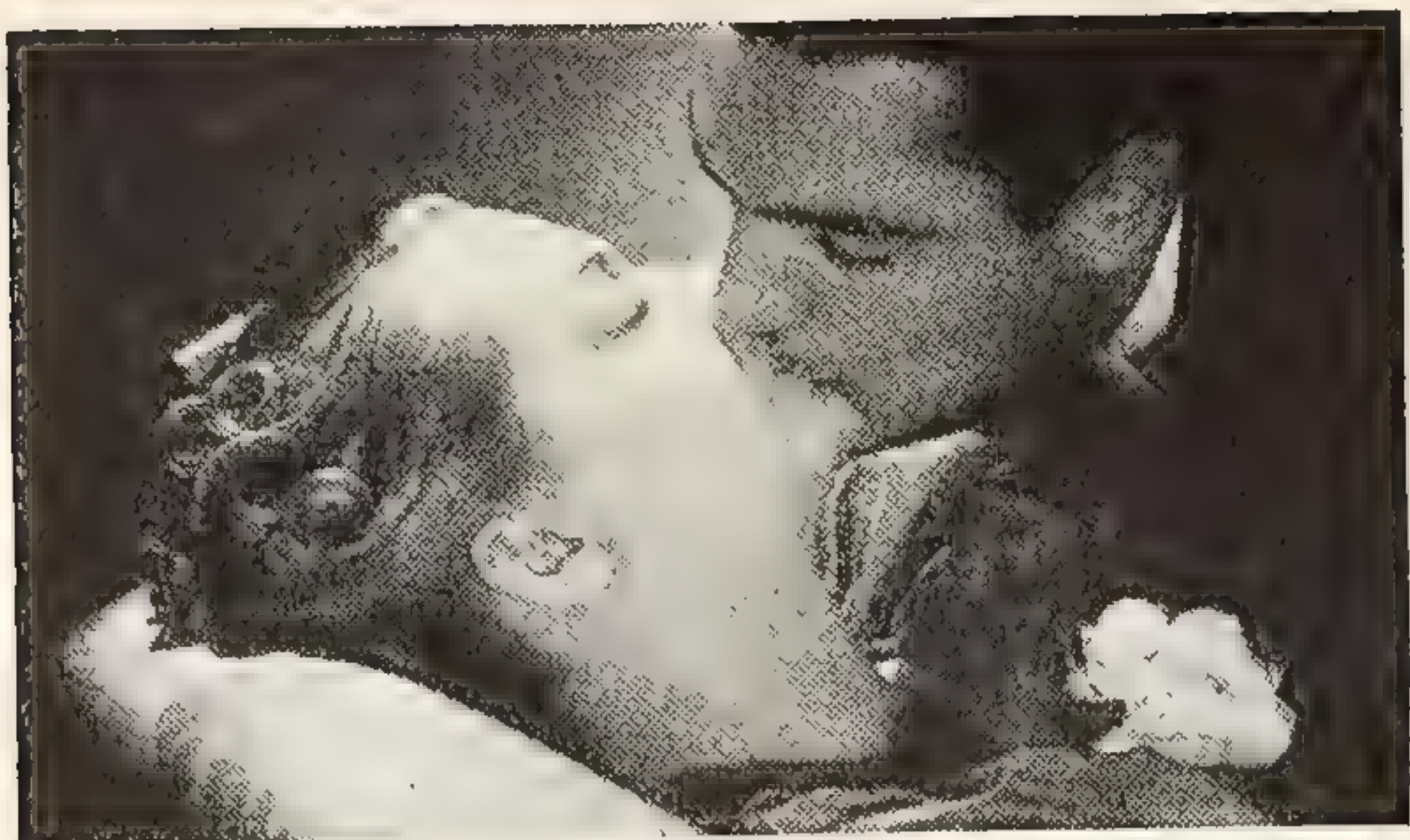
"With a job and a wee salary I'm more than ever a Lux fan! It makes stocking dollars elastic—just as it keeps stockings elastic longer so they go into runs less often!"

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Combine the Mazola, Karo, egg and milk. Sift together the dry ingredients, beat into the liquid mixture until all the lumps have disappeared and the mixture looks bubbly. Fry on a griddle slightly oiled with Mazola, putting the batter on by tablespoonfuls and keeping the cakes well separated. Turn as soon as they are bubbly all over. Serve at once with Karo.

FRENCH TOAST

12 slices white bread cut about 1/4 inch thick
2 eggs
Mazola
1 tablespoon Karo
1 pint milk
1/8 teaspoon salt

Beat the eggs, add the milk, Karo and salt. Dip the bread in this, one slice at a time, drain a moment and fry in sufficient Mazola to keep from sticking. Turn only once. Serve immediately as the main dish, with broiled bacon, or as a breakfast, luncheon or supper dish with Karo.

KARO PEANUT BUTTER PIE

1 cup Karo, Blue Label
1 cup sugar
3 eggs
1/8 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1/3 cup peanut butter

Blend ingredients well; pour into 9 inch pie tin which has been lined with chilled Flaky Mazola Pie Crust. Cover with another pie tin, inverted, and bake in hot oven (450°F.) for ten minutes, then reduce heat to moderate (350°F.) After fifty minutes, remove cover and continue to bake until a silver knife inserted shows a firm filling and a slightly crisp top (fifteen to thirty minutes). Since this is very rich, as well as delicious, it should be served in small portions.

"Oh no, they're not fattening!" she argued, at my exclamation. "Any active person burns up energy quickly—especially in the hard grind of movie-making—so we need it. Which is very nice.

"Most of the people I know are in pictures—Anna May Wong, the William Wylers, the John Hustons, Wendy Barrie. Not that any of us are fighting weight. Merely that we need all the vitality and energy we can get.

"Another reason for fewer guests at a time is the size of my dining room," said



Preferred, by Gale Page, is this stunning black galyak coat and matching chapeau.

Whitney. "It won't hold more than six comfortably—but if they're old friends, we squeeze in somehow. That Sheraton buffet is the pride of my heart. See my four silver candlesticks? All collected in different places, and yet all match! The table is good and so is the tip-table but the chairs are imitation. I'm still looking for the ones I want.

"Jimmie Brodrero did the murals for the room—fortunately for him one wall is all windows so all he had to do was think up three of them. They represent the Gods against the People."

One wall depicted huge gods of war hovering above the tiny earthmen who struggled beneath carrying different flags. A second showed the god Bacchus with his wine, women and song, and his tiny imitators below; and the third revealed the gods of love with their adherents under them.

"I call the first the political ward, the second, the alcoholic ward, and I wouldn't mention the name of the third. All so grand for the digestion! Nobody can eat in here with any peace of mind, so as a rule I use the table for a buffet and everyone takes what he likes and eats it where he pleases."



Doing his good deed for the day, Jackie Cooper investigates a supposedly "haunted house" to allay the fears of Vondell Darr, as Frank Coughlan, Jr., looks on; "Eagle Scout."

All Right, I'll Fight

Continued from page 24

publicity, he had to take a second beating in "The Crowd Roars" from prize-fighters who'd make anybody think twice, particularly someone who never had put the gloves on, before standing up to them. And on the day I talked with him he'd just been mixing it up with Wally Beery, who's no pushover.

There you are—and it's not a soft place! To get there and stay there you must have an abundance of viscera, described in polite circles as a lot of guts. Sizing up Bob, I was sure he had 'em. Meanwhile mobs had run him ragged. So I asked him how he felt about crowds. "Okay with me now," he grinned. "But the first time I went to New York, two years ago, they scared the life out of me! I'd never been in a really big crowd before, and I didn't know what to make of it. I was terribly interested in it, but couldn't for the life of me understand why it should have any interest in me, I felt like a hick seeing the sights, so couldn't possibly figure myself as one of the sights. 'Small-town boy makes good in big city' reads swell in the papers, but that doesn't go for me. I'm still so small-town I can't even put up a good bluff. Out here in Hollywood it's easy. You just go along—howdydo—and you're not bothered. But get a New York crowd on your tail and you feel like a dog who has just been introduced to a tin can. The trouble was I didn't know how to handle myself. There was nothing to be afraid of, but at first I was knocked cold with fear."

His frankness left no doubt of how desperately he had battled that fear—and conquered it. Even more ingratiating was his confession: "I was anxious to do the right thing, make the right impression. But it all came so suddenly and unexpectedly that I didn't know what to do about it. In a city the size of New York you'd think you could go to a hotel and nobody would know where you were. But somehow they find out. That was the first thing that struck me as strange in a city where there are more avid fans than anywhere else in the world. I managed to slip away from them at the hotel without much bother, but when I got to Loew's State to do a radio stunt they caught up with me. I expected to be able to walk anywhere, and at first I did without anyone's giving me a second look. But after awhile it seemed easier to take a cab. Then I got on to a new trick the kids were playing. They're ride on the back bumper of the taxi, and when I got out they'd be on my neck. I probably got a lot more fun out of that game than they did. But I was always surprised that anyone should want to see me—still am. I fail to understand why there should be so much curiosity."

Bob shook a puzzled head, then let a slow smile creep over his face. Looked as though he were keeping something back. Sure enough for presently he admitted: "Guess that's one on me, so I might as well own up. I'm just like the rest of the fans—or used to be. You see, I'd done the same thing myself a few years ago. When in college I came up to a fraternity banquet at the Cocoanut Grove. Joel McCrea, who'd gone to Pomona before my time, was there. He was the first movie actor I'd ever seen, and the moment I clapped eyes on him I didn't know whether I was eating Squab Ambassadeur or plain hamburger. When McCrea got up and left the table I sneaked out after him and followed him into the men's room. No, I didn't have the nerve to speak to him. But I smoked three cigarettes and washed my hands twice just for an excuse to rubberneck him."



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*Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray co-starred in Paramount's "Cafe Society". Note her charming hands!

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That awed college cub never dreamed that one day he himself wouldn't be able to walk out of or into a public place without starting a mad rush in his direction. It occurred to me that, just back from Alaska, probably he had gone on that trip to get away from madding throngs, and I wondered if he had succeeded. "I never attempt to get away from people now," he said. "And it's no good trying any tricks—they're on to all of 'em. After boarding ship at Vancouver and being told there was a crowd on the dock, I went out on deck and had a lot of fun. They threw things up over the rail for me to sign, among them old shoes. That was the first time I'd autographed shoes, and I got a big kick out of it. Because of returning on the same boat, I had only one day in Alaska, but two laughs. One friendly old fellow sidled up to me, saying, 'Boy, I'm a good customer o' your'n. Every time one o' your picters comes along I plunk down my two bits and ask for a ticket. Now I wanta ask you for somethin'.' 'Autograph?' I inquired. 'Hell, no,' he barked, 'cigarette!' Another old-timer with a sly twinkle in his eyes said, 'Bein' as how you're in the movies I s'pose you got lots o' gals?' 'No, only one,' I told him. 'Kin she cook?' he wanted to know. 'Anything she lays her hands on,' I said. 'Then,' he seriously advised, 'don't lose no time gittin' spliced to her. Love ain't lastin', but eatin' is.'"

As he left romance comfortably established in the culinary department, Bob gave evidence of being well nourished by a healthy sense of humor. Then he put on a straight face, with: "What has impressed me most of all in meeting a person here and there is an underlying friendliness. The same is true of crowds. They want to be friendly, and it's this attitude that puts the rest of it up to you. That's the most valuable discovery I've made. Having made it,

I've overcome my fear of crowds. Be honest with them and they'll be honest with you. Anyhow, that's the way it has worked out with me. I never refuse to do anything I can do, and if it's impossible simply explain I'm hurrying to keep an engagement or am on my way to work. That never has failed to make everything all right. Keep your head and a crowd will do the same. It's all in knowing how to handle one. For a time I didn't know any more about it than a rabbit. But I've never had any actual fear. By this I don't mean I'm absolutely free of it. No one is. Everybody's afraid of something, lives in fear for his job, his business, his finances, his health, his happiness. I've never worried so much over my work as I do now. But I've got over my first panic at crowds, just forgot about it."

How Bob could ever forget that New York crowd which swept him like a storm and threatened to wreck his whole career as he was sailing for England to make "A Yank at Oxford" was more than I could understand. For a moment he made no comment, and I was expecting none when he came out with surprising candor: "What happened there will always be a mystery to me. Except for the crowd on the dock I knew nothing of what was going on. I certainly had no idea two girls were hiding under my bed. The first I knew of it was after they were discovered and sent off the boat. Up to that time I hadn't been in the bedroom. All the time they were there I was in another room of the suite talking with a bunch of newspapermen. How those girls ever got there beats me, but I'm sure it wasn't a 'plant.' Evidently it was just a kid prank, for I had a letter signed by both girls saying they were terribly sorry for what they'd done and hoped I'd forgiven them. They also said they had been suspended from school, and that made me



James Roosevelt smiles for the press as he takes his place as an important executive in the film industry. Above, the President's son, former member of the White House secretariat, is pictured with Samuel Goldwyn in his office at Hollywood. Mr. Roosevelt becomes a vice president of the Goldwyn company, will divide his time between Hollywood and the New York offices of the concern whose stars number such luminaries as Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon. It is understood that "Jimmy" will be identified with the financial division of the company, will take an active part in the expansion program on which Goldwyn has embarked.

sorry for them." As to whether the female of the species is more deadly than the male fan, Bob was quick to say: "Not at all. Women may pull a few buttons off your coat or help themselves to your necktie, but you get so you don't mind little things like that. It's just their way of showing their friendliness." He smiled indulgently. "They never get really rough. The roughest crowd I ever got into, though it didn't mean to be, was at the Yankee Stadium in New York coming away from a baseball game. They were all men, and they just wanted to shake hands. But if they'd all been football players they couldn't have had more power behind them. I wasn't concerned about myself. But a kid who had climbed on to the back bumper of my taxi was in danger of being crushed, and I had a bad scare before managing to pull him inside. It's only when I'm out of town that things of that sort are liable to happen. I don't go out much here, anyway, stay at home nearly every night. It's quiet over in the Valley, and there I can be myself, which really means just a country boy. Sitting there nights, it's hard to believe I've ever been anywhere else. London, of all places. The biggest crowd I ever had to deal with was packed into Waterloo Station. I don't know what I'd have done if it hadn't been for the station manager. When the train pulled in and he came solemnly towards me in frock coat and striped trousers I thought he must be at least the Duke of Westminster. Then, as he got me by that crowd massed behind the barrier and shot me into a milk lift, he said, 'Sorry if it's a bit stuffy here, and hope you don't mind.' Mind? I was only too thankful to be delivered with the milk."

Bob drew gratefully on his cigarette and exhaled: "London is very much like New York in its crowds, kind and friendly, except that there they chase you on bicycles.



Loretta Young and Warner Baxter in characters they portray in "Wife, Husband and Friend."

This even goes on far into the night, something I realized after being cooped up in the hotel for hours. It was pretty hot there, and I was dying to get out for a breath of fresh air. But there was a big crowd below my window and they hollered till late at night. Howard Strickling had come over from M.-G.-M. ahead of me, and finally about midnight we sneaked down the back stairs and hopped into a cab. It seemed 'all clear,' as they say over there, till we noticed that a guy on a bicycle was trailing us. We tried to shake him off in Hyde Park, but couldn't get away with it, so at last we drew up at one side. Our pursuer leaped off his wheel and pulled

pencil and paper on us. I thought he was an autograph hunter, but he turned out to be a journalist. After asking a question or two, he politely went his way. This left me to go mine, so I legged it around the park for an hour or so just as a work-out."

Bob now, I warily noticed, was working a thumb in his best prizefighting manner. "Busted it on a guy in 'The Crowd Roars,'" was his casual explanation, "and it's still a bit on the bum. Doesn't matter, though, because in the picture I'm now doing there are only three fights." Only! That just went to show there was no fear left in the new Robert Taylor. He had fought it to a finish.



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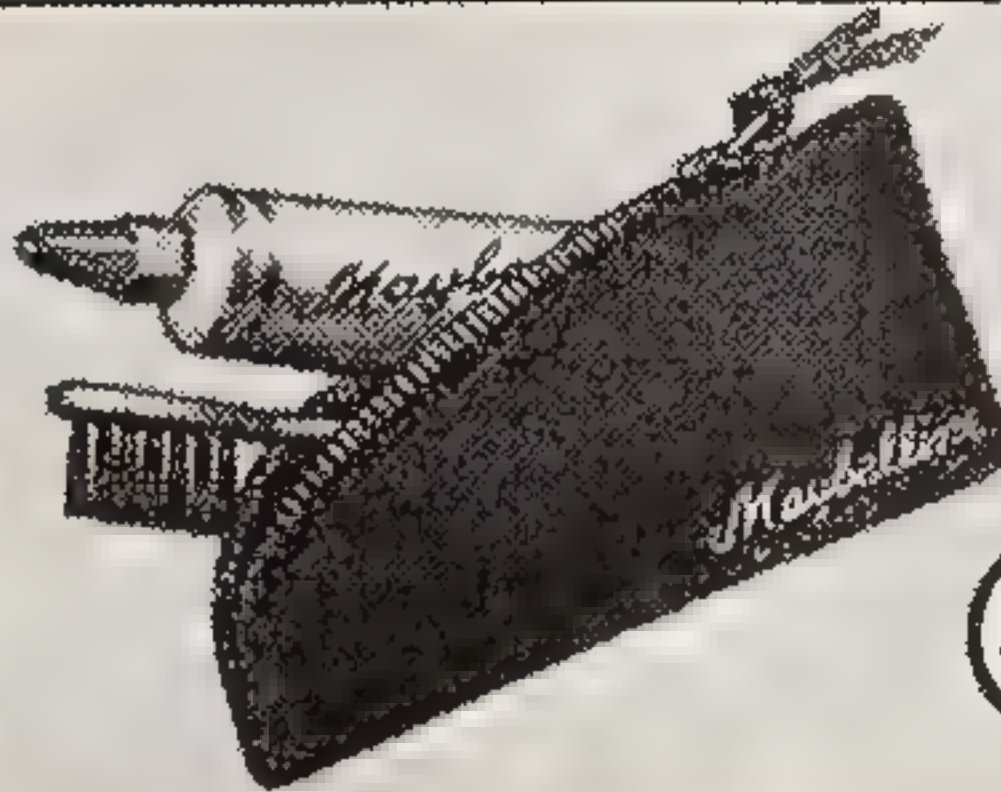
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your eyes, and just about wrecked the act." "That lighting is out," Mel said to Alcine. "It ruins the play."

Since the expert felt he had done a good job, and the producer, who had paid so much for special lighting would have been indignant at the idea of scrapping it, Mel, without saying a word to either, arranged matters to suit himself. At nine o'clock, when dress rehearsal ended, the cast went home; but Melvyn, Alcine and the electricians remained behind and tinkered with the lights till four o'clock in the morning. Then, satisfied, they went home; it was their arrangement of the lighting effects that won the admiration of all playgoers.

For many years Melvyn Douglas, who has excellent business sense, has been trying to persuade the Hollywood moguls to let him direct pictures as well as act. So far he has not succeeded officially, but anyone who has watched the making of one of his films can understand how much subtle directing Melvyn manages to put across. In "Theodora Goes Wild" Melvyn did not like the director's way of shooting the scene where he chases Irene Dunne around a table, so he got permission to try it his way. The director agreed he was right.

Though he's usually soft-spoken, Melvyn Douglas is as independent a cuss as they come. Years ago when he drove up to the M-G-M studio to take his first screen test, the police guard ordered him to leave his car outside. "If I can't drive in, I won't come in at all; and if anyone asks tell him you sent me home with my car." Backing his car out, home Melvyn went.

Most young fledglings plead to be permitted to take a screen test; Melvyn didn't feel that way. It wasn't till his agent had arranged for the admission of his car that he consented to go back for the test. In the same way, he has fixed ideas of saving for the future. He doesn't play the stock market; he invests in no side-businesses; all his surplus goes into insurance, and he knows to the day when each premium is due, how much he saves by taking a certain type of annuity, and what the advantages of dealing with each insurance company are.

Tremendously loyal to his family and friends, he insisted that his mother-in-law stay at his home after she was injured in an auto accident, and he engaged nurses

and extra help so that she would be as comfortable as possible. Always, he is pushing his younger brother, George Lemarr, baritone and actor. Not only did he give him a rôle in "Tapestry in Grey," a Broadway show, but when a reporter interviewed Melvyn, he devoted the greater part of the interview to telling what a swell actor his brother was. His kindness extends even to strangers. When the son of his wife's music teacher came to Hollywood, Melvyn, realizing the boy was lonely, dropped everything to introduce him at his tennis club.

"When it was storming one night," Alcine told me, "Mel came home late from the studio because though he was dead tired, he had driven some of the little extras home first, as they had no cars." How many stars pay any attention to the extras?

Unlike many other husbands, he is delighted that his wife, Helen Gahagan, concert singer and actress, has a career of her own. So anxious is he for her to get into films that recently he took a screen test with her. Eight years ago she was the star of "Tonight or Never," he her leading man—that's how they met. Subsequently he directed her in "Moor Born" and "Mother Lode."

"Whenever they differed about a point in a production," Alcine said, "their discussion was never acrimonious. Always it was 'Honey, I don't think that's wise.' And 'Dear, let's try it this way.'"

He still retains the humility he had when he first started touring with a ham Shakespearean repertory group where he collected no regular salary, wore threadbare clothes and was glad when the receipts covered third-rate lodgings.

During the shooting of one of his films Melvyn said to Alcine, "When I see extras it scares me to death. So many of them who were big shots now depend upon Central Casting and that \$7.50 a day." And pointing to a beautiful woman appearing in a mob scene, "That's Mary McLaren, who was once tops as a star. And over there is King Baggot, once the most famous of Hollywood's directors."

One night, when the Douglas family was seated in the living room, Melvyn suddenly said, "I wonder how long it will last."

"What will last?" they asked.

"Here I am with a nice home, a good



John Payne and Olivia de Havilland put their heads together and it looks as though Love is entering the serious phase for the heroine and her leading man in "Wings of the Navy."

cook, fine friends, pleasant work, and a whale of a good income. I wonder if I won't wake up tomorrow and find myself in a hall bedroom on 45th St. looking for a job."

He can usually sense when a play or film will be a failure. On the opening night of "Mother Lode," which he directed and in which he took the part of *Carey Reed*, Alcine found him disconsolate in his dressing-room at the end of the second act, while outside the audience cheered wildly. "It's no use," Mel said, "I feel absolutely sunk—terrible. This play is no good."

"But look at all the curtain calls they're demanding," Alcine insisted. All Melvyn did was to shake his head and pick at his thumbs, as he always does when he is nervous. By the time the performance was over, the edges of his thumbs were all raw from picking. The play did not last long and Melvyn never forgave himself. Thought he lost a lot of money in that show he never once complained of that; what hurt was that something on which he had worked, which might have been a glorious success, was not.

As to his hobbies, he loves to shoot dice at the studio, to chin with the stage hands, play with his son Peter, talk politics and drink milk and coffee. Rarely is liquor served in the Douglas household; occasionally they have a glass of sherry or a cocktail before dinner. His favorite indoor sport is listening to good music.

"When we appeared together in the same play in Columbus, years ago," Alcine told me, "I gave a dinner one night for the cast. In the apartment was a player piano with about two hundred recordings; the moment Mel arrived he seated himself at that piano and began pumping away."

Unwillingly he took a few minutes off to eat the spaghetti dinner his host had



Now here's a little love scene that's not for the movie cameras. Louis Hayward and his bride, vivacious Ida Lupino, are thinking about each other, not the camera that took this.

cooked; after dinner, till they left for the theatre, he was back at the piano, playing all the good recordings he could find.

His mother, who dotes on her son, tells two stories of his boyhood. When his father, the pianist and teacher, Edouard Hesselberg, was teaching at a girls' seminary in Nashville, Tennessee, Melvyn, aged eight, had to attend classes there, the only boy student in the school. "I noticed," Mrs. Hesselberg says, "that Melvyn always seemed to have a plentiful supply of dimes, far in excess of his allowance, and he simply refused to explain where he got them." Worried, she investigated, and found that the girls in the school were

paying eight-year-old Melvyn a dime each time he let one kiss him!

And once, after he had visited the neighboring fire house, he decided to play at being a hero at a fire. Since there was no convenient fire to extinguish and no one to rescue, he locked his dog into the dog house and set fire to it.

His attempts at extinguishing the fire and unlocking the door proved equally fruitless; the howls of the pup, who was being slightly scorched, aroused the neighbors, who succeeded in breaking open the doghouse and rescuing the pup.

That night little Melvyn's back side was slightly inflamed.

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Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.

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One Career Is Enough

Continued from page 27

"Quite collegiate," Frances Scully of NBC's press department suggested in a mild effort to pour oil on the untroubled waters.

"But not the college type," Mary giggled. "You're not ready," Jack growled, scowling at the pink robe.

"Oh, yes—I've only got to pull on an old skirt and a dirty sweater and go without brushing my hair or washing my face, so that I'll look like you! Jack," her voice took on a serious edge. "Please shave—you know we are going to the theatre later."

"There'll be plenty of time for that," he said airily. "We'll be back by six."

"Oh, Jack, never!"

"Well, six-thirty, then. I'll have time enough to do a broadcast, to write a broadcast, let alone shave!"

There was a timely interruption. The phone rang and it was their good friend, Chet Lauck, better known as *Lum* of *Lum and Abner* fame. Chet offered a wild duck, trophy of a recent hunting trip.

"Oh, no," Mary said quickly. "I don't like wild duck."

Into the phone Jack said: "Mary says she doesn't like wild duck—that means I don't get any!"

"You know you don't like duck," Mary protested.

"Of course I do—I love it," Jack insisted. But his eyes glinted as he added: "Nothing I like better. But if you don't want it—"

And now another interruption: a lovely little thing with an aureole of golden curls and eyes like star sapphires, running

lightly in, holding up her face to Mommie for a kiss and turning to Daddy for another. Of all the routine that governs life for the Bennys, none is more sacred than the two hours between five and seven devoted daily to Joanie. If Mary is out for the afternoon she never fails to be home by five, to play with Joan and see her have her supper. And very seldom do they go out before seven, after Joan has been tucked in bed. Of course they are frequently together during the day too, but this is Joanie's time and the high point of the day for all of them.

Jack's schedule is of course much the heavier. From Wednesday on, he is working with his script writers, never free of the weight of his NBC program until after the second broadcast Sunday night. During the making of a picture, he is completely tied down, but Jack loves his screen work, looks on it as play and doesn't begrudge a minute of the time.

Mary's routine is different but no less absorbing. As far as the program is concerned, she gives only a part of Saturday and Sunday to it. About her movie career she is philosophical, dismissing her one picture with: "I just wasn't good. I doubt if I ever do another."

Not regretfully, just frankly. For Mary has enough to keep her busy—and happy—right now. A house like that doesn't run itself. Each day, Mary devotes the morning hours to her household cares. She has, like any other housewife, to see that dinner is ordered, flowers arranged, laundry attended to. She has an allowance and manages it efficiently. And because she is



Joan Benny visits her dad, the inimitable Jack Benny of radio and screen, on the set.



Eye and ear entertainment is something Shirley Ross is most engagingly equipped to provide. Her blues singing and visual attractions are winning Shirley an increasing popularity. Co-featuring with Bob Hope in "Thanks for the Memory" the Ross girl enhanced her screen prestige greatly. Shirley appears next in "Café Society."

a good housekeeper and a kind mistress, things run smoothly in the Benny household. She has no secretary—if one is needed, Harry Baldwin, Jack's secretary and devoted friend for eleven years, comes to her aid. Sometimes she has a few girls in for lunch, sometimes she lunches alone. Afternoons, she perhaps goes out with some friends or goes shopping for herself or for Joan. In the evenings, after Joan has gone to bed, she and Jack have dinner and afterwards go to a movie or have a few friends in for cards. Sunday nights they usually go to a night club.

They have so much in common, get so much fun out of just being together. They like the same things, dancing, cards, movies, taking little trips in their car. They have the same friends, the Chet Laucks, the Don Ameches, Burns and Allen. All summer, they swim in their pool. Now that it is too cold for that, Mary is taking golf lessons. Jack plays, of course, but not too seriously—Mary has never known what it means to be a golf widow. On vacations, they take longer trips. Last year, they made their first European jaunt. Last summer, they went to Seattle, where Mary used to live. In short, they both like best the things they can do together.

Jack dotes on giving Mary presents, remembering this "anniversary" or that with thoughtful gifts. He sends her flowers constantly, sketching a silly figure on the card for signature—no name is needed. Recently he gave her a locket inscribed: "I love you, Doll—Jack" and her heart is warm with the knowledge that these are no empty words.

Romance began for them with a gag, when Mary was in the hosiery department of a Los Angeles store and Jack performing at a local theatre. Jack had met Mary first when she was a gangling child of twelve. Now she was grown and lovely but his only thought was to tease her and he and a fellow actor tormented her all one day by buying hose and bringing it back

and demanding more. It was one of those unpremeditated things when they met again in Chicago, where Mary had gone to attend a family wedding and Jack, in a romantic mood inspired by "Lohengrin," perhaps, proposed and Mary doubtfully accepted. Doubtfully because although she had known him long, she had not known him well. He was older, he was an actor.

A year later, in an emergency, Mary was inducted into Jack's skit and she has been with him in his profession as well as behind the scenes ever since. Fans give constant testimony to the fact that her part on the NBC program is as indispensable as Jack's.

For five years now Mary has been an NBC radio star, for eleven years an actress, for one year a movie star, for twelve years a wife, for four years a mother. Now, before their adored Joan gets much older, the Bennys plan to adopt a baby boy. Joan needs companionship. They don't want her to be spoiled or lonely. Beyond that, they have no definite ambitions.

"If she shows any particular talent, we will develop it," Mary explained. "If she doesn't, that's all right too. All we want is for her to be a little lady."

And Joan runs in with a pencil. "Fix this, Mommie."

"She thinks I can do anything," Mary laughs. But she takes the pencil, fusses with it, succeeds. Joan is not surprised. "See, it's all right—you fixed it. Thank you, Mommie, thank you." And humming *thank you* again under her breath, she skips lightly out of the room.

If it should happen that way, Mary would do another stint on the screen. "But I don't think it is for me," she says. And goes simply and directly about her business, her radio career seeming no more important to her than the ordering of the daily meals.



Upsy-Daisy! Joy Hodges puts lilies of the valley in her upswept hairdo and achieves an effect that speaks eloquently for itself when you look at these two angles of Joy.

"Is marriage more difficult in Hollywood? Does it need to be worked at? Would a movie career interfere? Does your radio career create added problems?"

One answer does for them all. "No, I don't think so." And Mary adds gravely: "Why should it be so?"

And why should it indeed? If two people are congenial, if two people understand each other, if they love each other—Mary said, you remember, that a sense of humor was the most important thing. She didn't mean clowning—that adds zest to the

Benny menage, of course—but it is much more than a mere matter of laughing at each other's jokes. It is something that little Joan has already revealed in her developing character. Jack's eyes are warm with it as they rest fondly on his Doll and the tiny Doll Face, adopted but endearingly like her Mommie. It is in Mary's enormous orbs as she smiles at Jack in his spotted slacks, his cheeks unshaven. Yes, one career is enough for Mary Livingstone—the career of being Mrs. Jack Benny.

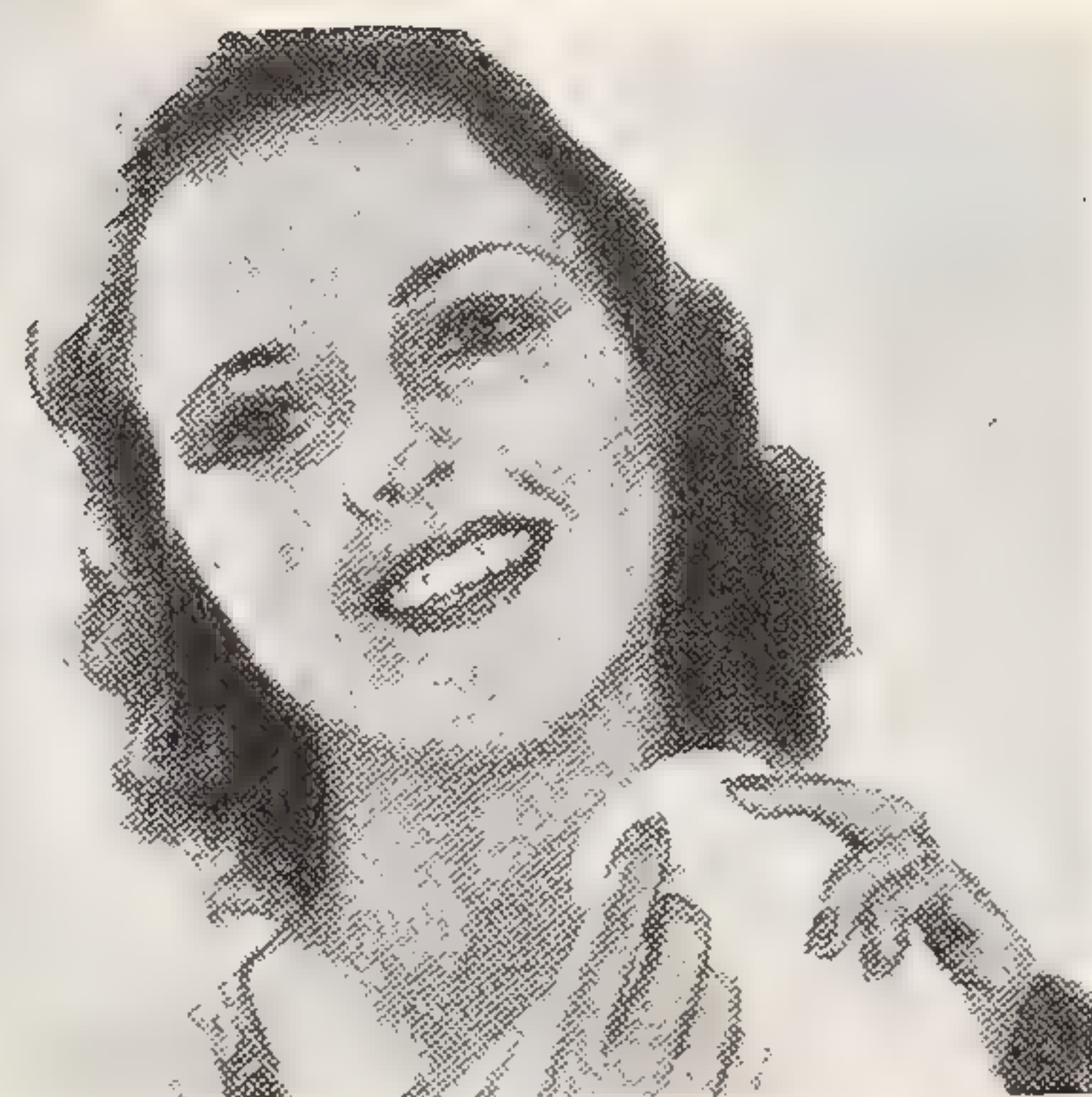


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Benchley's Best Short

Continued from page 63

from him to the studio production department, he can't remember exactly what they're about. Recently Roy Roland, the director who does all of his shorts, overtook him on the lot, and thrust a photograph under his nose. "Bob, don't you think this fellow could play the part of the little man?"

Mr. Benchley hesitated, hummed, and hawed—the little man—short—yes, they were going to make one soon—little man—"You know!" said Mr. Roland. "The little man, Dr. Ditwell."

"Oh yes, Dr. Ditwell." Dr. Ditwell—Mr. Benchley tried to clear his mind of the European situation which was occupying it at the moment; tried to ferret out Dr. Ditwell; obviously in some manuscript somewhere he had created this character.

"Yes, surely, I think he'll do. Yes, he's fine; exactly what I had in mind."

But when he walked away he was still muttering to himself: "Dr. Ditwell, Dr. Ditwell." When he was asked to report for work three days later the riddle was finally solved. Yep, there was Dr. Ditwell in the script, and also on the set, and the script was "Ball Game Today." Mr. Benchley had written it three months before. He had written five since. How should he know?

He claims to be lazy. He has no sport hobbies. His favorite pastime is a game called "Let's just sit and talk"—and if someone puts some really good food and good wine in front of him that makes the sitting more pleasant, the talk more sparkling. But he claims that beyond that he doesn't exert himself. It's a lot of nonsense, of course: he can't be lazy and still turn out the work he does—and now, added to his careers of writing, criticising, commenting and making shorts there is his appearance on the radio, an hour's program once a week for a big cigarette manufacturer.

He is also one of the world's most hungry readers. When he's in Hollywood he lives in an apartment, but no one has yet been able to definitely confirm whether it's a furnished one or not, because the entire place is buried under newspapers. Not just a newspaper spread out here and there, but hundreds of them. They arrive each week; they come from all over the world, not only from metropolises like New York, London, Paris, but from Podunk, too, and all the corresponding Podunks in Europe as well. They're not there to start fires in a faulty fireplace either: he reads them all and occasionally writes about them in another department for *The New Yorker* called *The Wayward Press*.

He also carries on a gargantuan correspondence. This, however, he bunches into two four-day periods a year. These periods occur in the Spring, when Mr. Benchley leaves New York and travels by train to Hollywood, and in the Fall when he leaves Hollywood and goes back by train to New York. He just can't seem to write letters except on a train, and although he'd prefer to fly, he feels that he does have to consider his friends. Incidentally he was the only train traveler *not* pleased when the cross-country trains shortened their running time recently; it cut into his correspondence too much.

Mr. Benchley has been coming to Hollywood off and on now for fourteen years, yet for some reason many people have the impression that he's a newcomer to the West and he is constantly asked "Well, how do you like it out here?" This perhaps results from the fact that he is not a social butterfly, and that he does very little gadding about in the society or gossip columns. Still he does know practically every star in Hollywood, and has an apartment full of friends every Sunday afternoon. He first came out here fourteen years ago to write subtitles for the silent pictures in the "came the dawn" era.

There is another erroneous impression about Mr. Benchley which crops up every now and then: to wit, that he is a bachelor. Mr. Benchley is married and has been



Cary Grant and Marlene Dietrich made it a news cameraman's holiday when they arrived together on a luxury liner from Europe. Though companion passengers, there was no romance angle to the double-feature celebrity pictures newsmen got when Cary and Marlene posed together. Soon as he got ashore, Cary started a New York vacation, making the rounds of theatres and night clubs with Phyllis Brooks, who was also vacationing in the East. Cary and Phyllis were as companionable, and as popular, in New York as they have been for a long while in Hollywood. Marlene received the Press most cordially this time.

for many years, but since his wife seldom accompanies him to Hollywood, there have been times when uninformed press agents have assumed that his aloneness meant that he was without family ties. On one occasion not so long ago, Mr. Benchley was moved to say something about it, and what he said, as usual, was very funny: "I do wish somebody would take the trouble to tell the newspaper men that I am not a bachelor, because if I am, all I can say is that I am certainly wasting a lot of money on my sons' educations."

Those two sons are Nathaniel Goddard and Robert Gale Benchley, one of them already a newspaper man on the *Herald Tribune*, in New York; the other just entering Harvard, also Mr. Benchley's Alma Mater.

Mr. Benchley has had quite an amazing and varied career, but his greatest break occurred many years ago when he was hired to be dramatic critic on the old *Life* magazine. It came as rather a shock to him, because for several years past he had been contributing articles to *Life*, none of which contributions were accepted, but all of which were promptly returned with rejection slips. Only the man who hired him, it seems, didn't know that. And it was just as well that he didn't. The association was not only a new lease on *Life*, but for Mr. Benchley as well. His pungent, pithy comments on shows and show people were soon quoted around the world.

Personally he's quite a novelty in Hollywood: a man who dislikes all show and ostentation; who dislikes both being looked at and looking at himself. He's most agreeable to work with, has no false pride, and will go through any and every kind of torture during the making of a picture. Not long ago, on the hottest day of the year he made a football short, attired in racoon coat—sweltering. During that baby short, he had to let the baby kick him in the stomach and all but scratch his eyes out. In another picture he had to fall downstairs. Someone asked him once why he didn't complain. "How can I?" he answered. "I can't help it. I wrote it that way."

The Benchley fan mail, by the way, contains hundreds and hundreds of ideas for shorts sent in by admirers, and also by would-be writers themselves. "Long ago I had to stop personally opening fan mail for just that reason," he explained, "so that if by chance one of my ideas was also held by an amateur, no possible plagiarism could result. But still I do have total strangers approaching me in person with ideas occasionally. 'Mr. Benchley, I have a wonderful idea for you. Why don't you do a short on How to Open a Can of Sardines? It could be awfully funny. Oh, there are a thousand and one things you could bring in.' I usually ask them to name me only three.

"Well, first you'd have to go out and buy the can, and then you'd have to take it home, and then you'd have to get the can opener, and then, oh, there are a thousand and one things! I'm sure it could be awfully funny.' Believe it or not that particular idea on How to Open a Can of Sardines is one which has actually been suggested time and time again. But it's one short you can be sure I'll never make. Or can you? Can I be sure? Am I sure I haven't written it already? It does sound vaguely familiar." Mr. Benchley looked suddenly perplexed; perhaps he had jotted it down somewhere; he began rummaging through his pockets. Then he shrugged, dismissed it, said conclusively, "Well, I can't find it now, but if it's there the tailor will probably find it the next time I send the suit to be cleaned."

How to Be a Genius Without Acting Like One—now *there's* a short that would really fit Mr. Benchley to a T!



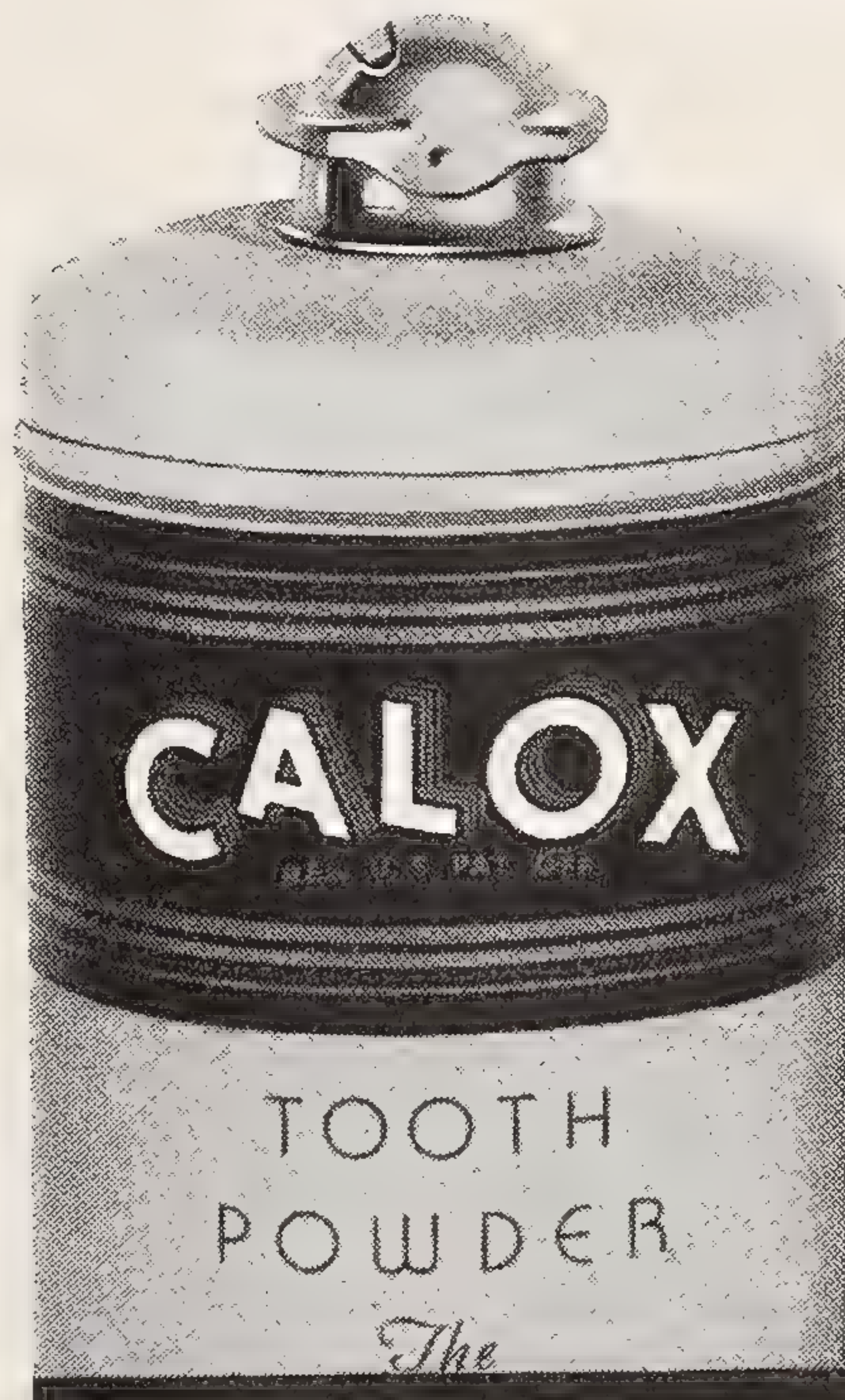
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What 1939 Holds for the Stars

Continued from page 33

Paul Bern, and of Ross Alexander. He warned Will Rogers to beware of his life—and that same year the beloved Will was killed in an airplane crash!

Is it any wonder, then, that movie stars, producers, and directors run for cover when this famous seer peers through his telescope and sees Saturn flirting with death, or Venus aiming an arrow straight at some glamor girl's heart? "It's all in the stars," says Norvell, "and few of us can circumnavigate our destiny."

Norvell had a whole stack of horoscopes of the most famous stars in the industry on his desk, and I jotted down the predictions he gave on each one. Perhaps it might be interesting to cut out the following list of those predictions, and at the end of the year 1939 you might glance over it, and see just how right—or wrong—the stars were!

"Alice Faye is doomed to disappointment in marriage," Norvell said. "The signs under which she and Tony Martin were married are not compatible. A separation is shown in 1939 and divorce by 1940." You'll remember that there have already been rumors, but the couple has denied that there is anything to them.

"Myrna Loy has nearly concluded her good luck cycle—she was born in the Sign of Leo, ruled by the Sun, and owing to the influence of Sun spots and other afflictions, there are danger signs ahead for Miss Loy. They may affect her career or her home—or both.

"Mary Pickford's brave efforts to find supreme happiness in her marriage to Buddy Rogers seem destined to end in a crash," Norvell went on. "For professional differences will arise, and this couple will face separation in 1939. Mary must watch her health—an operation or some other disturbance looms on the horizon."

"Eleanor Powell, who hasn't yet marched to the altar, is due soon to marry," according to Norvell. "Her chart shows she's in love, but is keeping it a secret, and does not want her engagement to leak out. The news will break during the first half of 1939.

"Joan Crawford is shown to fall in love again during 1939, with someone connected with pictures, a producer, or a famous actor. Her marriage will not take place until some time in 1940."

Norvell consulted both Carol Lombard's and Clark Gable's charts and found: "There are indications in their charts that they may marry in 1939, but the outcome is most dubious. There are temperamental differences in the natal charts, that would cause them to separate. It is to be hoped they will see this before they marry, and avoid heartache in the future. The great lover of the screen is doomed to some unhappiness in his personal love life."

I was curious to know about Adrian and Janet Gaynor—if they'd ever be altar-bound. And what of Tyrone Power? Norvell did some juggling of figures, and said, "Tyrone is destined to go on to even greater heights in 1939, for his chart is ruled by the fire sign of Aries, and he brings to the screen that romantic and spiritual touch which is so badly needed in pictures. His friendship with Janet Gaynor should never have been construed as real love, for they are not mated, astrologically. Janet and Adrian could marry and be fairly happy, each living the type of life they like best. They are temperamentally not made for marriage, for they are too independent in nature. Tyrone Power should never marry, for he would be unhappy." (I wonder how many girl's hearts that will crush!)

"Joel McCrea and Frances Dee have weathered the matrimonial storms," according to Norvell. "They should go on to better things in their careers, and although they were born in incompatible signs of the Zodiac, I believe that they are both intelligent enough to rise above the influence of their stars and make their marriage a success."

"What about Marlene Dietrich?" I asked Norvell. "Will she continue in pictures or is she to retire from the Hollywood scene she has so long enlivened?"

"Marlene's chart shows she was born in the Sign of Capricorn, and she will not make many more American pictures. Her chart indicates she may retire toward the



A novel camera angle, but our eye is taken by the curves in this picture of Dorothy Moore, a most promising Columbia starlet.

end of 1939, or make pictures abroad only."

The chart of Gary Cooper is one of the most fortunately aspected, according to Norvell. "Gary Cooper did not marry the right Sign either, but he seems to be doing very well in his marriage, and it is to be hoped he may continue. His career will continue to reach new peaks."

It was Jimmy Stewart that Norvell picked three or four years ago to rise up and become a contender to Robert Taylor's crown, and Norvell says this about Jimmy's future: "Jimmy Stewart was born in the Air Sign of Gemini, and for the coming three years aspects are good. There is some danger to health, and warnings about airplanes and accidents. He must be careful in 1939, but his career will thrive." It was only a year or so ago that Norvell warned Jimmy against flying, and the studio immediately cancelled his plans to fly to New York. Maybe you think the studios don't take Norvell's warnings seriously!

Norvell then dismissed a whole stack of astrological charts thus: Clark Gable faces another marriage either in 1939 or 1940. Wayne Morris should not marry for five years. Of the young starlets, June Wilkins, 20th Century-Fox player, will rise to fame in 1939."

"Norma Shearer faces retirement from the screen, and another love affair and marriage before the end of 1940. She must watch her health also."

It was interesting in checking back over Norvell's previous records, to find that he accurately picked several players who were absolutely unknown at the time, who'd rise to success in pictures. He chose Jimmy Stewart, George Murphy, Lloyd Nolan, Richard Greene, and Wayne Morris. So far, most of these players have made quite a name for themselves. Norvell believes that another great woman star will rise in 1939, and says that Richard Greene and John Payne will be the new heart raves of the coming year.

Among his warnings this year, Norvell lists a possibility of separation for Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, but he says they may avoid it by using their heads. Joan's been so lucky in her work, but not so lucky in love—so here's hoping they can cheat the stars!

He cautions Fred Astaire to watch his health—Clark Gable to avoid flying planes—Edward Arnold to watch out and not overwork—Robert Taylor not to marry in 1939, as it's a danger year for him professionally and romantically! Edna Mae Oliver may take a long journey, and must be careful of accidents. Lionel Barrymore, also, has to be careful not to overwork, for 1939 is one of affliction.

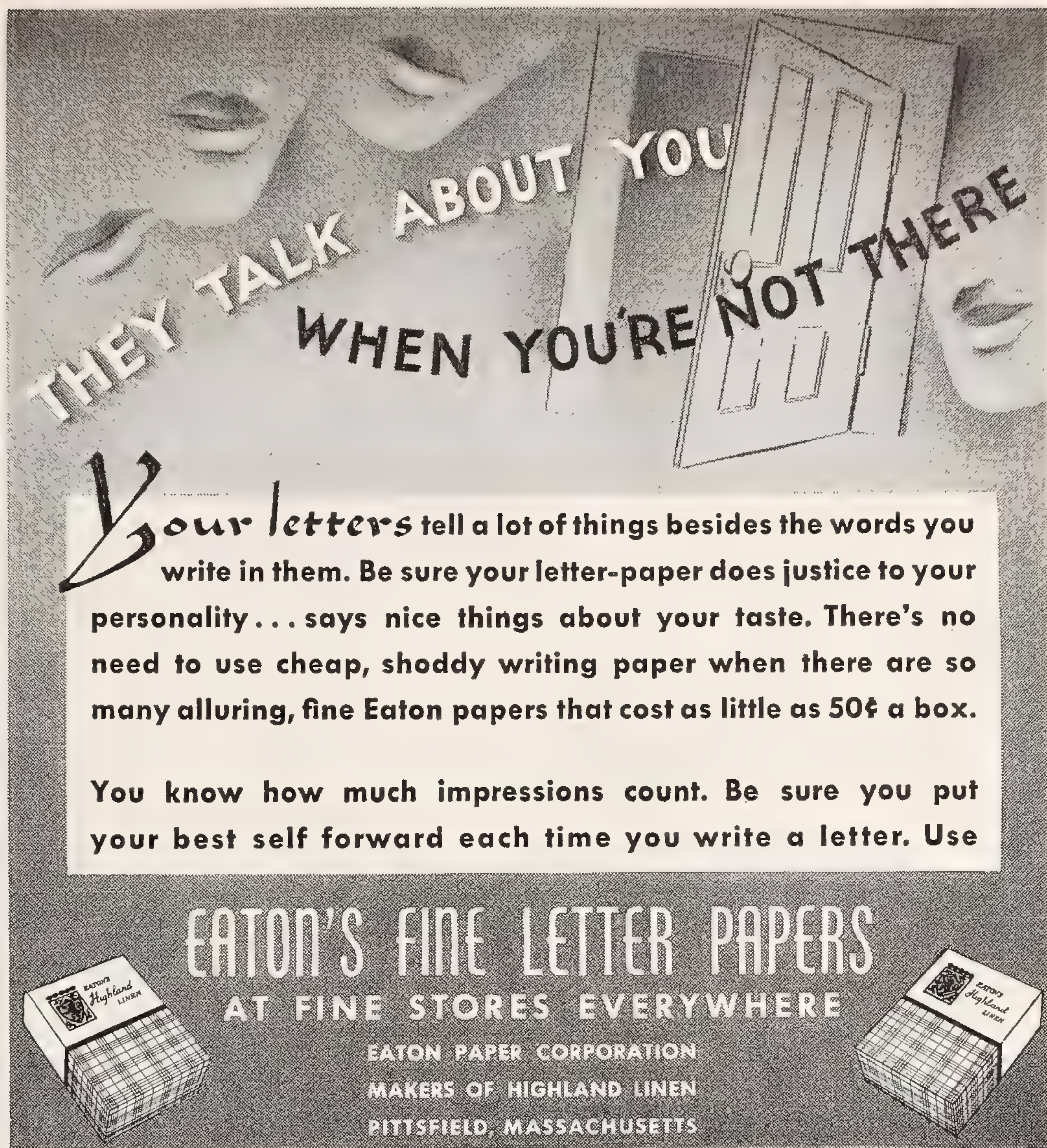
Norvell put aside the telescope and turned inscrutable eyes in my direction, but I was afraid he might open the books on my life, so I cut in, "And what about the little darlings of the screen? We're all anxious to know—will there be more child stars in 1939?"

"Shirley Temple's chart shows that she will continue to rule as box office favorite in 1939, and will still be the outstanding child star of all time. Close competition will be given by the Dionne Quintuplets, however, for the Quints' charts all show that they will come to Hollywood, or do a big picture that will steal some of Shirley's thunder.

"There is a definite trend toward child pictures, and two young child stars will rise in 1939." (It seems to me that this is a good cue to producers who are wracking their brains for the usual hashed-up movie plot.)

It is definitely rumored in Hollywood that next to Cupid, Norvell is one of the best matchmakers in the world. There is one case that is still being whispered around Hollywood where Norvell played Cupid in no uncertain terms. It was during the famous Ariel and Caliban love affair of the century. John Barrymore and his beloved Elaine had quarrelled, and had decided not to go through with the anticipated marriage. John was on one Coast, Elaine on the other—there seemed no way, except through a metaphysical miracle, to bring them together again, for they were *that* mad at one another. Then, suddenly, through the intricate maze of Hollywood intrigue and mystery, a telegram was sent hurtling through space, the wire purported to be from Elaine to John, "All is forgiven. I love you, darling. Please return," or words to that effect. Well, the long and short of it is that Caliban burned up the airways with the speed of a comet to return to Elaine.

Now Hollywood rumor has it, from pretty authentic sources, that while this red-hot comet shot through the air on a modern Skysleeper, Norvell sat in his Hollywood castle, high in the hills, and had one knowing eye fastened to the small end of a telescope, and the other closed in a strange wink. The Hollywood know-it-alls say they know who sent that telegram to Elaine—and it wasn't a message from Mars, or Uranus, either!



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Visiting between scenes—Tom Brown chats with his wife, Natalie Draper.

How to Live and Love

Continued from page 55

Therefore, my creed is simply this: 'Build on simple and seemingly unimportant incidents and the big things will come of their own accord.'

At this point Madeleine was called to the phone. I glanced around the room. Everything reflected the graciousness, the charm, the vitality, and the intelligence of my hostess. After Madeleine had finished her call, and after I had stopped making mental notes on her and her house, we went into a discussion of this and that. A sip of tea, a comment, and another sip of tea. All very informal, you know. By this time, after discussing Madeleine's recent trip to England and her hopes for the future, we were devastatingly comfortable—in fact, we were loafing.

"You know this is the first time I have had a chance to just loaf in weeks," she said. "And I'm really enjoying it."

"Surely you get some time to loaf," I suggested.

"If I do, I never take advantage of such moments. I think most of us who are trying to improve and progress are too inclined to be overly efficient, to put order above being. I know that when I try to loaf on the sand at my home in Malibu or when I try to read or swim, I never fully enjoy myself because I am continually thinking of all the appointments that I must keep, the work I must do the next day. It does seem that we forget to make good use of idle time. That we don't allow our minds to rest occasionally. Yet, every person who is active mentally can't help living at a fast pace. He doesn't think he has time to loaf. My own loafing has always been confined to time limits. However, I do know that an ability to loaf is one of the prime requisites of real living. Living certainly isn't all rush and excitement, but it takes many people, including myself, a long time to realize that."

"Then you belong to the school of 'don't put off till tomorrow what you can do today?'"

"Very definitely. Mr. Yutang seems to think such adherence to order and promptness is bad, but I simply can't do what I want when I'd like to. There are very few people who have a big job who can postpone duties without finding themselves swamped in the end. In my case, I loaf when I have time, I relax when there's nothing else to do, and I collapse completely to the tune of jumping nerves when a hard job is finally finished. In pictures, your

body isn't tired, but your nerves crack up continually."

"Didn't you even loaf while you were in England recently?"

"Some, but I was pretty busy even there. However, when I travel, I can take time out to forget about schedules, promptness, and other such exacting things. I never travel to improve my mind necessarily, you see. And I don't travel so I can tell my friends where I've been. I abhor time schedules on a trip. When I travel, I like to forget. I like to forget I'm a motion picture actress. I want to feel the simplicity of being a human being. When I first did any traveling of any extent, I stayed at the large hotels, followed the beaten tracks, and was bored. Then I began to go to the little hidden towns, to stay in picturesque inns. I have an old gentleman I met in Italy to thank for learning how to travel. I was in a small town, and time was weighing me down. I met the old man in a small store. We began to talk. He told me all about his family, of its colorful heritage, and then asked if I would care to see some of his family landmarks nearby. I readily accepted. For hours we walked up and down funny streets, looking at all sorts of picturesque places, at unusual flowers, at large gardens. Then he began talking about other sections of Europe he had visited, and that I had gone through. He asked what I thought of a little curio shop in a small French village, of a certain kind of tree in China, and many other things. Suddenly I realized how little I had gained from my traveling. When I returned to those spots, the first thing I did was to look up the places he mentioned. Since that time, I've been an 'off the beaten track' traveler. And how much more I've learned of the people in Europe! What they feel, how they act, how they live, and other things that travel books so often distort. I've also learned to look for beautiful sunsets, odd shapes and colors of leaves on trees, gorgeous and unusual flowers. Surely the monuments and famous buildings are interesting, but they aren't as enlightening as the simpler things. Now I know that in traveling, 'seeing nothing' in the ordinary sense of the term is 'seeing everything.'"

Just as I was beginning to think I had overplayed my job as private inquisitor, and that I should leave, another cup of tea arrived for me. So I decided I would do no harm by asking her a question that has always been widely discussed pro and con, and one of the most significant questions in any argument on living. "Do you feel money is necessary for complete en-



Joyce Compton and Frank Jenks are putting a little comedy relief into a detective story, "The Last Warning," a Universal film.

joyment of living?" I bluntly queried. Madeleine seemed so sure of herself when she answered me that I knew at once she had often thought about such a question. "I'm glad you asked me that," she said. "Money helps toward the enjoyment of living, yes, in that it may give one things we want and that we couldn't have otherwise, but it certainly is not the essential thing. I have known many people who were extremely wealthy and yet were unhappy because they were mentally and spiritually miserable. They had too much of material things. And I've known others of moderate position who found life a great thing.

"Money will not bring a full realization of living at all. To love life, to be glad to be a part of it, one must form his own ideals, his own beliefs, and develop them to the fullest extent. Then he will find the secret of the enjoyment of living. It can be done on \$22.50 a week or it can be done on \$2250 a week. Everything depends on the person's own mental outlook. Money is a means to an end, but it is not an end."

Many might think that it is easy for Madeleine Carroll to say money isn't important since she has it, but none of the ideas that she believes in and adheres to strictly are based on the necessity of having plenty of money. She lives quietly, works hard, and never exploits her success. "After all, what else is life but the understanding and appreciation of these simple things?" she asked. "Such items of living are personal, available to everyone. Any one can learn the true enjoyment of life if he wants to enough—and if he takes time to think about it. You'll find that only the defeatists and the pessimists are bored with life, because they have nothing within them that propels them, that makes them want to enrich their lives by appreciating the individual and universal benefits given them.

"I know and have had it proved that living is a duty and a challenge that must be faced directly and wholeheartedly, so that you can say truthfully at any time, 'Gee! I'm glad I'm alive!' Take your life and make it mean everything possible to you. And you can if you don't feel you're being cheated, that others are better off than you, and if you don't say, 'What's the use! This or that isn't for me.' It is for you—for all of us!"

You Can Wear Purple

Continued from page 73

up at the sides, with curls at the back. For evening, her new formal coiffure is pictured. Her husband likes it either way, and you feel that she likes to please that husband—Robert Cobb. You feel, too, that she is very happy about this husband, and though she makes four or five pictures a year, she finds time to enjoy her personal life also.

Miss Patrick offers one make-up idea that, though not new, makes a world of difference in your mouth. She shapes her lips with a brush. Brushes come especially for this, but Miss Patrick buys hers in an art supply store. They cost about forty cents. Contrary to general custom, she applies the stick to the center of her lips, then spreads and shapes it with the brush. Many outline with a brush, then fill in. Miss Patrick says that whenever she sees a carelessly rouged mouth, she feels like straightening it into a clear, definite line.

I asked Miss Patrick what personal quality she thought the most important in getting the best out of this old world. "Understanding," she replied. "It smoothes the way because it enables us to catch another's viewpoint." I think you are right, Miss Patrick!



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"I'm No So-and-So"

Continued from page 25

thousand dollars a week for the first time in his or her life can afford to be caught doing anything vulgar, not in Hollywood. So immediately the stars changed their attitudes and their telephone numbers and told their publicity departments that they didn't need interviews in magazines or pictures in newspapers, and that their private lives were their own. At \$150,000 a picture they wanted a private life of their own! Some of the stars, naturally, were too swell to let a lot of phonies tell them what was vulgar and what wasn't. Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, the late Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Barbara Stanwyck, Bette Davis and others continued to walk hand-in-hand with the press.

Now when Fred Astaire announced that publicity was vulgar, and that if anyone dared to write a story about him he would have to see it before it was published, so he could correct the spelling, the grammar, and the punctuation (of course the press wouldn't know about those things) we were annoyed but we really didn't care. All Fred meant to us was an occasional, and very occasional, seventy-five dollars. We just couldn't get all warm and cozy about Fred Astaire. But when Alice Faye up and refused to give interviews and take pictures for the papers that was a horse of another color! No one could believe it. The Hollywood press is very fond of Alice. We think of her as a good-natured daughter of the people who has a warm and sincere understanding of human beings. There is no *chi-chi* about Alice, she has never flashed her diamonds in our face, she has never gone in for "art" and "culture," she has never tried to make Hollywood "society." Alice was awfully poor herself up until a few years ago, and she knows all about live-and-let-live. Irish to the core she has all those traditional Gaelic characteristics; she's impulsive, fun-loving, warm-hearted, and exceedingly generous. She never failed to thank us for our stories, often her "thank yous" were accompanied by flowers. No wonder we were nuts about Alice and claimed her as "one of us." And no wonder we were terribly dismayed, and puzzled by it all, when she too decided not to give interviews.

Alice was the last person in Hollywood we expected to give us the run-around business. In fact, I for one wouldn't believe it at first. Not Alice. If one member of the press, or two or three, started walking around with a chip on her shoulder calling Alice unflattering names I would have given it the usual fifty per cent discount and thought nothing of it. But it wasn't one or two or three—practically the entire press reported Faye trouble. Our Alice, it seemed, had become a problem child! One writer told how she and Alice had been the best of pals the first few years Alice had been in Hollywood, how they had often gone to the movies together and dined together. And then she (the writer) had had to leave for New York suddenly, but before she left she had an assignment to do on Alice. Alice refused to see the writer, even as a special favor. An old friendship, it seemed, meant nothing to Alice. (Bette Davis, the writer added, was too busy at the studio to see her so she gave her an entire evening at her home.) Another writer, after waiting for two months, was finally told by the publicity department that Alice would see her on the set one afternoon. The writer was quite ill but she had waited so long for the story that she, accompanied by the studio's unit man, appeared on the set at the time appointed. She reports that Alice refused to see her. This gives you a rough idea.



Rita Hayworth attractively framed in a gay Mexican fiesta outfit, very colorful.

Alice, of course, after her grand performance in "In Old Chicago" and "Alexander's Ragtime Band" is right at the top in popularity (I am willing to bet that she will be numbered among the Big Ten in 1939's Box Office Popularity Poll—a spot every star covets), so naturally every magazine and newspaper editor in the country wants a story on her. A fine time, I must say, for our Alice to go into the silences.

Now, we of the press, all caricatures to the contrary, are a sentimental folk, so when we get fond of people it's awfully hard to get "un-fond" of them. There's something wrong there, we said. Alice wouldn't go "high-hat" on us. She's no "so-and-so." She realizes the value of publicity. She doesn't think it's vulgar. We've got to get to the truth about Alice.

Well, I'm not averse to picking up a few truths now and then, so the day after Alice finished her last picture "Tailspin" (in which she co-stars with Connie Bennett), I was right there waiting for her in her pink and white satin dressing-room, with the luxurious chaise longue and the many mirrors. I told her at once what we charming people of the press were calling her, and I did my best to work up a good indignation. But I don't know. There's something about Alice—something that you can't put your finger on—but honestly now, you just can't be mad with Alice Faye. She doesn't flatter you out of your anger, she doesn't fawn or bow and scrape, she doesn't become hoity-toity or palsy-walsv. She just becomes Alice Faye, sincere and natural as the day is long.

"I haven't gone high hat," she said, curling up on the chaise longue, "I'm just the same punk kid today as I was when I first came to Hollywood. Possibly a little more frightened and puzzled. The only difference is that I am working harder now; why, I'm working harder than I ever dreamed I could work. Do you realize that for two years now I have gone right from one picture to another with only a few weeks off that entire time?—and then I was out of town. Acting may be easy for some people, but it isn't easy for me. It's the hardest kind of work I've ever seen. And frightening—why, I'm still petrified with fear every time I step in front of a camera. And just show me a mike and I immediately break out in gooseflesh. The press has been awfully kind to me, they've even called me an actress, and I'm trying awfully hard to be one. People around the studio tell me that acting is easy. That it's

child's play. Maybe it is for them. With me it's a serious business. And an exhausting one."

I told Alice that there was a rumor going around that she had been dodging interviews and gallery sittings for four or five months now, and I hoped she hadn't joined the conceited stars in Hollywood who thought they didn't need stories in the magazines and pictures in the newspapers. That had her worried.

"But I've been working," she insisted. "I promised the publicity department that I would give all the interviews they wanted when I finished the picture—or the picture finished me. And I intend to keep my promise, truly I do."

"But Alice," I said gently, feeling like a schoolma'am with a problem child, "other stars manage to give interviews when they are working. They don't keep the press waiting. They either invite the writer to have lunch with them at the studio commissary, or they see them on the set. After all, you're not more important than a Joan Crawford or a Bette Davis."

"Oh, I couldn't have an interview on the set," wailed Alice. "I want to be at my best when I'm giving an interview. I want to look as pretty as possible, and appear as calm as possible, and talk as sensible as possible. On the set I am at my worst. I am dreadful. Sometimes I blow up in my lines for several takes, sometimes I get mad and throw things, sometimes I cry from exhaustion, and more than sometimes I smear my make-up and lipstick and look like something out of another world. And how can I give an interview when every minute I am worrying about the next few lines I've got to say in front of that terrifying mike. I know that glamor is supposed to be old fashioned but I still believe in it."

Well, personally, I think Alice has something there. That's what's the trouble with interviews today—no glamor.

The interview, according to Alice, I discovered, is a Special Event. She worries about it ahead of time, she's frightened to death during it, and she worries about it afterward. She takes it very seriously. Other stars, I explained, have an abundance of small talk, they toss off several interviews a day, and think nothing of it. But Alice doesn't know how to make "pretty talk." Perhaps it's just as well that we don't show her. After all we've got to have a little sincerity in this business. Even if we have to wait for Alice to finish her pictures.



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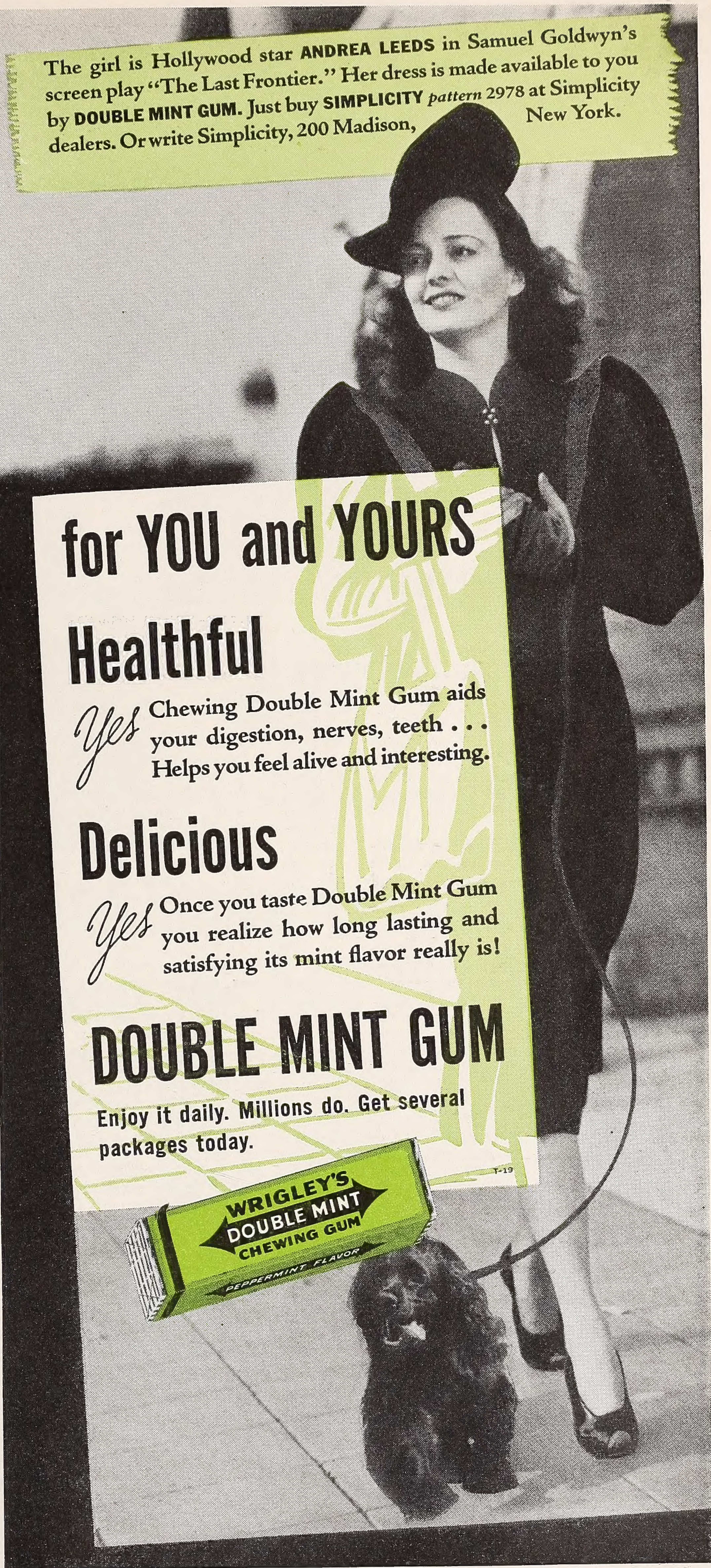
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In the largest set constructed for a Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers film (and they've had some big ones in previous films), the stars of "The Castles" dance across a map of the U. S. A.

Hollywood Women Are Sexless!

Continued from page 23

with the well-built-up story of Sir Galahad's Hollywood fling. Before they get through with him, he'll wish he never saw the Tinsel City, nor the maiden who caught his eye. Of such are Hollywood press agents made.

There is more hokum in most of the so-called screen romances than you can shake a stick at. Time and again have I listened on the radio or read this or that well-publicized column giving the supposed low-down on your idol and mine. And then out at the Trocadero I've seen them with entirely different people. I'm too old a bird at the game to comment on this, but if I weren't, I'd be shocked and horrified at their mutual infidelity. Old-timers in the business of a pound of flesh would merely give me a glassy stare and laugh me off the Boulevard.

Publicity is Hollywood's middle name. Without it no star is born. Without it no star remains long in the brilliantly lit Hollywood firmament. Without it Tillie-the-Toiler and Minnie-Mouse are plain Janes.

Time was when I thought Kay Francis, Ginger Rogers, Jean Harlow, Carole Lombard and Mae West had something. It took a turn in the Shim-Sham City to change my point of view.

Fifteen years ago I lived next door to Gloria Swanson and her then husband in Beverly Hills. You can't fool your barber or your next-door-neighbor. Gloria is a charming person, effervescing with personality, but as for sex—well, I know a score or more lassies in Los Angeles itself who would put her to shame.

Sylvia Sidney once caught my eye. In pictures she tugged at the heart-strings. One summer I saw a lot of her on the Riviera where she was relaxing. True, she was a glamor girl *deluxe*, but as for sex, the Statue of Liberty had her beat a mile.

Virginia Pine coursed across my horizon and my midsummer's dream was ablaze with varied color. Her winsomeness and her femininity won me from the start. She

was my Venus-de-Milo and my Joan-of-Arc rolled into one. But an Atlantic voyage quickly convinced me she was like all the rest of the Hollywood beauties.

Down in Palm Springs Constance Bennett was vacationing at a then little-known spot called La Quinta. I hadn't seen her since Davis Island, near Tampa, Florida, more than a decade before. Her husband in those days was young Phil Plant. Today, Phil is raising chickens on a farm in Connecticut, and Constance is still in the cinema. In the intervening years I had come to know Constance almost better than George Brent, and knowing her I let her alone.

Ginger Rogers is a gay gal who intrigued for a while a younger cousin of mine, until his wife-to-be appeared in his life. Trying to avoid columnists and other literary vultures, he and Ginger used to eat at the "Drive Inns" on Sunset Boulevard. Theirs was a real romance, but publicity agents wanted to make it a reel romance, and today she isn't Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt.

There was a time when Kay Francis, then unknown, attended some of my youthful bachelor parties. She was full of life and the *joie-de-vivre*. Then she became so immersed in the cares of her career she had little energy left for social pastimes.

What a price they pay for fame! Joyful, happy little girls turned into weary, nervous care-ridden women. Many a girl I've seen through the years who, before she reached stardom, exuded sex of such power that it was difficult to get within range without exploding, only to turn a few years later into a wax model. Features are hardened. All expression has been ironed out by beauty experts, except when a director puts on the heat. Voices have been cultivated in a hybrid affected accent. They simply cannot let down their hair and be themselves. Too many producers, directors, agents, publicity men, have diverted and distorted their thoughts. They scarcely know who they are, or whence they came. The bright, imaginative souls

have fled. They have been but bits of clay, moulded by a merciless, inhuman sculptor.

To love well, one must have sufficient leisure to concentrate on the ideas and thoughts of the loved one. There must be a merging of two minds and personalities. This cannot be done if one's time and energy is sapped and diverted by the thousand and one demands which a Hollywood career entails. Love flies out the window when the Kleigs flash. Little Cupid is a diffident, shy fellow. Too many people and too much glitter spoil his aim. After a few misshots he runs away with his bow and arrow and tries no more. He seeks the quiet and seclusion of humbler and less publicized surroundings. There are too many other places that welcome him.

Too much synthetic love-making in pictures before directors, authors, electricians, stagehands, script-girls and extras cause most stars to feel affected and strained when they attempt the real thing. They find themselves stopping to think what brand of love they should use, and thought is death to real emotion. The man in question, on the other hand, feels that he is trying to kiss lips which have endured a thousand embraces on the screen, and Heaven only knows how many in private. This doesn't make him feel any too much at ease. He begins to wonder too how he is shaping up with the crack lovers of the movies. In the confusion of these thoughts sex has flown out the window.

The amount of immorality among the recognized stars is so little as to be negligible. I venture to say that no body of women of similar income in the entire United States preserve as high standards of moral conduct. Most of them have pulled themselves up to the topmost pinnacle solely through their own efforts, and not by making concessions to men for real or fancied aid.

I feel sure there are many readers who will disagree with me over the title of this story. But I know whereof I speak, and base my opinion on my own observations and the personal confidences of many friends closely identified with the movies.

A friend of mine, a Virginia newspaper publisher, came to Hollywood. He had read and heard much of the glamor and charm of the twinkling stars. Another friend of mine, a movie director, arranged a party for him which included seven or eight of the prettiest of the younger, lesser known stars. When my Virginia friend first saw the assemblage of youth, beauty, and talent, he was in the seventh heaven of delight. It was an evening-long affair. When we met next day I found a sadder and wiser man. "Not one of the girls would even kiss me," he complained. "At home I'm not supposed to be a wet blanket. I get along as well or better with the girls as the next one."

I couldn't help saying, "My friend, there are many things in Hollywood undreamt of in your philosophy."

So much publicity came from this party that on his return to the east his fiancée broke off their engagement. Poor fellow, he got the name without the game. And I'm sure he was glad to be back at something easy like running a daily newspaper.

I'll pick any woman from the broad highway of life and not the Hollywood Broadway of glitter and tinsel. I find that women, like the less gifted males, can only do one thing at a time. And if they are to engage in an intense and enduring love, they must cast all else aside. Happiness does not come easy. It must be eagerly sought for and vigorously defended. It is as elusive a quality as liberty, difficult to gain and hard to hold, but well worth the battle when ultimately reached. And in this world of ours, there is only one real happiness, the chaste, all-embracing, and lasting love of one man for one woman.

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